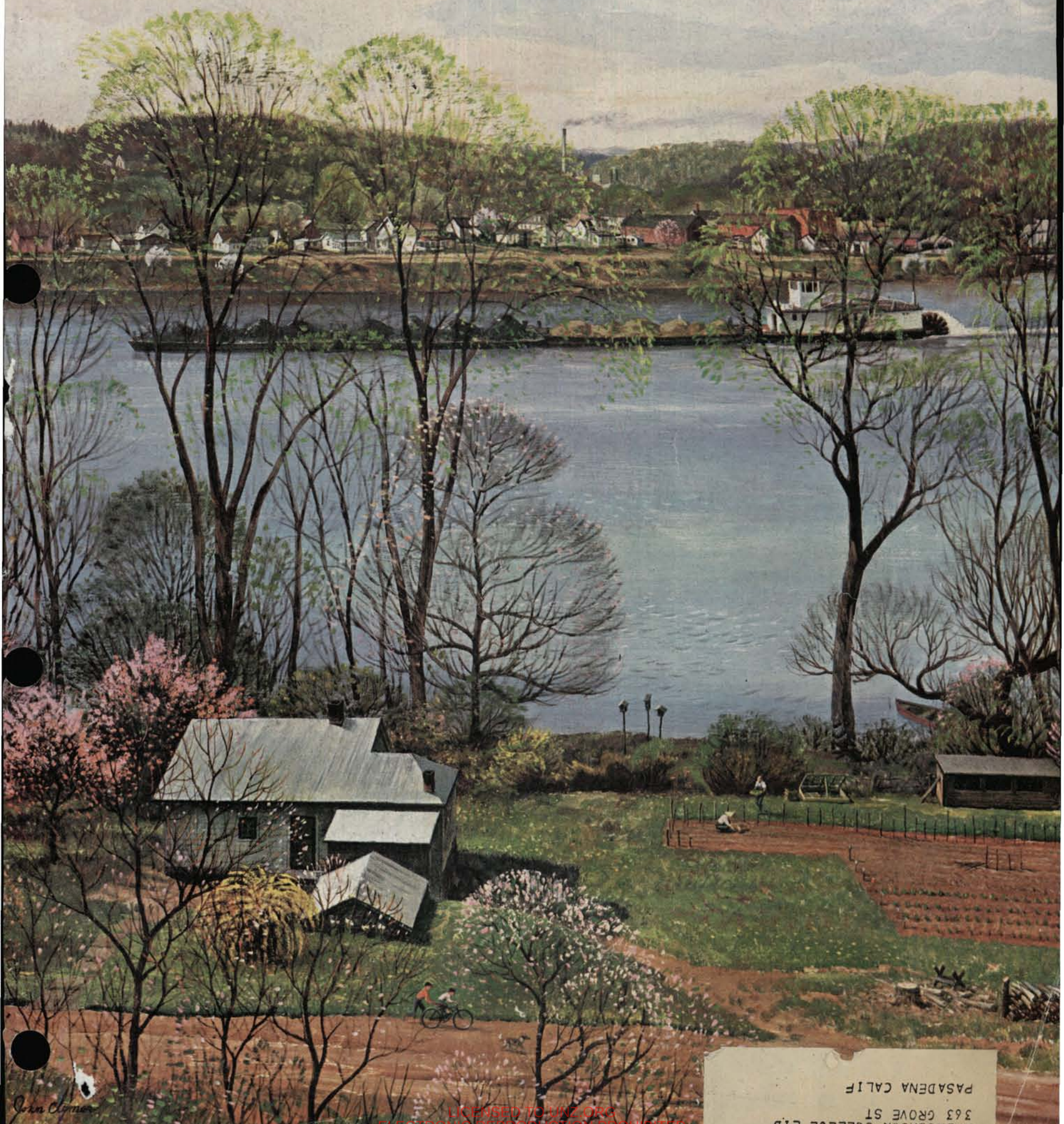
The Saturday Evening
POST
April 15, 1961 – 15¢

Manager Paul Richards Says
THE ORIOLES WILL WIN THE PENNANT

The Civil War:
BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER



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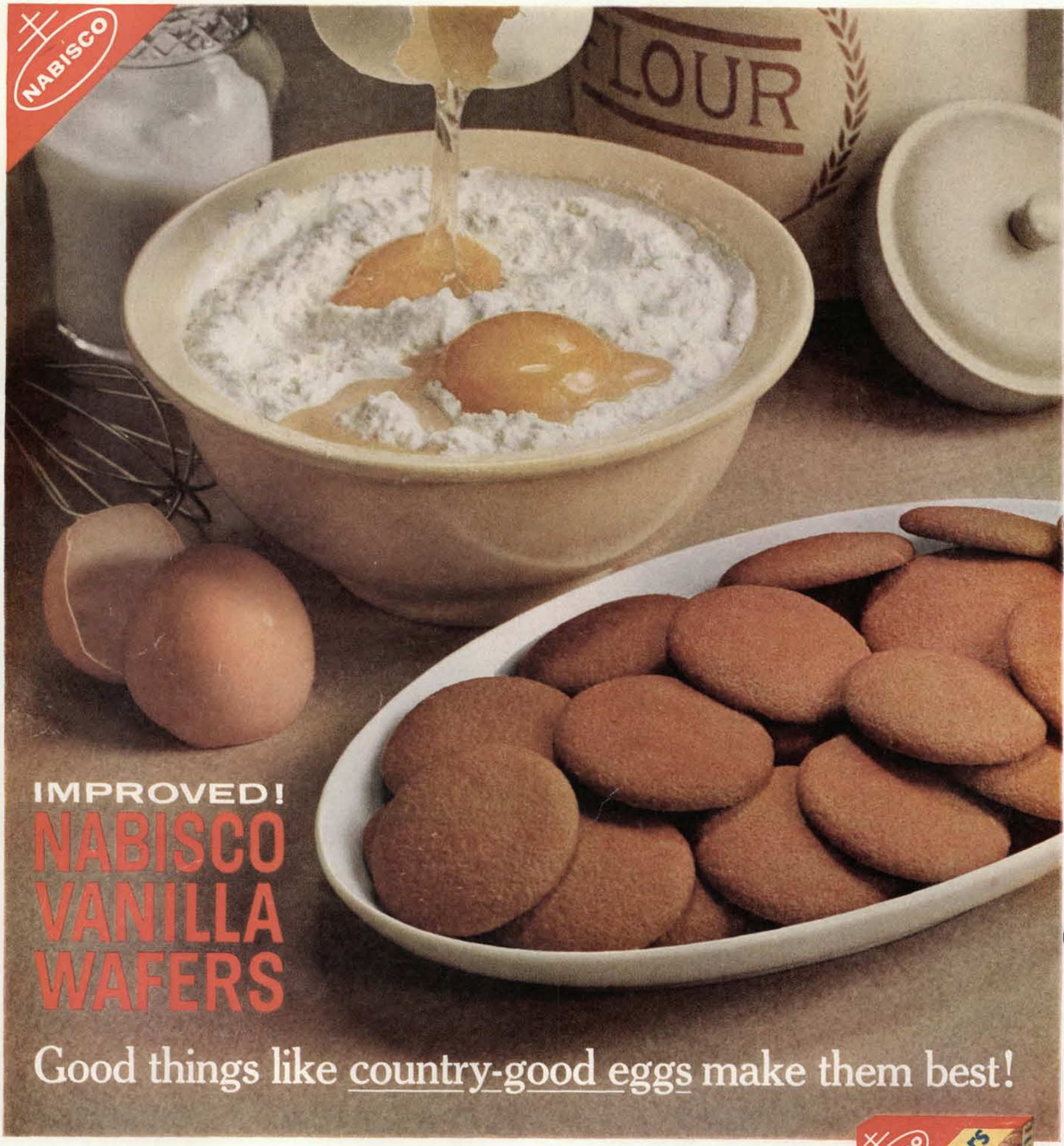

Now! Nabisco Vanilla Wafers are more golden-brown, thinner, crisper, than ever! So good, they taste like homemade... thanks to wholesome ingredients like country-good eggs.

WHATEVER KINDS OF COOKIES YOUR FAMILY LIKES, NABISCO BAKES THEM BETTER!

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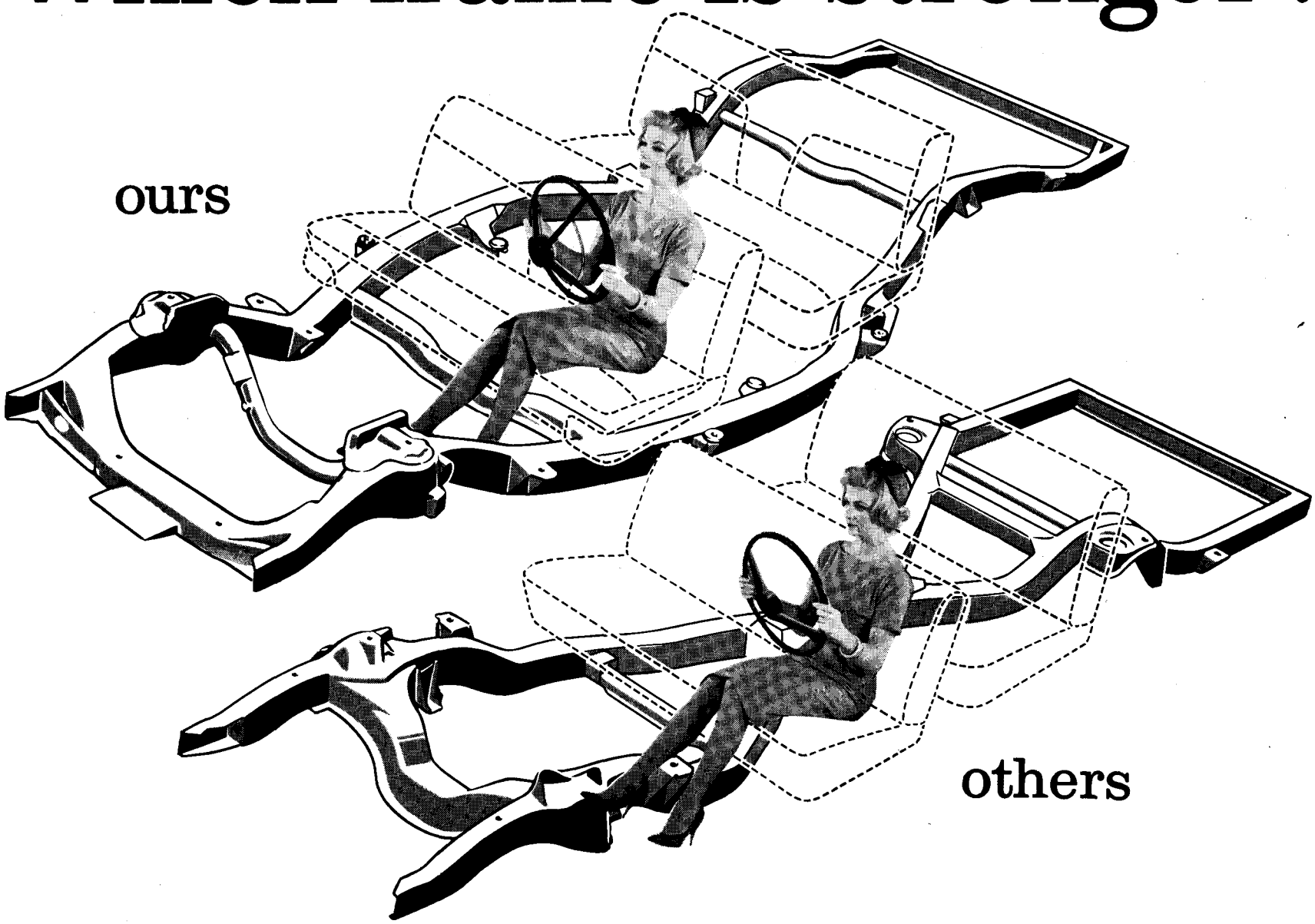
Which frame is stronger?



Guardrail construction in the 1961 Ford Family of Fine Cars has greater rigidity, offers the strength of strong side rails.

Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Millions of car frames are shaped like an "X." Weak in the middle, they lack the strength of strong side rails. Guardrail frames in the Ford and Mercury curve out. They are strong in the middle. Guard rails also protect passengers in the unitized bodies used in Falcon, Thunderbird, Comet and Lincoln Continental.

* * *

The underside of a car body has exposed parts that are especially vulnerable now that chemical compounds are used to keep roads clean and dry. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, the most vulnerable body parts are galvanized, zinc-coated to protect them against rust and corrosion.

* * *

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are reinforced with steel beams. This means they are more rigid, therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

* * *

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

* * *

One reason for the unusually quiet ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the soundproofed floors. Where other cars have only two layers of sound insulation, our cars have three layers of sound insulation. Each layer eliminates a different range of sound from rumbles to squeaks. As a result, very little noise gets through to the passenger compartment.

* * *

These are five of the many reasons we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with other cars) that Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.

Ford MOTOR COMPANY

American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

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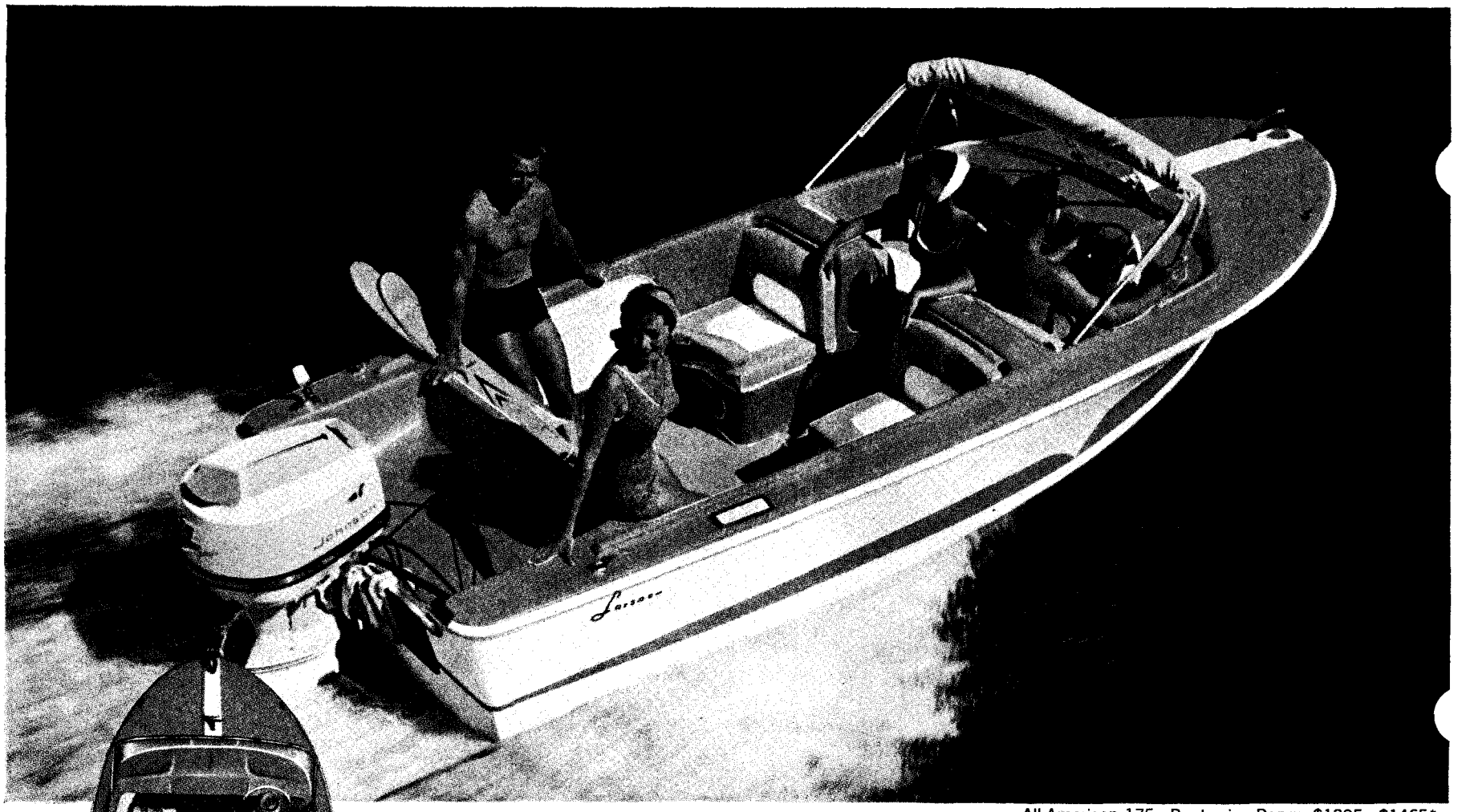
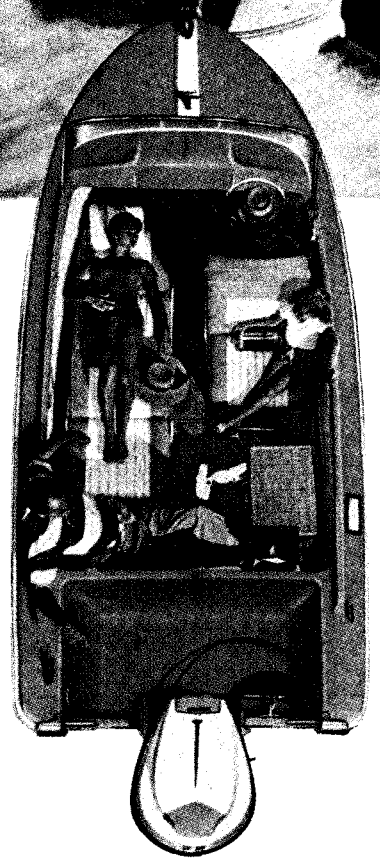


All-American 175—Boat price Range $1395—$1465*



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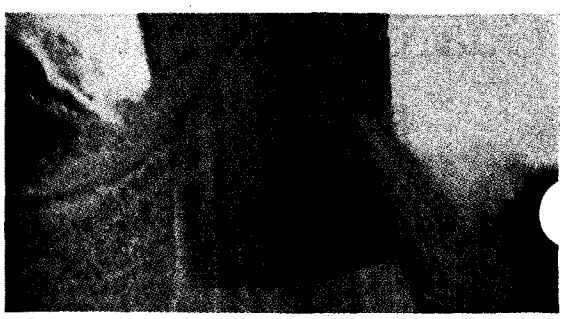
So smooth . . . you'll wonder why all boats don't have Larson's exclusive lapline hull

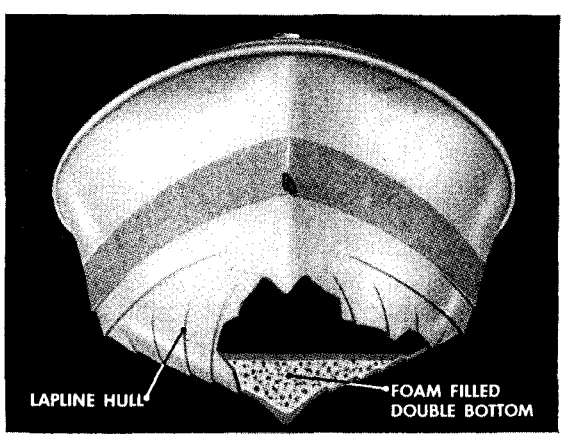
You can feel the difference. It's Larson's Million-Bubble Ride...So smooth, so easy.

Water breaks into millions of tiny bubbles under a Larson boat. Laplines moulded into the fibreglass hull trap air that helps lift you into a level plane . . . cushion your ride. In turns, you bank comfortably as laplines bite like keels . . . keep your speed up and prevent slipping. Another exclusive—foam in the double bottom—absorbs sound and vibration while it adds extra flotation safety.

Larson Boats are designed by Paul Larson, master builder for 45 years. They range from 14′ Playmate to the 19′ Surfmaster Cruiser, including the popular 16′ All-American ($1095—$1255*).



HERE'S A FISH-EYE VIEW of Larson's exclusive lapline hull. Bubbles streaming from laplines add speed and soften your ride.



America's Ideal Family Boats

1. **ROOMY** . . . Larson boats are deep and wide. Interior side panels give a finished appearance.
2. **RESPONSIVE** . . . "Ride Guide" mechanical steering is standard in most models.
3. **COMFORTABLE** . . . sunbather bunks in several models let you sit up or stretch-out, as you choose. Changes in 10 seconds.
4. **WEATHER-READY** . . . Most models are equipped with a complete convertible top set.
5. **SAFE** . . . Self-bailing motor wells take the thrust of big motors. Motor well keeps children safe, helps keep water out, even when the bow is on a beach.
6. **AMPLE STORAGE SPACE** . . . Compartment under the motor well is ideal for gas tanks and gear.

17′ ALL-AMERICAN 176 is equipped as listed above. Boat price range $1495—$1560* including accessories.

**The higher price applies west of Continental Divide. Prices higher in Canada.*

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Larson

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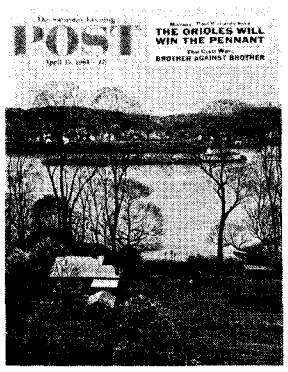

THE COVER

April is decked out in her new pink-and-green dress to cheer her admirers who have come out of doors to meet her—gardeners moving seedlings out of a hot frame, a boy teaching his brother the art of balancing a bicycle. Heading down the Ohio is a venerable stern-wheeler, push-towing barges loaded with coal and gravel. Cargo by the tens of millions of tons is shipped up and down the Ohio in this manner each year, between Pittsburgh, at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. (The watershed of the Ohio reaches into fourteen states.) Artist John Clymer formed his riverscape by piecing together the water's-edge scenes that appealed to him most. The near shore is West Virginia; the far shore is Ohio.

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Letters

Is New York Fit for People?

Dear Sirs:

An item I saw in the paper last night illustrates the truth of Horace Sutton's article YOU CAN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK [Mar. 11]. A pedestrian walking on 59th Street was felled by a fifteen-pound block of concrete which toppled off a building. The man was carted off to the hospital with a broken head. Makes one afraid to

leave the safety of the suburbs without a crash helmet.

As for his remarks about the city's endless street excavations, my favorite comment was made by the German mother-in-law of a friend. On her first visit to the U.S. last year she remarked that we must have had more bombing raids than Berlin. We could not convince her that we really weren't cleaning up after the war.

MARY T. MINTURN
Manhasset, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As a happy New Yorker, I am pleased to hear that Horace Sutton may move to Léopoldville. This will make room for another happy New Yorker to enjoy a city without equal anywhere in the world. I am happy to pay high rents in a city that makes an ambitious person able to afford them.

LARRY EVANS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Down with Horace Sutton! Even the title of his article is incorrect, as I have been living in New York for all of my eighteen years and loving every minute of it. . . . May I offer all my best to Mr. Sutton in his new home in Léopoldville, but I must warn him—getting to work is going to be much more difficult.

EILEEN HOULIHAN
Woodside, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When my husband was transferred to New York last year, I made the move from a lovely southern town with loathing in my heart. For several months I sorrowed for myself and two small children, having to live in this concrete jungle that Mr. Horace Sutton describes. . . . Then I suddenly woke up and realized that we had never had it so good. . . . So many countless things are happening here every minute of the day and night—some bad, some good. But at least they are happening!

ELEANOR DENHAM
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted to see an article by Horace Sutton in *The Post*. . . . The trick to Sutton's humor, which is so like Benchley's, is the mild almost childlike amazement, which adds detail upon detail until an avalanche of absurdity hits the reader and he falls out of his chair.

MARION SCHNEIDER
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

You must have bought Horace Sutton's article when the author was still suffering from the hardest winter the city has had in years. A lot of people can and do live happily just where he aims his biggest brickbats.

Take the building pictured on Page 33 with the white X's painted on the windows. Within 100 yards of this spot live the president of the Ford Foundation, Barbara Bel Geddes and Katharine Hepburn. They look cheerful, even in the morning when the air hammers start. Directly across the street is a family-run restaurant where the proprietor will greet you casually by name and discuss the secrets of North Italian cooking. Two blocks away in one direction is the United Nations, where pretty women in saris attract no attention.

The butcher shop shown in the building being razed has moved one block north; there is still sawdust on the floor, and they recognize your voice on the phone. After 5:30, when the commuters have left, the residents recognize one another on the streets, speak to friendly dogs, go to fires and watch with tolerance the burrowing antics of Con Edison.

One can walk home at noon and have lunch with one's wife, almost never ride the subways, never bother about the Joneses and behave surprisingly like a resident of a rural village of 3000 souls. One *can* live in New York, and—as an an old great-aunt of mine would have said—Horace Sutton should have taken a soda mint before he sat down to write.

NEIL B. REYNOLDS
New York, N.Y.

Mostly in Favor of Old Stupid

Dear Sirs:

I was very glad to read an article in *favor* of the coyote for a change [THE COYOTE: WORLD'S CHAMPION PEOPLE TAUNTER, by Bill O'Hallaren, Mar. 11]. Many people dislike an animal with an independent nature. . . . It isn't its howling people mind, so much as the fact that here is an animal that won't be ordered around like his domesticated cousin, the dog.

JAY KILGORE
Northridge, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is gratifying to see the coyote painted less than 100 per cent black. . . . I recall with pleasure my girlhood in Wyoming, when an evening wasn't complete without the mournful crying of a coyote on some distant hill. Friends still living on a Wyoming ranch say that the moonlight "coyote serenades" are becoming increasingly rare.

JUSTINE S. BYHAM
Meadville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

For a year of my life I lived in the hills overlooking Tiajuana and found myself waiting to hear "our" pack each evening before falling asleep. Now that

(Continued on Page 6)

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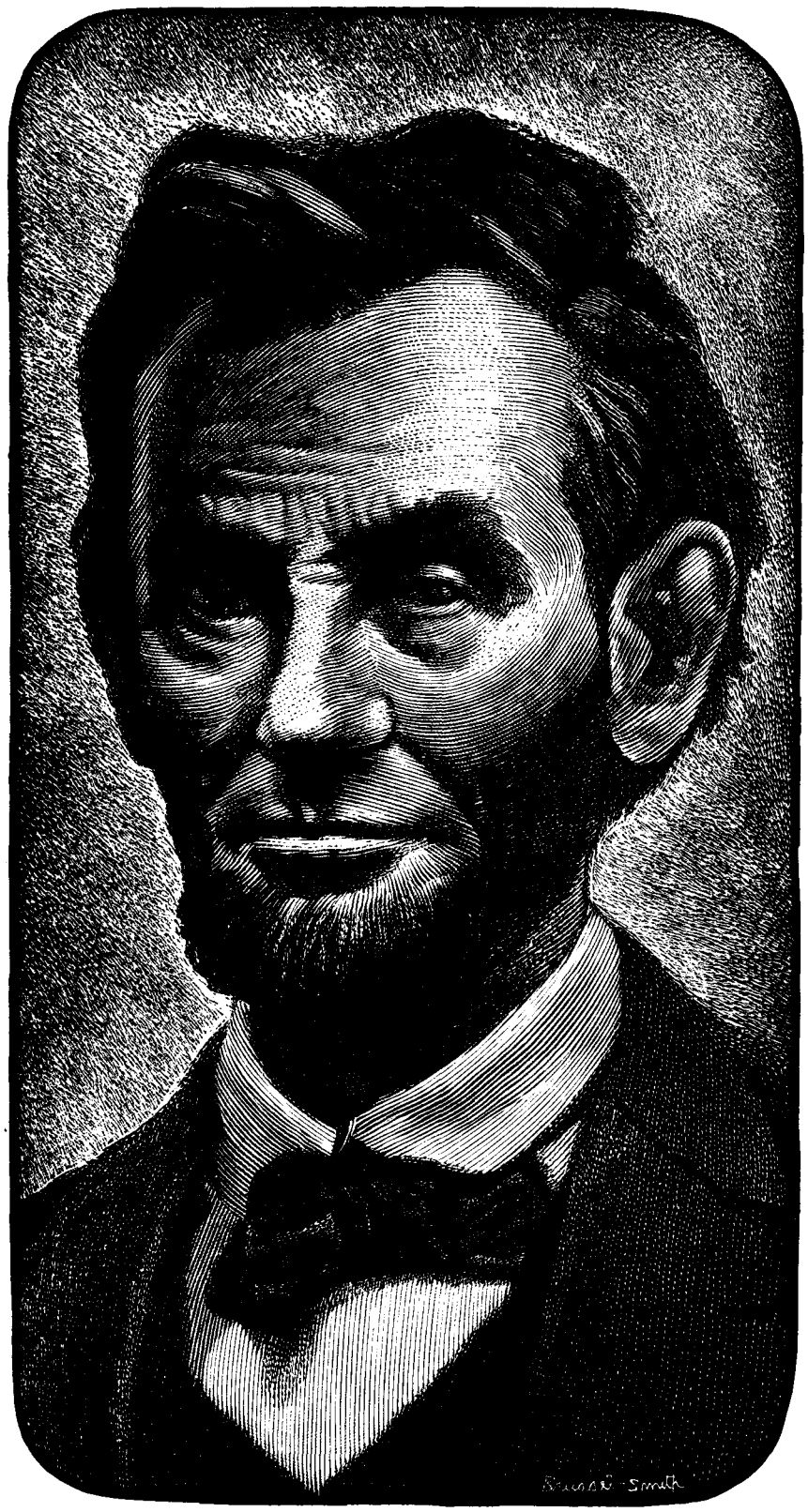

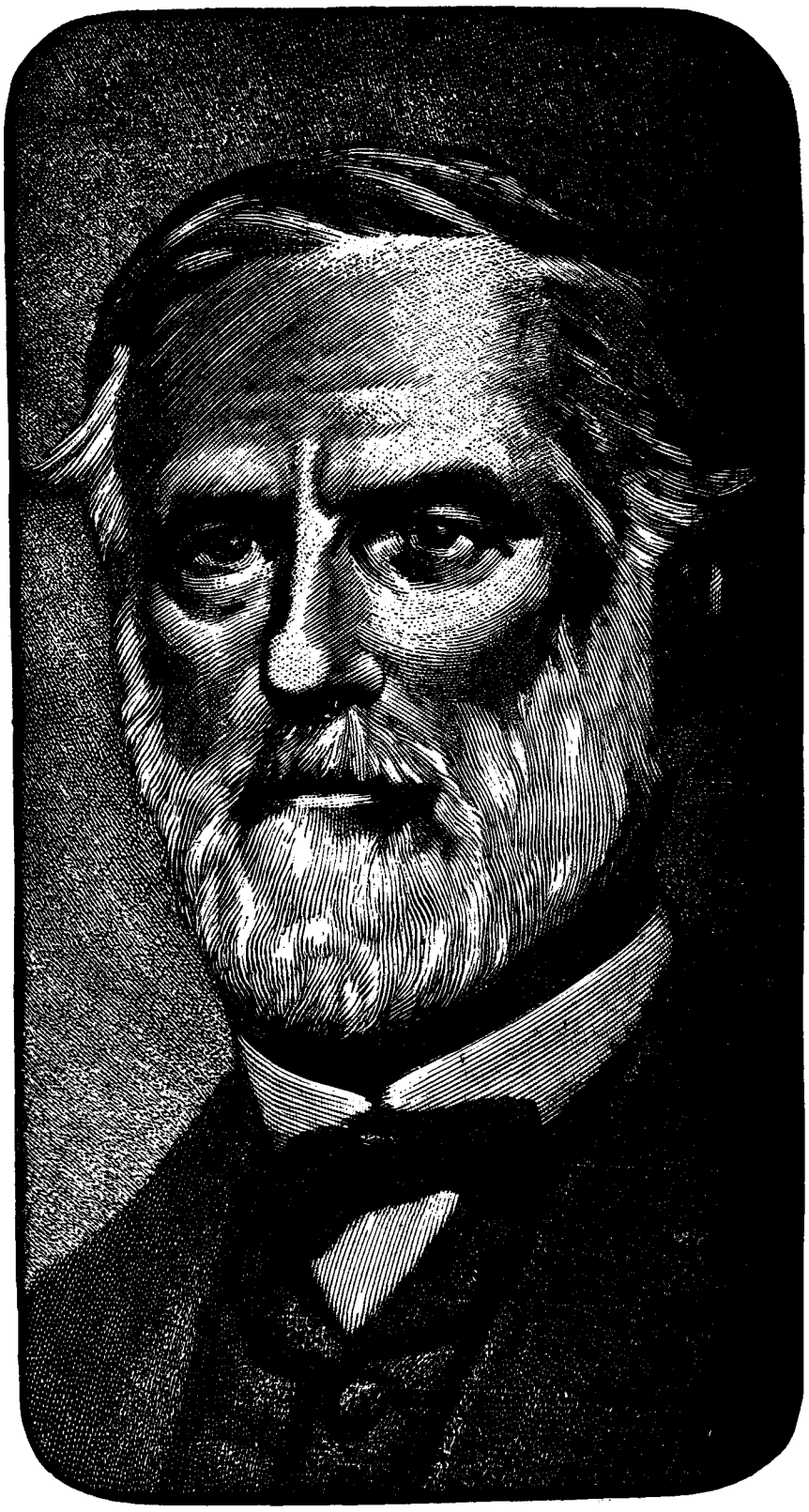

They both placed their faith in The Hartford

Side by side in the home office of The Hartford Insurance Group are two historically significant documents. One of them is the Hartford fire insurance policy on the home of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois. Dated February 8, 1861, it was written for Mr. Lincoln by James L. Hill, Hartford Agent, just a few weeks before Lincoln's first inauguration.

The document beside it is Robert E. Lee's signed application for a Hartford policy on his famous "Arlington" mansion just across the Potomac from Washington. Dated October 17, 1859, it was prepared by Hartford Agent Andrew Jamieson.

The protection offered by The Hartford in 1961 differs greatly, of course, from the basic fire insurance of the 1860's. The protection now available has broadened to include virtually every type of coverage for home, car, life, business, and family security. But the character of The Hartford and its Agents which inspired the confidence of Lincoln and Lee 100 years ago remains the same today.

Free facsimiles of the famous Lincoln and Lee policies, and handsome reproductions of the wood engraved portraits shown above, are available from your local Hartford Group Agent. Or write to us.

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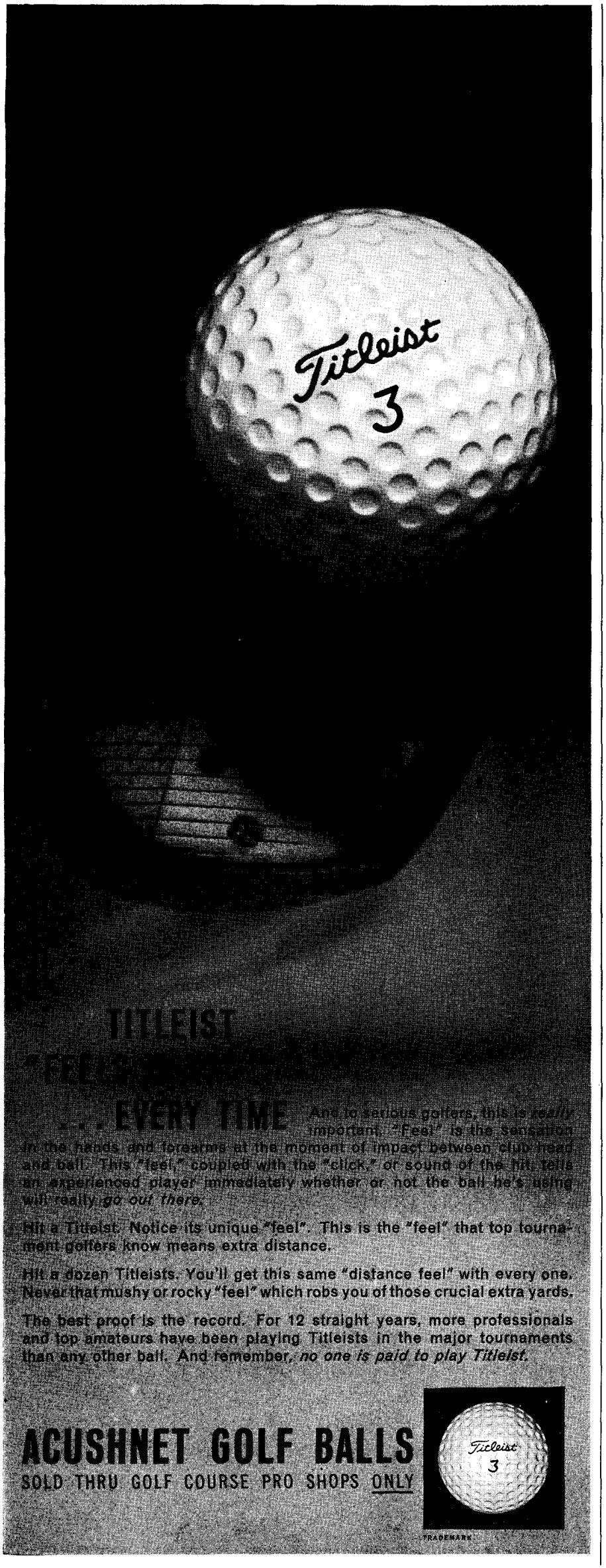
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And to serious golfers, this is really important. "Feel" is the sensation in the hands and forearms at the moment of impact between club head and ball. This "feel," coupled with the "click," or sound of the hit, tells an experienced player immediately whether or not the ball he's using will really go out there.
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3
TRADEMARK

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

I am living in the East again, I find myself half listening, half hoping to hear them. Three cheers for Old Stupid.

MRS. STANLEY KUPIEC JR.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The only killing a coyote will do for the sheer pleasure of it is confined to the chicken yard, and I can't say I blame him for this. . . .

I say long may Old Stupid and his progeny live to howl at man and the moon. He sure sounds good in the Brasada of South Texas.

J. BAYLOR BELL
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

If Bill O'Hallaren were personally acquainted with coyote ways, he wouldn't say, "A coyote would never think of killing anything he didn't intend to eat." I'll bet every sheepman who read that gave a disgusted grunt. We lost fifteen to eighteen lambs nightly for three nights until my son shot that killer coyote one moonlit night. The coyote didn't eat them either. He left plenty as mute evidence that he'd been there.

SUSIE HUSTON
Jordan, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Where I rode range in Colorado back in 1910, I saw a coyote tear a chunk of meat out of the hindquarter of a calf he didn't even bother to kill first. My brother Lucky and I got this one with our .38's. In 1912 we rode range on the O'Neil ranch, sixty miles north of Wells, Nevada, to the Idaho border. Here again we came across calves that died after being fed on by coyotes. No other animal, to my knowledge, will do this. My personal feelings toward coyotes are, the only good ones are dead ones.

CHARLES E. MARKART
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

When I first moved to my five-acre tract here, my neighbors prided themselves on the number of coyotes they had killed. But last spring, when the jack rabbits ruined our trees, ate our cacti and even chewed the poisonous bark on our oleanders, we decided the coyote was our friend in disguise. Now we encourage him to visit by putting out our meat scraps and chicken bones for him.

DAISY CULBERTSON
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

The Baby and the Babe

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Newdaddy on your Mar. 11 cover [see next column] may want a picture to show his friends, but he'd better not show that one to his *wife!* The way artist Coby Whitmore has the camera aimed, the baby that shows up will be the one in the uniform, not the blanket.

CHARLOTTE KHARAS
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

I deduce that he is not the father of the brat, but rather is a masher who has crashed the party and plans to make

time with the babe (the older one). I suspect him of being a bachelor.

MALCOLM C. MCMASTER
Brattleboro, Vt.

He Loves the Irish

Dear Sirs:

I very much sympathize with Mrs. J. Duggan [LETTERS, Mar. 4] in her reaction to my story THE BEGGAR ON DUBLIN BRIDGE [Jan. 14]. I also understand Mary A. Gilmartin when she speaks of my work as a "scurrilous diatribe." I did not intend it so.

The fact is, I lived in the Royal Hibernian Hotel from October 4, 1953, until March 17, 1954, and all of the beggars described in my story lived in the neighborhood or frequented the streets near the hotel during that period. A report on the beggar who threw himself and his concertina into the Liffey can be found in the *Irish Times* sometime in the early weeks of 1954. Sad, all of it, but true.

And with it all I love Dublin, Ireland, and the Irish so much I have just written a three-act play, titled *The Anthem Sprinters*, concerning them all. I hear that things are slowly improving in Dublin. By the time I visit there next, I hope to find the beggars forever gone.

RAY BRADBURY
Culver City, Calif.

● *Mr. Bradbury is not the only* Post *author kindly disposed toward the Irish. See page 19.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If readers Duggan and Gilmartin can't appreciate the sensitivity and perception of THE BEGGAR ON DUBLIN BRIDGE, that's their tough luck. It is one of the finest stories published in an American magazine in the last decade. All intelligent readers commend you.

K. SPRAGUE
Seattle, Wash.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
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Toro . . . because Toro builds the complete line. And there isn't a "weakling" in the lot.

Years ago we learned that a mower takes an awful beating—just as sad owners of "bargain" power mowers are learning today. That's why we build 'em rugged—right down to the last nut—why we back them up with a nationwide parts and service system that keeps 'em running when the grass is growing.

Got a 50 foot lot? A golf course? An airport? Call your Toro dealer. He's listed in the classified section of the phone book under "Lawn Mowers." He's ready to solve your mowing problems—for good.

FREE! "LAWN GAMES BY TORO"—Fun on the green! Here's a free booklet that describes 50 different lawn games—complete with rules, illustrations and required equipment. See your Toro dealer *now* for your free copy.

TORO MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • MINNEAPOLIS 6, MINNESOTA

Mowers that vacuum your lawn ...and bag their own clippings!

Plenty of people buy this 19-inch Whirlwind® rotary for just one reason: it's built to vacuum up and bag grass clippings, leaves, seeds and other lawn litter. The bag's not simply an attachment. It's part of Wind Tunnel† housing that gives your lawn the cleanest clipping you've ever seen. Only $8.95 down. Also in 21-inch hand or power-propelled.

†Exclusive mark of Toro Manufacturing Corp.

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Mowers you ride on in style for the easiest grass cutting ever!

Climb on the Toro Pony®—the only riding rotary that *bags* clippings. Watch how fast that 25 inch blade covers the ground. And this sporty machine boasts features like a pivoting front axle that hugs uneven turf . . . single lever height of cut adjustment . . . engine in the rear for better traction, more comfort for the operator. $34.95 down. Other riding reels and rotaries, too.

Power Handle (lift off engine) that drives other Toro machines!

Put your power mower engine to work on a rotary snow plow next winter, a tiller, an edger-trimmer—or any one of a whole family of other Toro machines! Simply buy your Toro mower (like the 21-inch Sportlawn reel shown) with Power Handle® (lift-off engine). Save the cost of an engine for every machine. You buy only the implements you need —when you need them!

Toro products styled by Charles Butler Associates

for you? Choose from Toro's complete line!

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Editorials

What Kind of Revolution Are We Supposed To Be For?

One way to gain unqualified approval with almost any group of Americans is to say, with a tolerant smile, "The United States must no longer be allied to the reactionary forces in the world but must participate in the revolution which is springing up everywhere, convincing the new elements that we share their hopes and aspirations." Recently Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles joined this chorus. He said that we must not be "linked with the forces of reaction and stagnation," but must participate in the effort to "reform" the world.

The only trouble with remarks like these is that, despite their acceptance in the best circles, they lack definition. They are loaded with emotion, but light on facts. For one thing, what are the forces of reaction and stagnation to which we are supposed to have been tied? For another, what are the forces of reform with which we are asked to identify ourselves? For a third, what are we supposed to do to be saved?

Well, we have had and, unless we are crazy, will continue to have relations with our European and Asiatic friends with whom we can hardly dispense in critical times like these. Just why countries like Great Britain, France, Nationalist China, Belgium, West Germany, Japan or Italy are supposed to be reactionary and stagnant is beyond us. Yes, some of them have, or have had, colonies in which, despite conflicts and errors, the people are generally better off than they were before the arrival of the "imperialists." Would it be wise to become so outraged at discrimination at the "white-imperialist" country club that we throw over our friends and make our political bed with people who eat one another?

In respect to Cuba we tried to get right with the revolution and detach ourselves from the brutal tyrant Batista. Our reward is a Red satellite under Castro, who assures us that the "so-called Free World will soon go down in defeat before the rising power of the Soviet Union."

Mr. Bowles agreed that "our international interests are incompatible with the global, long-range objectives of Soviet strategy." Unfortunately Soviet strategy is making good use of elements which describe themselves as the forces of reform and revolution. They have made it appear to timid Americans that our "image" is so bad that, unless we get into the swing of things and picket our own embassies in revolutionary areas, we will lose the cold war.

Obviously we can't hope to compete with the Communist conspirators in stirring up ruckuses. What we ought to do instead is look about a little, at least until we find out just what the genuine forces of reform are after. In many cases it will appear that all they want is to be as much like us as possible, to share our freedom and our economic progress. When the rioters and the bearded upstarts have shot their bolt—in Cuba, Japan or the Congo—it usually turns out that the Communist hell raisers didn't have the box office which Moscow and its minions had claimed for them.

Thus in the case of Cuba thousands of exiles are now urging this country to "do something"—not to "ride with the Castro revolution" but to get rid of it! In the Congo responsible elements form a confederation to deal with the Communist threat—but, instead of riding with their successful revolution against colonialism, we lend our planes to the United Nations to harass it. The effort to renew the outstanding charges of Soviet aggression in Hungary and to initiate proceedings against Communist genocide in Tibet did not rate so much as a debate in the United Nations, but the U.S. delegation voted to tell Portugal off for the way its African colony is administered. In Japan, after serious Red-inspired riots, the Diet ratified the treaty with the United States as if nothing had happened, and several student rioters inspired by the Moral Rearmament movement, apologized to Jim Hagerty for mobbing him during his disastrous visit to Tokyo last year. What revolution should we have joined there?

What all this comes down to is the suggestion that, before talking about forces of stagnation and reaction vs. the bright banners of progress and reform, it is important to decide which is which and where American interest in the struggle really lies.

Aside From More Money, the Workers Want "Status" and a Few Kind Words!

The Post has received a letter from Harry Wildman, a union worker, who comments on what he believes is the explanation of the rift between employer and employee. We think his views, which follow, deserve a hearing:

"We union workers are severely criticized and our patriotism questioned because we remain loyal to leaders who preach demagoguery. Such leaders are not worthy of our respect, but where else can we turn?

"Most of us want desperately to respect our employers, but too many of them act as if they despise us. They appear to feel trapped if they find themselves accidentally in our presence! This aloofness by business leaders and their indifference to their workers as people did a lot to create the labor union.

"Most employee-employer friction is caused less by demands for higher pay than by this feeling of isolation and rejection. We realize that it is impossible for a company president to make himself available to each and every worker. Yet, we don't think it is unreasonable to expect representatives of management to accept us as craftsmen and give us recognition for a job well done—at any rate when such credit is deserved.

"After two years of exploring the possibility of improving relations between business executives and their labor forces, I came to the conclusion that no organization can help us. Some kind of direct contact between management's top brass and the workers must be set up if the heartbeat of both is to be felt by this nation.

"One way to do this could be the assignment of a representative of the company president to the factory. He should be a trusted friend of labor who could contact his superior's office and get an honest answer to any question affecting the workers. The workers, on their part, would assume that he represented the management, but would be frank in presenting their views.

"To test my theory I consulted more than a hundred of my fellow workers and explained the idea as well as I could. With two exceptions the men agreed with my new concept of labor relations. However, despite their enthusiasm, all voiced the same gloomy prediction: 'The company president doesn't care a damn about us, and he'd certainly never consider it.'

"Thus challenged, I made a sustained effort to gain audience with our company president. After six months, persistence finally won me an interview, not with the president but with a vice president.

"I explained my plan and he listened attentively. Then came his answer: 'How naïve can you be to imagine that management would even consider any plan to make itself accessible to the workers? The president is making multimillion-dollar decisions every day. He has only one responsibility—to earn a profit for the corporation. The few dollars saved by appeasing the workers is infinitesimal. Our profit report speaks for itself.'

"This interview demonstrated, me at any rate, what most workers believe—that management has no interest in hourly workers and leaves them to be pacified by the labor union! We workers would feel better about co-operation with management if we could be given more evidence that the vice president who turned me down was the exception rather than the rule."

Undoubtedly Mr. Wildman's experience could be duplicated in some other plants where the attitudes of the 1880's relations between "boss" and worker still survive. However, we are confident that the arrogance displayed by the company officer cited by Mr. Wildman is far from typical. The views of workers today are too important to be thus thrust aside.

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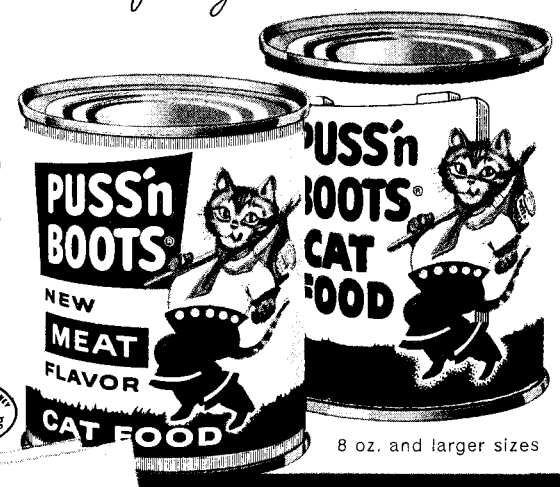
NEW! A beautiful portfolio of cat prints from Puss 'n Boots

Tumbling... posing... frisking ... all the playful endearing young charms of America's most popular pets have been captured in this enchanting folio of four 11" by 14" original paintings by the noted artist James Lockhart. A full $10.00 value if they were available at retail stores. You can own the whole set of four for only $1.50 and a Puss'n Boots label. Commissioned expressly for cat lovers by the makers of Puss'n Boots (Famous Original Fish Formula and the equally nourishing New Meat Flavor) *these delightful cats reflect so well the healthy good looks and liveliness your own pets will enjoy when fed a daily diet of Puss'n Boots.*



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ED PRINTS

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All 4 for $1.50
Order several sets as gifts

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Void where regulated, prohibited or taxed. Good only in U.S.A. and possessions. Allow 2 weeks for delivery.

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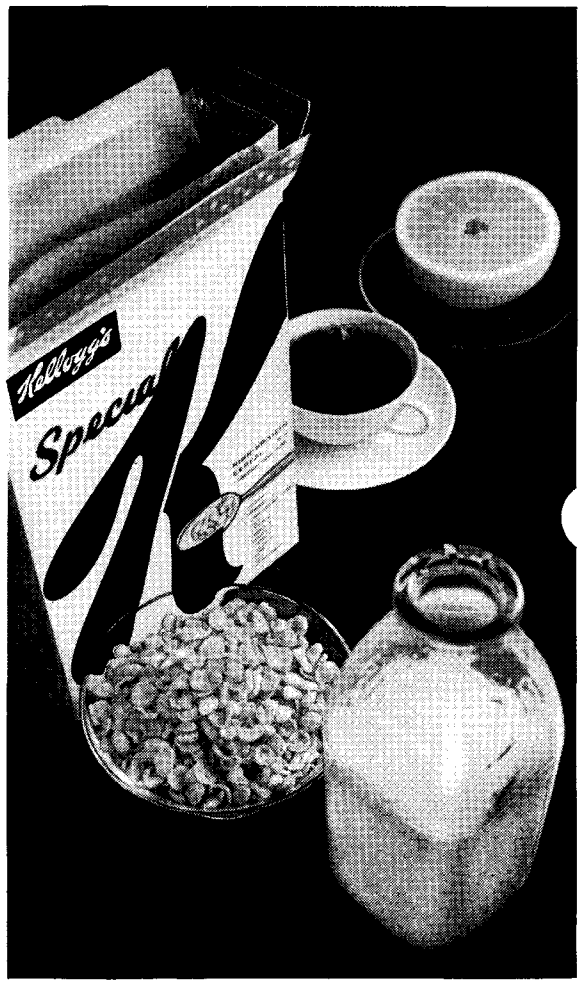
The new "Special K Breakfast" and common sense weight control

It starts your day with important, complete protein—yet supplies fewer than 250 calories. It's quick as instant coffee—and tastes so good you can live with it month after month



© 1961 by Kellogg Company

The temptation is great, when you are conscientiously counting calories, to skimp on breakfast—or skip it altogether. According to the best information on common sense weight control, this is perhaps the worst thing you can do.

A breakfast of only juice and coffee can sabotage your whole reducing program. It gives you too few calories to carry you through the morning—and shortchanges you completely on protein.

The result is all but inevitable. You are so empty and droopy before noon that there is usually the compulsion to overeat the rest of the day.

Why Breakfast Is Vital

When you wake up in the morning your body is run down. If breakfast is a "minus meal," your body simply has no fuel to help it get going.

No matter how low a calorie quota you have set for the day, the leading nutritionists agree that you should get 20 per cent or more of those calories at breakfast. Your need for protein, vitamins and minerals is also great. Body cells and tissues must be supported, even though excess fat is being torn down.

Eating sensibly at breakfast helps you eat sensibly at lunch and dinner.

New Special K Breakfast

A breakfast that can satisfy the demanding requirements of common sense weight control has been worked out by ranking nutritionists at an outstanding university and diet specialists at Kellogg's of Battle Creek.

This breakfast is built around a unique cereal food—Kellogg's Special K.

Special K, a good-tasting, high-protein cereal, was "invented" by this same team several years ago. When served with milk, Special K provides a significant amount of complete protein—as well as other dietary essentials—first thing in the morning.

The Special K Menu

Half a medium-size grapefruit—or
4 ounces of orange or tomato juice

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

This complete protein breakfast adds up to 240 calories.

A Bonus in Well-Being

The Special K Breakfast is an easy-to-get breakfast. (It's ready before your coffee is cool enough to drink.) And most folks agree that it is quite delicious, too. It is crisp and light and has a substantial feel in your mouth. It is appetizing to the eye. In short, the Special K Breakfast is one that can be enjoyed week after week, month after month.

And because Special K with milk gives you complete high-quality protein, it also gives you a feeling of well-being. You body has been pleasantly nourished so you aren't plagued by hunger an hour or two later.

Moderation Is the Answer

With sensible watching of the foods you eat at other meals—cutting down instead of cutting out—there is no reason why the Special K Breakfast can't help you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

Isn't that important enough to make you want to give the new Special K Breakfast a good try? If you have any questions on weight control, your doctor, of course, is your best source of information.

Kellogg's *of Battle Creek*

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He rode against injustice...

Paul Revere

YOU'D HEARD all the other poems . . . the dull ones, the dry ones.

Then one day the teacher started to read a special one you'd never forget. "*Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.*"

And—it was good! Good as a story! There was all the secret stuff about the muffled oars and the lanterns in Old North Church. Then the horse leapt. The sparks flew. The schoolroom shook to a thunderous knocking till you wanted to grab your musket and run right out to Lexington, yourself.

That's the *famous* ride, the one everyone knows about. But there were dozens of others along black roads in the driving rain. Dozens of others where Paul carried messages that would have moved him patriot or traitor . . . depending on who caught him.

What drove this stocky, middle-aged man to be always in the thick of things . . . to be courier, organizer, warrior, pleader and plotter? He couldn't have told you. He wasn't a great hand with words—as were Patrick Henry and the clever Mr. Franklin.

But he couldn't stomach injustice any more than they could. He never could as long as he lived. In his seventies, there was Paul busily making plates to sheathe "Old Ironsides."

Paul knew the fight against injustice never falters, never relaxes. His life proved . . . and proves over and over again . . . that "*in the hour of darkness and peril and need, the people will waken and listen to hear . . . the midnight message of Paul Revere.*"

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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Flameless Electric Cooking is so clean

When, like the family in this picture, you cook with flameless electricity there's just no fuel grime that can settle on your curtains or stain your walls. There's no odor from flameless electricity, either, and it's so gentle on pots and pans. Help your family to enjoy one more of the benefits of total electric living by starting with a flameless electric range now. *See your electric appliance dealer today.*

Flameless electric cooking is so clean

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

This Medallion on a house identifies it as a total electric home in which a modern family enjoys a new concept of living comfort

Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

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Look how clean a kitchen can be with a flameless electric range

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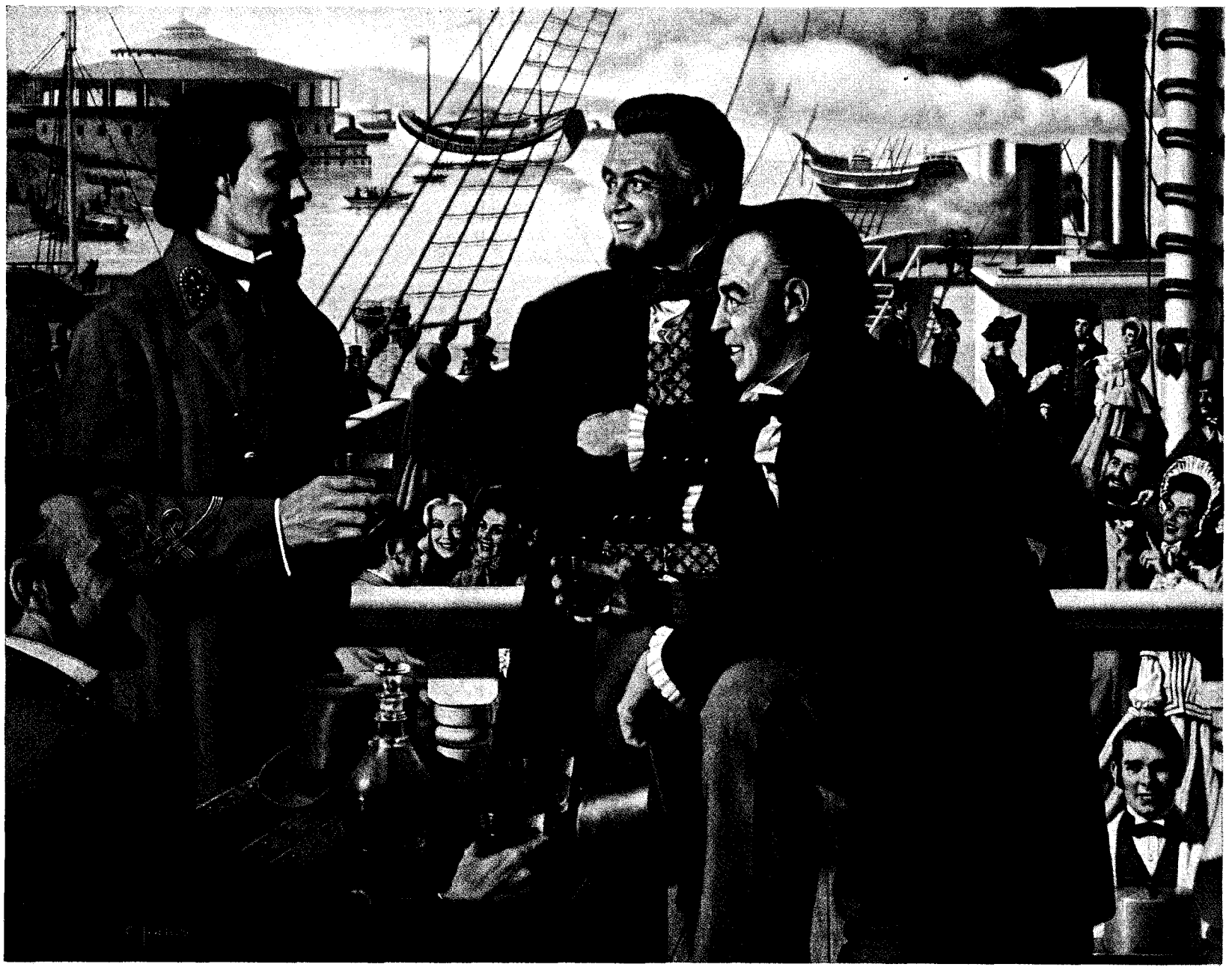

Gen. Basil Duke arrives in New York at the end of the Civil War

General Duke had fought till the last, but now the war was over. Before returning home he visited New York, where friends held a reception in his honor. Old Crow quite naturally would be served, as Duke esteemed it "the most famous ever made in Kentucky."

AMERICA'S MOST PREFERRED BOURBON

Taste the Greatness of

OLD CROW

Light · Mild · 86 Proof Kentucky Bourbon

Bourbon is America's whiskey by birthright, and the people of America prefer it to all other whiskies. Old Crow, finest of the light, mild bourbons of Kentucky, is the most preferred of all. There is 126 years of history behind Old Crow and magnificence in its taste.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

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A father can show his love in many ways —and life insurance is one of them

For many a young man, true adult responsibility begins on the day he marries. Suddenly he is aware of his obligations to someone else.

With the birth of each of his children, this awareness deepens. Gradually, he comes to realize that devotion and willing hands are a great deal, but not enough. A wife and children need basic financial security. And so he begins to build his life insurance program.

One of the best things about modern policies is that they can provide this vital protection and a lot more besides. Funds for retirement, perhaps. For a college education. Or for an emergency or a business opportunity.

Ask your New York Life Agent to tell you about such policies. You can talk to him with confidence. As a full-time representative for New York Life, he has the training, the experience, and the interest needed to help you plan soundly—and economically. Call him soon! Or write: New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)

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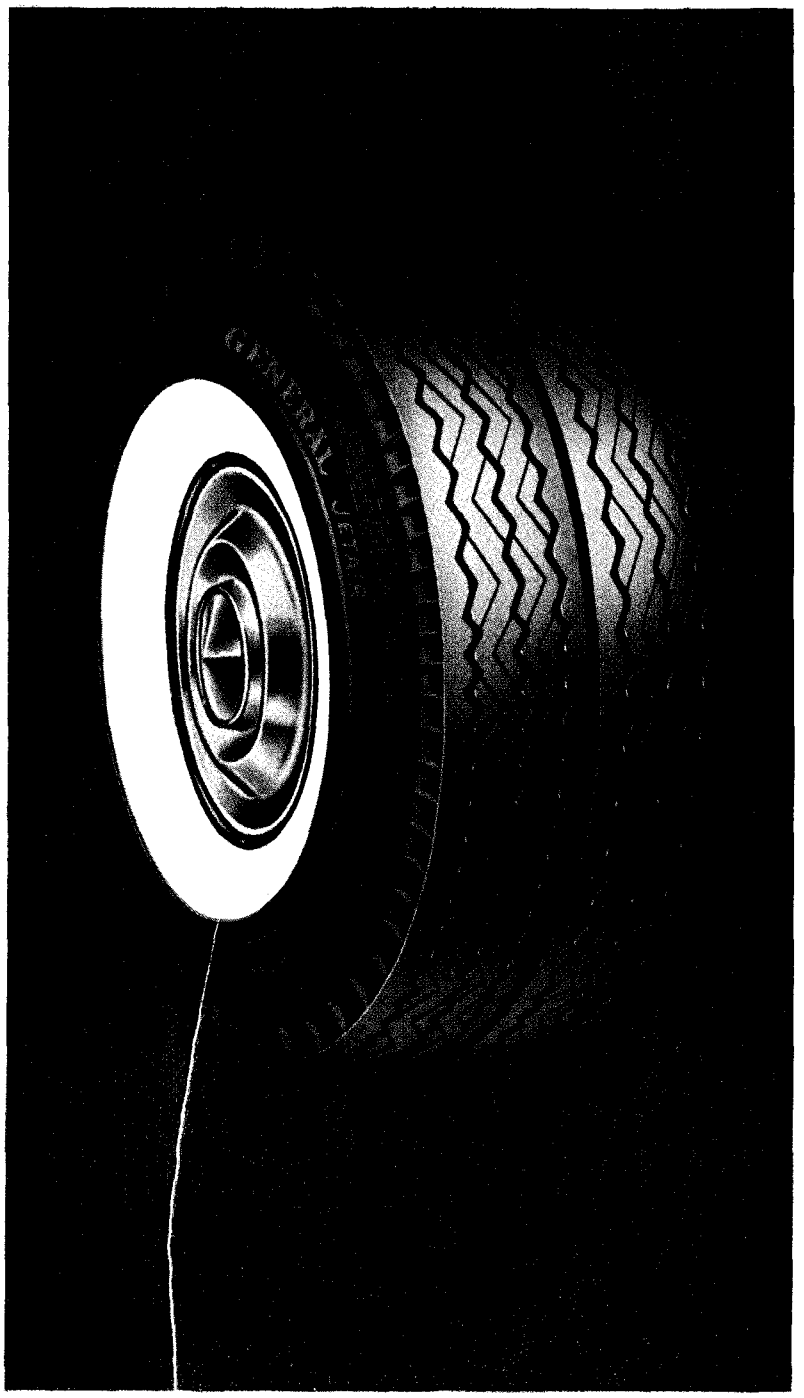
NEWS BULLETIN:

HUGE NEW TIRE PLANT MAKES POSSIBLE FIRST PREMIUM-QUALITY GENERAL TIRE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!



THE GENERAL

JET-AIR

In General Tire's 40 years experience in building premium tires, none has been so phenomenally successful as the Dual 90—built with Nygen Cord, twin treads and Odessa rubber.

With our available production facilities, we have never been able to meet the tremendous demand for this remarkable tire.

Retaining the basic advantages of The Dual 90—long mileage and extra safe performance—and bringing them to the low-price field became our great objective.

This required building a huge, ultra-modern tire plant. After nearly two years of planning and construction, this is now a reality.

Our tremendously expanded production facilities are being devoted to producing the new General Jet-Air, with Nygen Cord and the extra-safe, long mileage two-tread design proved so successful in the Dual 90—America's most wanted top-quality premium tire.

See the new Jet-Air at your General Tire Dealer's. Compare it feature for feature—dollar for dollar—with conventional tires. The extra quality and performance cost nothing extra.

STRONGER-THAN-STEEL NYGEN CORD

Nygen is the most indestructible tire material known—a real premium-tire safety feature of the Jet-Air. Nygen is high-speed impact resistant, heat dissipating.

SAFER, ROAD-GRIPPING TWIN-TREADS

You get the extra traction of two treads, not one. Load is shared, mileage increased. Braking is more efficient—wet or dry. Noticeably more stable, especially on curves.

SOFTER, TOUGHER ODESSA RUBBER

You get bump-absorbing, luxury softness and penny-pinching mileage costs with General's exclusive Odessa Rubber—a chamois-soft, rhino-tough formula so superior it was awarded a U. S. patent.

GENERAL'S DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Your Jet-Air Nygen investment is protected all the way—to the last extra mile. You get a warranty (1) of materials and workmanship for the life of the tire and (2) 27-month guarantee against all normal driving hazards!

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World's foremost manufacturer of premium-quality passenger tires • more than 700 different types and sizes of truck, bus, farm and airplane tires • largest vinyl film and sheeting producer, Boltaflex and Textileather for furniture, car interiors, etc. • Aerojet-General, rocket fuels, satellite and missile components • RKO-General television and radio • athletic goods • wrought iron and plastic pipe • plants in 15 foreign countries.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

In peaceful Connacht: At the edge of one of Ireland's myriad lakes and inlets, author Ford (left) and his Irish host Dick Harris stopped to enjoy a leisurely roadside lunch.

Why I Love IRELAND

By COREY FORD

A traveler lately returned from Erin finds that this tranquil land abounds in hospitality, and Americans are always welcome.

Would you ever be doubting that the Irish discovered America? Sure they'll have you know that when Columbus set sail across the ocean, he stopped off to sign a Galway man, Rice de Curley, as navigator on his crew. And well he might; for the Irish knew the way already. Doesn't the legend state that a wandering Celt from Dublin landed on the coast of Florida in A.D. 983, more than 500 years before Columbus, and named it New Ireland?

So now it is only proper, almost 500 years after, that Americans in turn should be discovering Old Ireland—discovering it in such numbers that tourism has become Eire's second-largest industry. Some are descendants of Irish forebears, in search of their family birthplace. Some have heard of the emerald lakes of Killarney or the wild tumbled beauty of the Connemara coast. And some, anglers like myself, come to cast a fly over the world-renowned trout and salmon waters. But what they discover, more than the scenery or the fishing, is a land of warm and boundless hospitality where an American is always welcome.

In Ireland, more than any other country I know, the Yankee tourist feels at home. Elsewhere in this hostile world he may be accepted for his dollars; but here the outstretched hand is offered only in friendship, and he is embraced with open arms as one of the family. Which isn't surprising, after all, with 20,000,000 of Irish descent in the United States today, including the President himself

The author (with pipe) found these typically unhurried Dubliners eager to pause for a friendly chat. The man at left is seated at the reins of a horse-drawn cab.

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A cottage lane in Connemara, on the island's western coast. Now summery breezes blow in from the warm Gulf Stream, but in winter Atlantic gales sweep the barren heath.

even, and everyone in the old country having kinsfolk in the new. No wonder, then, that the shout of greeting goes up, "Have a glass, Yank!" as they ply the Stateside visitor with questions: "Would ye be after meeting me cousin Dennis O'Shaughnessy that lives in Boston?" "Are ye acquainted with me niece Maggie Gannon in Philadelphia?" "Ye must know me brother Val in Chicago surely."

It's a down-to-earth welcome, no brass bands or colleens with shamrock *leis*, no effort to impress the stranger. You won't find a night club or tourist hot spot in Ireland. There's a stubborn honesty about the Irish, as I learned when I landed at the Dublin airport with my fishing companion, Michael Murphy. We stowed our rods in an antiquated taxicab, and I asked the driver how far it was to the Gresham Hotel. "Are ye going there anyway?" he inquired without turning. I said I was. "Then what difference does it make?" he shrugged, grinding the gears and starting forward with a jolt; and from that moment I was a stranger no longer.

Ireland is a small country—it would fit comfortably inside the state of Maine—and the first impression, as you approach the sharp-rising coastal mountains, is of an island Switzerland. But the mountains are a false front, like the rim of a basin, and the interior is a broad spongy plateau, so flat that the meandering rivers grow weary of flowing and widen into clear still lakes for part of their course. The climate is temperate, winter and summer, and the generous rainfall, averaging forty inches a year, keeps it an unreal shining green.

Nothing is quite real about this tranquil and timeless land, undisturbed by progress, living serenely in its own past. Donkey carts still creak along the dirt lanes, tinkers in striped circus wagons roam the countryside like gypsies, and the poorest straw-thatched cottage has a turf fire and a pot of tea for the wayfarer. Nobody hurries, nobody worries. It is an enchanted land of dreams and legends, but its gentle mythology has created elves and little people, rather than Wagnerian gods hurling thunderbolts. And while you are here you are part of the dream, and you wouldn't be surprised at any moment to meet a leprechaun strolling out of the mist.

A sense of the past is everywhere in Dublin. The main avenues were jammed with a Sunday football crowd when we arrived, and our cab detoured through a maze of narrow cobbled streets, part of the old city. Dublin is a mixture of the ancient and modern, with up-to-date office buildings and smart shops flanking such landmarks as Trinity College and Dublin Castle, dating from 1200, and the historic Custom House beside the Liffey, restored after its destruction during the troubled times in the early '20's. It is a city of art and culture, which has given the English-speaking world some of its greatest literature since the eighteenth century; but in the shadow of its bright lights are shuttered tenements and dark tortuous alleys, where the echo of Molly Malone's voice still cries, "Cockles and mussels alive, alive O!" and the Dublin of Yeats and Joyce lives on in the upstairs bona fides which play hide-and-seek with the country's strict eleven-o'clock curfew law.

Sit in a neighborhood pub at night, if you would hear the native humor of Ireland. The public house is a sort of community gathering place, as informal as a farm kitchen, and everyone joins in the conversation and the laughter. More than any other race, the Irish love to make fun of themselves, and ridicule has always been the national weapon against hypocrisy and injustice. Their humor is a little like Yankee humor, self-mocking and frank and sometimes fey, like the bland philosophy of the eighty-two-year-old customer at a corner table who was just celebrating his third marriage, to a woman of seventy-nine. "Och, for the (Continued on Page 82)

School children in County Galway. Today Ireland's population is on the increase, after mass emigration caused it to decline by half during the past 100 years.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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Mike Murphy, an American visiting the ancestral sod, located his great-aunt Delia Caulfield (left) in Ballyhaunis.

The I[illegible] in Dublin. The author found Ireland's neighborhood pubs "as informal as a farm kit[illegible]ith everyone joining in the conversation and the laughter."

Author Ford, prepared for County Mayo's sudden summer storms, fishing in the Owendulf River. "There's fine fishing everywhere in Ireland," he reports.

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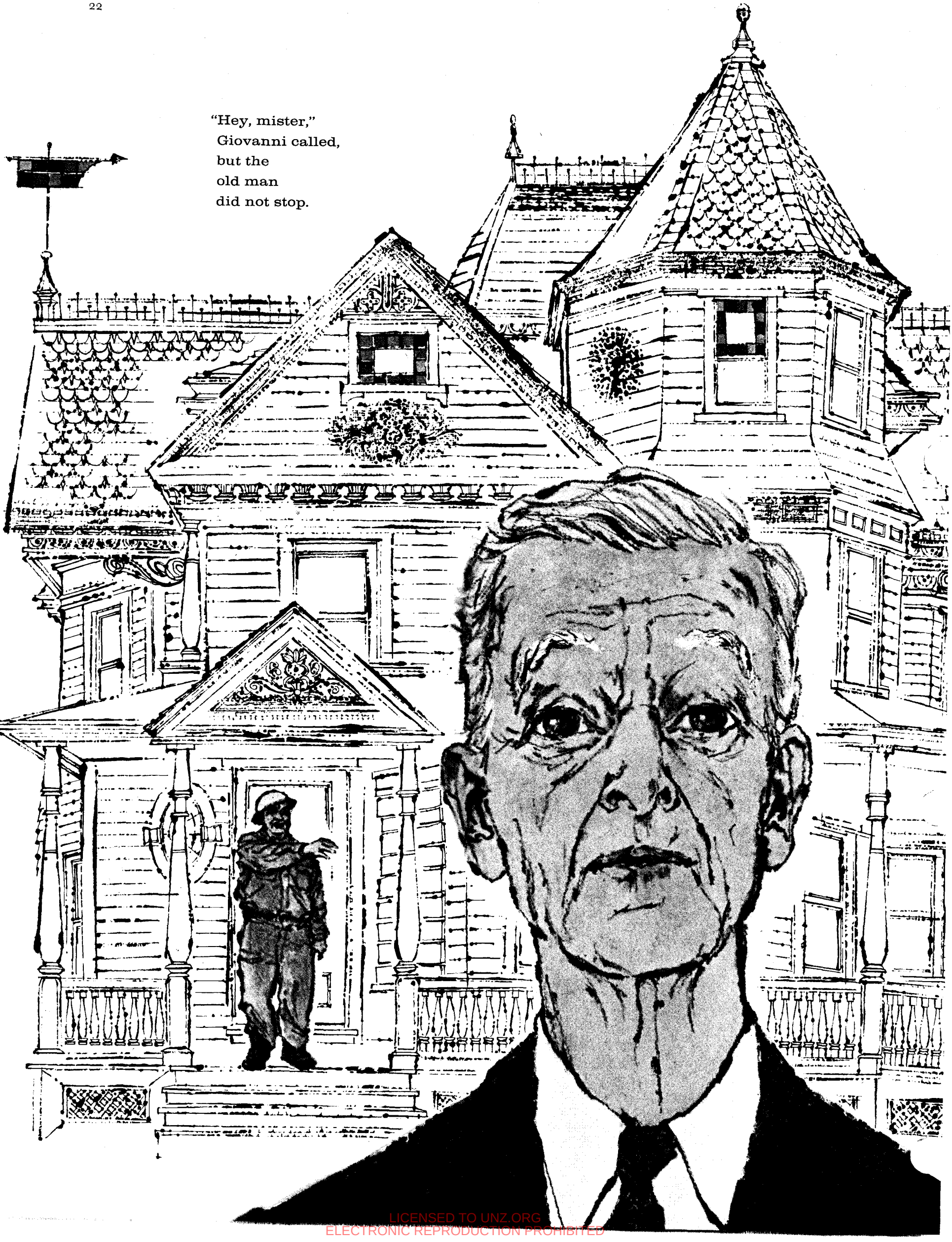
"Hey, mister,"
Giovanni called,
but the
old man
did not stop.



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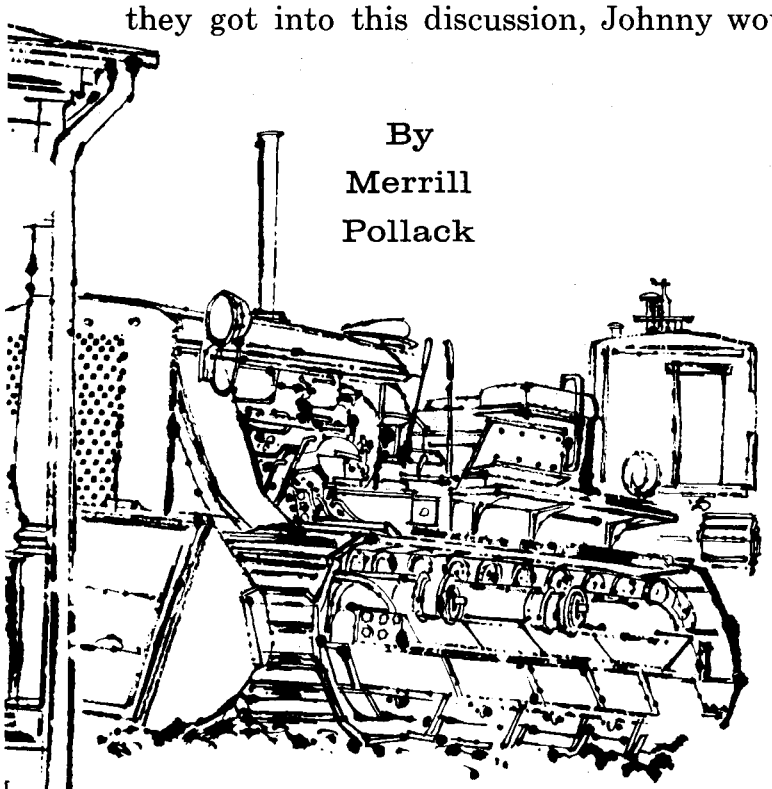
why did they have to destroy the house he loved?

THE Wreckers

By Merrill Pollack



Illustrated by Don Almquist

Johnny Santore was husky and strong and scarcely less vigorous as he approached forty than he had been at twenty-five when, after a hitch in the Seabees, he had joined his Uncle Giovanni in the wrecking and demolition business. The young man brought to the business a love and understanding of what machinery and power tools could do. A riveting machine, an acetylene torch, a bulldozer, he often said, could be used to make or break; it depended on your point of view.

Giovanni insisted that wrecking was a thing you did by your finger tips. He had ash-white hair and leathery skin and the build of a circus strong man gone to pot from too much eating. His attitude was that if you gave a man a wrecking bar, a sledge hammer, a crowbar and a hacksaw, he didn't need anything else to do a good job. Each building was different, Giovanni said, and you never knew how hard or easy a job was going to be until you got under the lipstick and paint. Whenever they got into this discussion, Johnny would laugh condescendingly and punch his uncle in his rock-hard stomach, saying, "Come outta the stone age, uncle. We got the tools; we're crazy not to use them." Still, they understood each other and got along equably.

When the supermarket project was announced, Johnny wasn't interested, but Giovanni was. He looked at it, put in a low bid and got the job.

"Hell, uncle," Johnny said, when he learned of it, "it's a piddling deal. Two lousy frame houses. More trouble than it's worth."

"I like it," Giovanni said stubbornly. "O.K.?"

Johnny shrugged. "Whatever you say. I won't be able to help you, though. I'm all tied up with that department-store job."

"Good. You stay outta my hair on this one." The old man looked at his nephew searchingly, but Johnny didn't pick it up, so Giovanni didn't get to tell him then why he'd wanted it. Well, there was time.

•

Les Dunston was one of the last of the neighborhood people to learn that the two houses were coming down. He lived in an old-people's home near the park many blocks away and had not been around for nearly two weeks because of a cold and a few rainy days. When finally the weather and his strength permitted him to take his favorite walk to the corner of Anderson and Locust, he went slowly and carefully, resorting to the support of his stick only when the sidewalks were broken or rippled by age. He was in his eighties, a frail, slightly stooped man who took pride in the fact that his mind and memory were still intact. His hearing was nearly gone, but his eyes were still quite good and, if necessary, he could move quickly enough if a child on a tricycle came at him pedaling fast.

On this June day, when the sky was a pale wash of blue and the air was sweet under the trees, he returned eagerly to the corner of Anderson and Locust. When he got there he saw with a shock that the roof and upper story of the Gilligman house were gone and that workmen were ripping out partitions on the lower floor.

Les Dunston stood rooted for a moment, then looked down the street toward the corner where his own house stood, vacant now these last three years, and saw with a sense of reprieve that the workmen hadn't touched it yet. They (Continued on Page 110)

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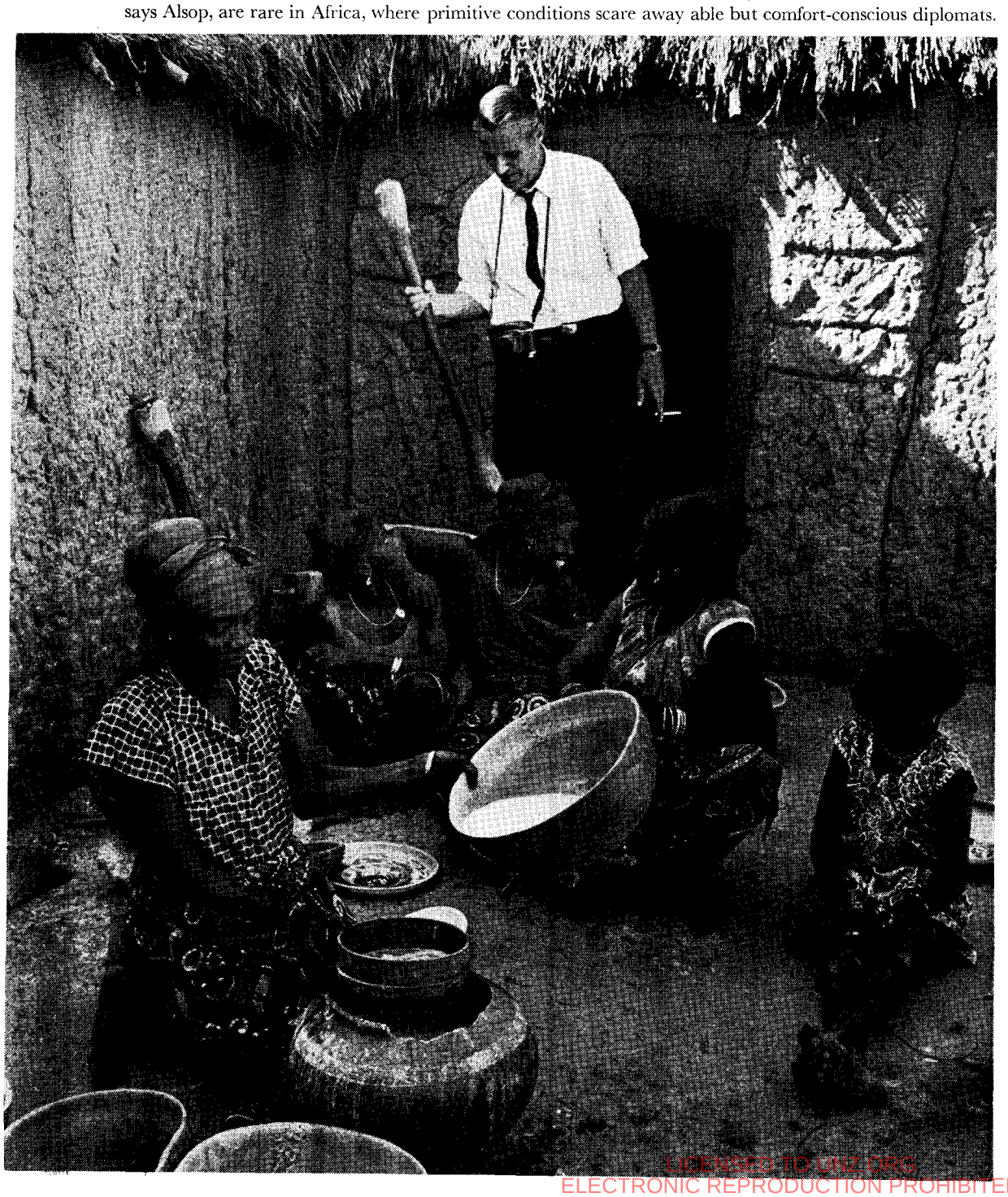
Guinea: USIA official Wilbert Petty and his wife are among several American Negroes who are helping the U.S. cause in Africa by establishing "the kind of informal friendship that is difficult for a white to achieve."

The elegant American embassy in Ghana. "Gangsterism" in the pro-Communist propaganda means "Americanism."

WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE IN AFRICA?

By STEWART ALSOP

Joseph Palmer (below, visiting a native dwelling) is U.S. ambassador to Nigeria. Men of Palmer's caliber, says Alsop, are rare in Africa, where primitive conditions scare away able but comfort-conscious diplomats.



How to prevent a Communist landslide in Black Africa? A *Post* editor assesses our chances and concludes, among other things, that Americans try too hard to please.

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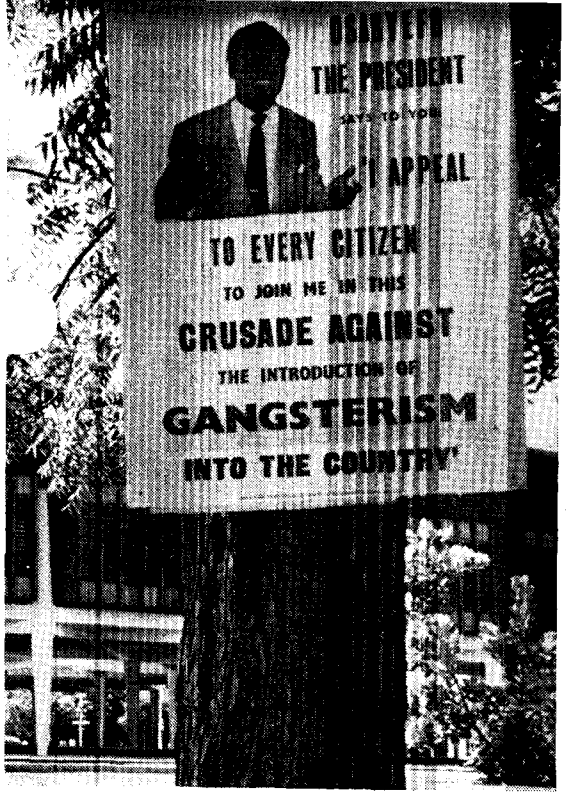
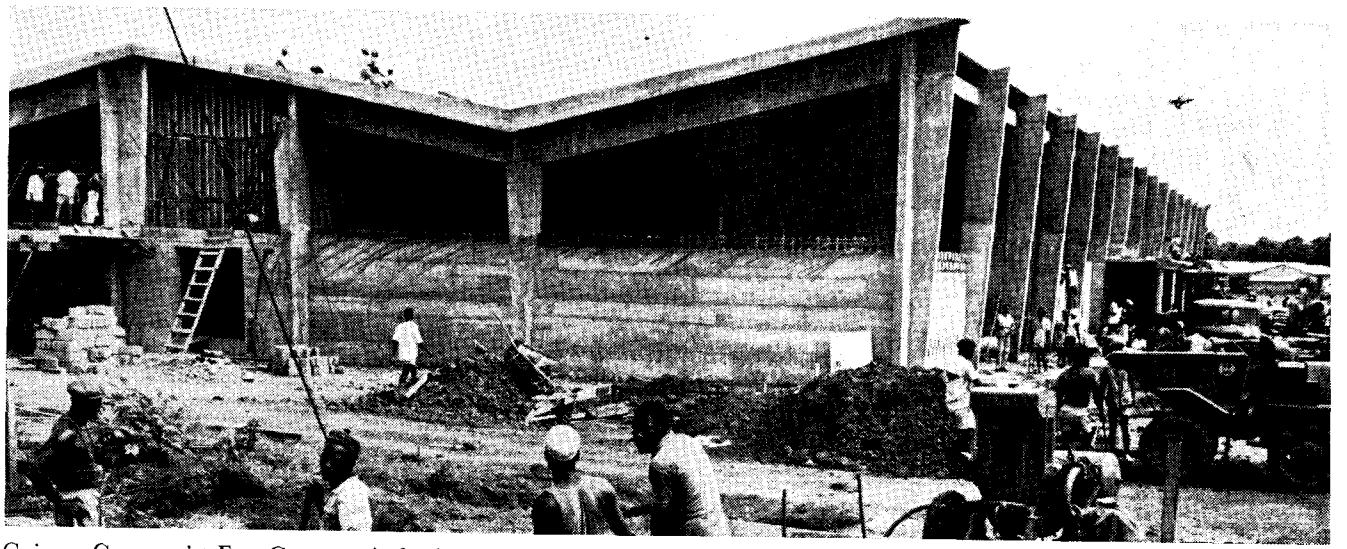


University College of Ghana: Here African and American students gather at the home of Professor James Lipscomb (left, in striped tie). In Ghana, Americans have one advantage over Russians: All the educated citizens speak English.

In Guinea, it is fashionable to wear material decorated with a likeness of Red-leaning Sekou Touré.



Guinea: Communist East Germany is footing the bills for this imposing printing plant. Such eye-catching projects, Alsop points out, are designed less to help the national economy than to impress the Africans, especially the rulers.

The American girl in the bar of the Hotel de France in Conakry was very young and quite pretty, and she talked with an engaging candor. When the Guinean Government had asked for teachers to come to Guinea to replace the French teachers who had left after Guinea became independent, this pretty American schoolteacher had volunteered for two years. The government of Guinea had sent her to Kissidougou, a town in the interior, to teach English there. But she had spent only a couple of days in Kissidougou.

The hotel where she stayed was a terrible ace, she said, like an army barracks, but smelly, and there was no hot water between eight in the morning and eight in the evening. The only other Americans in Kissidougou were an elderly missionary and his wife. The teacher had known right away that she couldn't possibly stick it out in Kissidougou, so she had come right back to Conakry.

She wasn't sure she could stick it out in Conakry either. Some things were so difficult. For example, she had been going out with such a nice African boy—he was very polite. But then one evening in her apartment he began acting like no gentleman—she showed the bruises on her arm. She had had to hit him very hard with her handbag. Then he had flown into a rage and kept shouting, "You think I am not civilized, but I am more civilized than you." And all because she was just trying to be friendly.

This last report on a long journey of inquiry in tropical Africa starts with the girl in the bar in Conakry, simply because she rather neatly sums up the problem of fashioning an effective American response to the Communist challenge in Africa. The little country of Guinea, of which Conakry is the capital, is a good example of how serious the Communist challenge in Africa is. (Continued on Page 45)

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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They had two things in common: Self-pity and something they thought was love.

RUNAWAYS

By KURT VONNEGUT Jr.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

They left a note saying teen-agers were just as capable of true love as anybody else—maybe more capable. And then they took off for parts unknown.

They took off in the boy's old blue Ford, with baby shoes dangling from the rearview mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat.

A police alarm went out for them right away, and their pictures were in the papers and on television. But they weren't caught for twenty-four hours. They got all the way to Chicago. A patrolman spotted them shopping together in a supermarket there, caught them buying what looked like a lifetime supply of candy, cosmetics, soft drinks and frozen pizzas.

The girl's father gave the patrolman a two-hundred-dollar reward. The girl's father was Jesse K. Southard, governor of the state of Indiana.

That was why they got so much publicity. It was very exciting when an ex-reform-school kid, a kid who ran a lawn mower at the governor's country club, ran off with the governor's daughter.

When the Indiana State Police brought the girl back to the Governor's Mansion in Indianapolis, Governor Southard announced that he would take immediate steps to get an annulment. An irreverent reporter pointed out to him that there could hardly be an annulment, since there hadn't been a marriage.

The governor blew up. "That boy never laid a finger on her," he roared, "because she wouldn't let him! And I'll knock the block off any man who says otherwise."

The reporters wanted to talk to the girl, naturally, and the governor said she would have a statement for them in about an hour. It wouldn't be her first statement about the escapade. In Chicago she and the boy had lectured reporters and police on love, hypocrisy, persecution of teen-agers, the insensitivity of parents, and even rockets, Russia and the hydrogen bomb.

When the girl came downstairs with her new statement, however, she contradicted everything she'd said in Chicago. Reading from a three-page typewritten script, she said the adventure had been a nightmare, said she didn't love the boy and never had, said she must have been crazy and said she never wanted to see the boy again.

She said the only people she loved were her parents, said she didn't see how she could make it up to them for all the heartaches she had caused, said she was going to concentrate on schoolwork and getting into college and said she didn't want to pose for pictures because she looked so awful after the ordeal.

She didn't look especially awful, except that she'd dyed her hair a cheap red, and the boy had given her a terrible haircut in an effort to disguise her. And she'd been crying some. She didn't look tired. She looked young and wild and captured—that was all.

Her name was Annie—Annie Southard.

When the reporters left, when they went to show the boy the girl's latest statement, the governor turned to his daughter and said to her with clanking irony, "Well, I certainly want to thank you. I don't see how I can ever thank you enough."

"You thank me for telling all those lies?" she said.

"I thank you for making a very small beginning in repairing the damage you've done," he said.

"My own father, the governor of the state of Indiana," said Annie, "ordered me to lie. I'll never forget that."

"That isn't the last of the orders you'll get from me," he said.

Annie said nothing out loud, but in her mind she placed a curse on her parents. She no longer owed them anything. She was going to be cold and indifferent to them for the rest of her days. The curse went into effect immediately.

Annie's mother, Mary Southard, came down the spiral staircase. She had been listening to the lies on the landing above. "I think you handled that very well," she said to her husband.

(Continued on Page 52)

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"I guess her parents
think I'm after all their money,"
Rice said. "All I want
is their daughter."

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ADVENTURES

of the MIND

The Messages

About the Author

James Bonner, professor of biology at the California Institute of Technology, researches the biochemistry and physiology of plants, enzyme synthesis, and the nuclear-cytoplasmic structure of the cell. The author of several books on these subjects, Professor Bonner also is interested in the future of plant-animal relationships as they bear on the problem of supplying food for the earth's expanding population. No book-bound scholar, Professor Bonner spends many of his winter weekends in the California mountains serving as a ski patrolman for the National Ski Patrol System.

Biology is today on the edge of understanding how living things live. This almost-successful search for the principle, the logic, of life may someday enable us to control the step-by-step development of the human organism, to cultivate replacement organs and perhaps even to initiate life in isolated cells. A whole new world of medicine also awaits us across this threshold of understanding; among the most urgent problems which may yield to the new knowledge are the control of virus diseases and of cancer.

This new biology—for it is a new branching of an old discipline—is largely concerned with the molecular facts of life. One of the most complicated mysteries of nature is the way the tens of thousands of chemical compounds that compose a living creature work together to cause that creature to breathe, digest and leave descendants. But this mystery is being unraveled. Every day now brings new excitement as research biologists draw close to its final solution. For they have discovered that each cell of each individual contains a blueprint, an instruction manual, which gives the cell detailed instructions on what kind of chemicals to make from the available food, on how the cell shall divide or replicate itself, on the size and shape of the systems it shall form (that is, elephant or mouse)—in short, how the cell should become a part of a particular kind of living thing.

This cellular instruction manual, which biologists call "genetic material," possesses the extraordinary power of being able to print copies of itself. These copies are then passed on to the next generation. In this way living things leave their descendants directions on how to look, how to behave, how to be. The new biology seeks to read this genetic book and to find out what kinds of instructions it transmits, how

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Biologists unravel the secrets of DNA, the remarkable substance that contains the genetic blueprints for all living organisms.

of Life

By JAMES BONNER

the genetic information multiplies itself, how it acts, how it enforces its decrees.

The gateway to this new understanding of the basic life pattern has been found in the study of the living cell. All creatures consist of cells and have in common cells which are very much alike. All cells are made of various standardized types of components. Living creatures may, in fact, be looked upon as a series of models made of a kind of tinkertoy, with standard interchangeable parts. For example, the largest and most spectacular part of every proper cell is a nucleus. This nucleus contains the genetic material, the chromosomes, each made up of many genes. The genes are made of a special gene substance found nowhere else—deoxyribonucleic acid, known to biologists as DNA. The DNA of the nucleus contains, in coded form, all the information required to assemble the individual cell—and indeed, to assemble all the cells comprising an entire organism.

That DNA contains—and transmits—genetic information, was first shown by O. T. Avery at the Rockefeller Institute more than fifteen years ago. His experiment consisted of the transplantation of genetic information from one type of bacterial cell to another. The laboratory transplantation of such genetic information requires only that a portion of the DNA of the donor cell be placed in solution, together with some of the receptor cells. The receptor cells, in a fraction of cases, incorporate the alien DNA into their own genetic complement so that it becomes a permanent part of their genetic information. In this way genes for resistance or susceptibility to an antibiotic, or for ability or inability to cause disease—such as pneumonia, with which Avery worked—may be transferred from one strain of bacteria to another.

DNA has two characteristics which suit it uniquely to its role of information bearer. The first is a structure so arranged that it can carry information. The DNA molecule is a long chain, made up of four kinds of links, or building blocks, whose chemical names we can symbolize by the four letters, *A*, *T*, *G* and *C*. The four links may succeed one another in any of many permutations and combinations to produce many different words, all written in a four-letter alphabet, the alphabet of *A*, *T*, *G* and *C*. The DNA molecule is thus a sort of telegram, written in DNA language, which carries messages indicating how a cell shall develop and proliferate. We might call DNA a do-it-yourself book of instructions to its host cell.

The second unique property of DNA is its ability to produce exact copies of itself. DNA can so replicate because it is a twin molecule with two long strands, each composed of the building blocks *A*, *T*, *G* and *C*. These two strands are wound around each other to form a helix, a molecular barber pole. And it is a basic law of living matter that the sequence of the letters *A*, *T*, *G* and *C* in the one strand determines the sequence of letters in the companion strand. *A* in the one strand must be paired with *T* in the second, *G* with *C*, *T* with *A*, and *C* with *G*. The two strands are, as biologists say, complementary. We believe that when the DNA replicates itself, the two strands first separate, and that each then assembles upon itself its complement, using the chemical building blocks available in the cell. When the replication has been accomplished, we have two new double strands, each indistinguishable from the original, but bearing the same coded information as the original.

The double-stranded complementary structure of DNA, first recognized by James (*CONTINUED ON PAGE 105*)

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"Oh, Andrew," she said. "I've been *so* worried."

She was willing to do anything—but anything—to keep her husband from shipping overseas.

DON'T LEAVE ME, DARLING

By JOHN SOWDEN

More than a year of refighting the Korean War can bore even the guys who were there; time really dragged in that naval hospital. That's why all those little details stick in my mind. Such as the spots where that stuff they wash the floors with splashed the walls by the head of my bed and blistered the pale green paint. When the North Island planes weren't too noisy and the other guys slept in the afternoon, I'd lie there and use my imagination on those spots. And when Brumley wasn't bouncing past the foot of my bed in that tight white uniform they let her get away with, and raising my blood pressure to where I couldn't concentrate on anything. Some days those spots were the leftover sea from that typhoon off Formosa or piles of lovely green folding money on the ship's deck, with the house—that's me—ahead. Mostly, though, that peeling paint reminded me of the billowing summer thunderheads piling up over those Arizona hills when I was first-boll high to a Pima cotton plant.

Anyway, you see my frame of mind with the Merthiolate mechanics fixing to try—for the third time—to get my left leg to work. I've fought bed sores in this plasma palace so long I even read Tolstoi's *War and Peace*! Brumley give me that book, is how come I read it. When I see how thick it was, I know I'm in for a long hitch. But she says I might get out one of these days. Except that I'll miss Brumley's insults, the sooner I see the last of this man's navy, the better.

How any dame can look so sweet and talk so mean has got me beat. I can't figure why that pint-sized blonde gets my nanny so bad. There's Miller on nights, and Quigle, who wouldn't say "mud" if her mouth was full of it. They're good nurses, but Brumley is a destroyer in a whole fleet of landing barges: fast, bristling with (Continued on Page 86)

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The manager of the Baltimore Orioles tells of his successful struggle to build a pennant contender out of a cellar dweller. This year, he insists,

The Orioles Will Win the Pennant

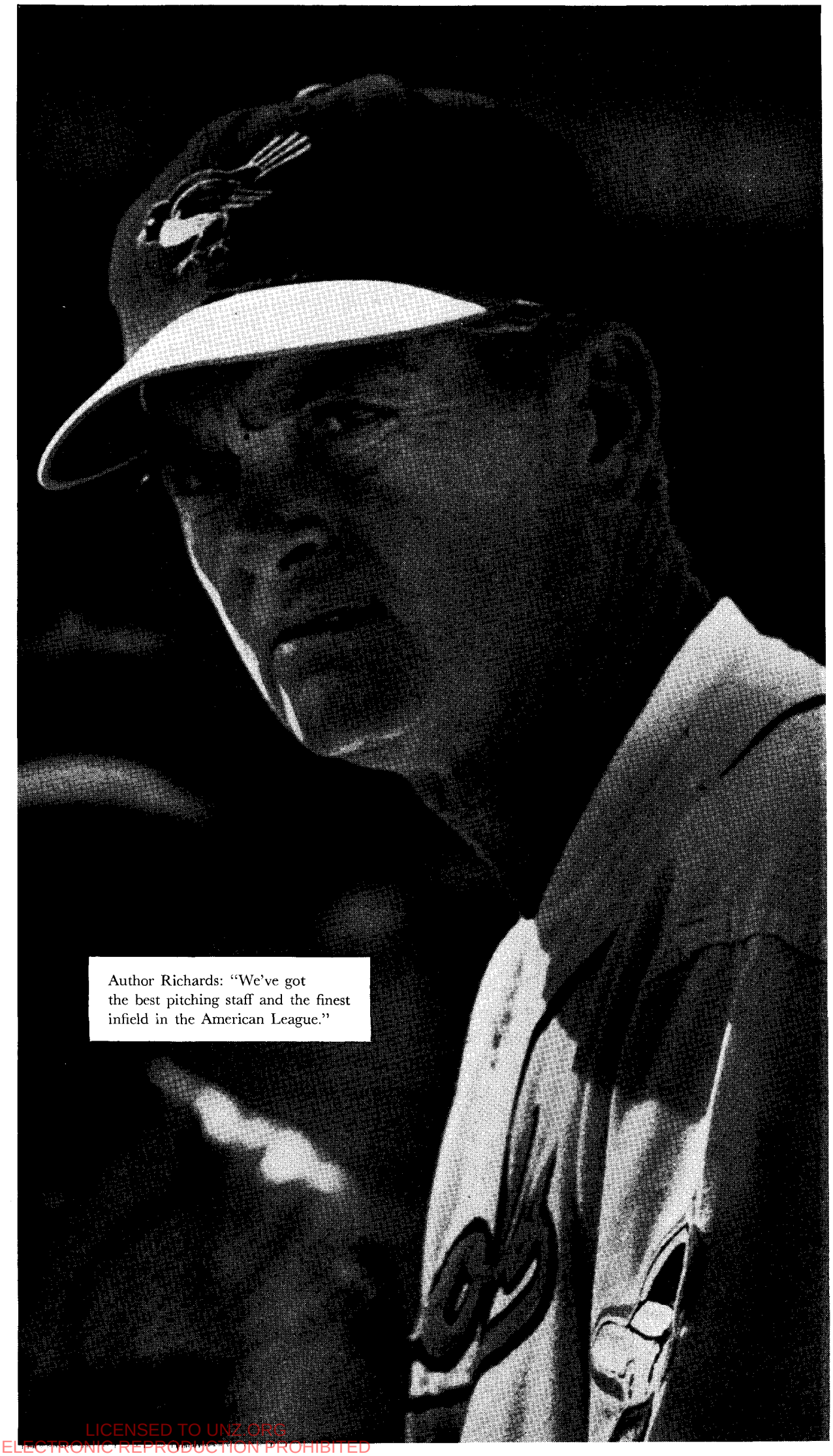
By PAUL RICHARDS
as told to Arthur and Milton Richman

This will be the first time in five years I've started a season without secretly hoping to be fired. I knew I wasn't stepping into any bed of roses late in 1954 when I left my job as manager of the first-division Chicago White Sox to become both general manager and field manager of the seventh-place Orioles. But I hadn't expected such complete chaos. Baltimore had no players to speak of, no set plan for the future and only a handful of scouts. The farm system was something of a joke.

To make matters worse, I ran into a major setback only a few weeks after going to work for the Orioles. We had made a careful study of all the minor-league players who would be available in the annual winter draft and had settled on one man we thought could help us. He was a relatively unknown young outfielder, and we felt we had an excellent chance to grab him.

But the Pittsburgh Pirates, who had finished eighth in the National League that year, were entitled to make a choice ahead of us. I kept my fingers crossed when the Pirate spokesman got up to announce his pick. My heart sank when (Continued on Page 124)

Three starters whom Baltimore will rely on heavily this year: Power-hitting infielders Brooks Robinson (left) and Jim Gentile and southpaw pitcher Steve Barber.



Author Richards: "We've got the best pitching staff and the finest infield in the American League."

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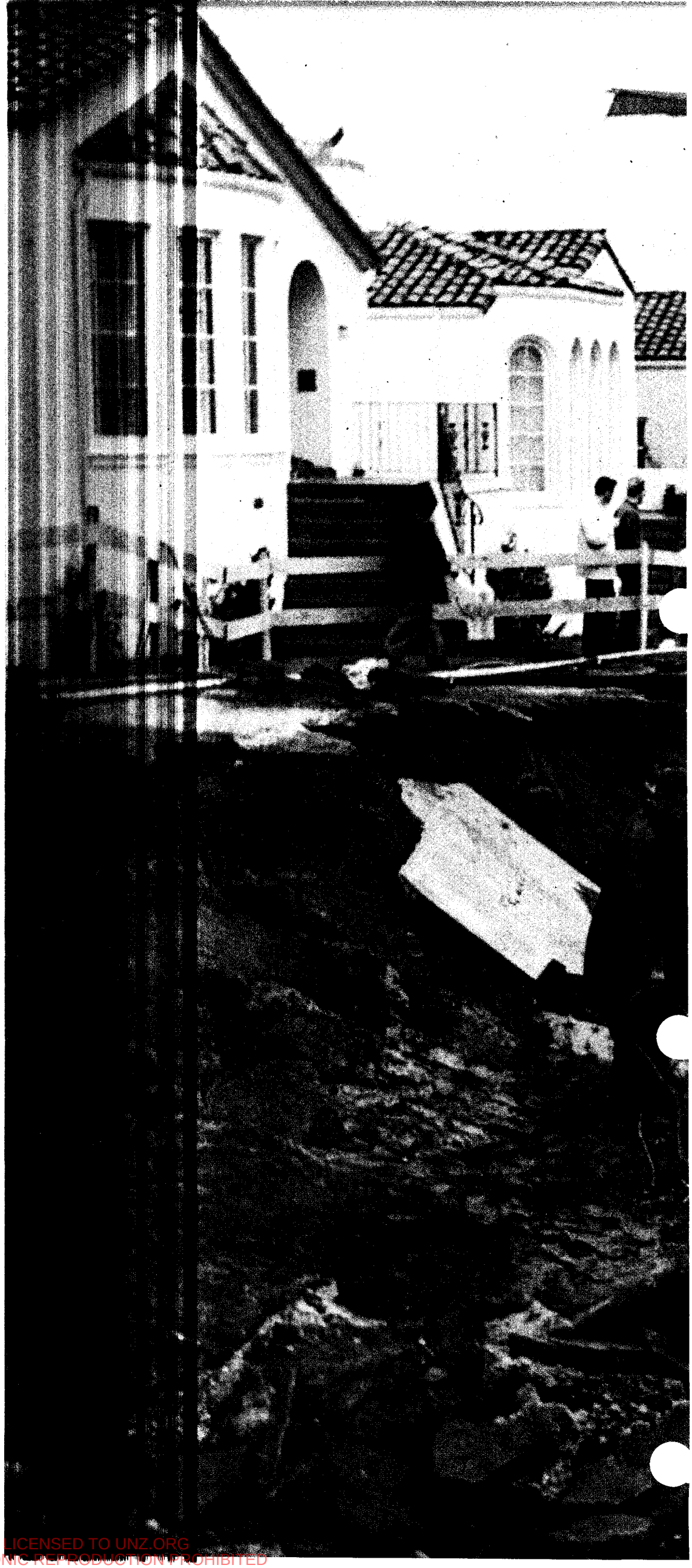
The Face of AMERICA

One Street Is Missing

Until 4:15 P.M. on Tuesday, November 29, 1960, San Francisco's 34th Avenue was a well-groomed residential street. Then the inhabitants of the 2700 block heard a tremendous roar—"like a clap of thunder," one man said—and looked out to see a six-foot-high geyser spouting through the pavement. A swirling flood of water poured out, loosening the sandy earth under the street. Sidewalks quavered, then broke; driveways were uplifted; front lawns were sheared off. Within minutes the street had collapsed, forming a fifty-foot-wide, 200-foot-long chasm (shown at right). The watery tumult started with a break (the hole in the pipe at right) in a sixteen-inch water main. In the hour that passed before the city water department could turn off the torrent, more than a million gallons of water and hundreds of tons of soil poured downhill. The city immediately promised to pick up the tabs (an estimated $30,000) for repairing and cleaning up the damaged private property. The people of the 2700 block tended to find what consolation they could. Wesley E. Scott Jr., for example, looked at what had been his front lawn and remarked, "It'll make my kid happy. Now he won't have to cut the grass."

• Photograph by Don W. Jones



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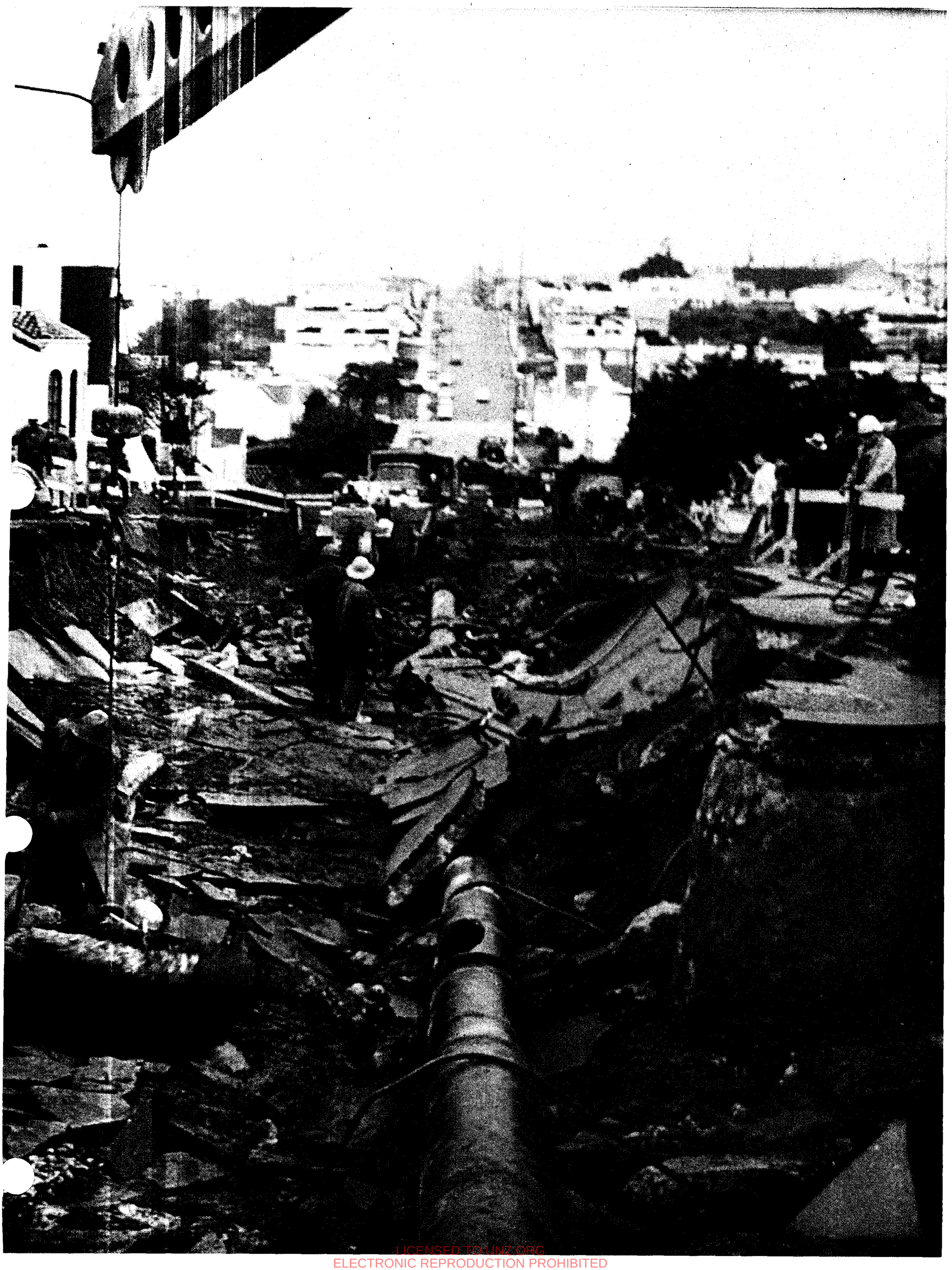

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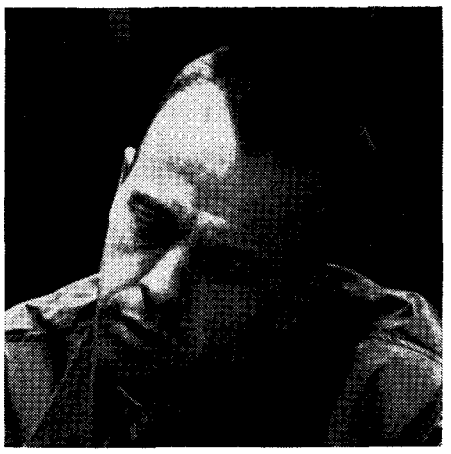
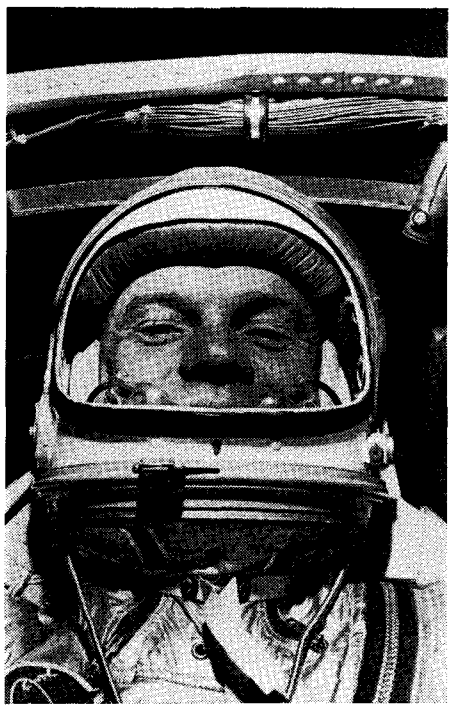


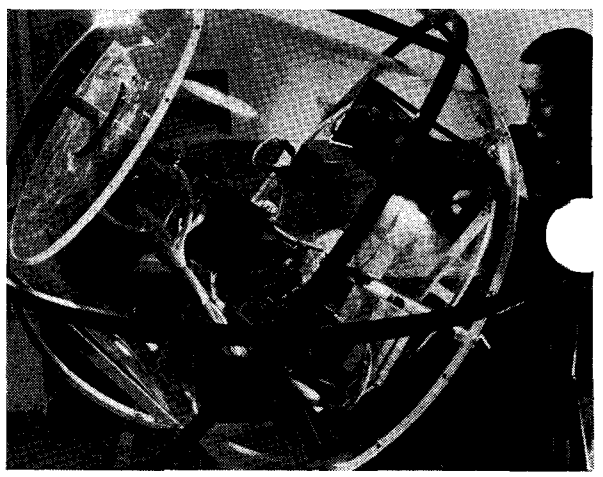
Cmdr. Alan Shepard, the Navy's candidate among the first-in-space trio: "We have a better chance of coming back from space missions than we had in routine test-flight duties."

By Robert Cahn

Can the ASTRONAUT Come Back Alive?



Lt. Col. John Glenn USMC. Many observers believe he will be the first of the three astronaut "finalists" to rocket into space.



Capt. Virgil Grissom USAF (adjusting a gyro instrument trainer): "It's just another means of transportation—but a little faster, a little higher, a little farther."

Sometime soon Project Mercury will send a man into space. Here is an assessment of the perils he will face—and the precautions being taken to bring him safely back to earth.

Project Mercury's masterminds: Operations chief Walter Williams, over-all boss Robert Gilruth and development head Charles Donlan. "We don't absolutely guarantee the safety of the man," warns Gilruth.

A comedy skit on a TV variety show not long ago featured a wide-eyed little man in a space suit, who identified himself as the "chief astronaut with the United States Interplanetary Expeditionary Forces."

"Are you convinced they will get you back to earth?" he was asked.

"I am convinced . . . they will get me back . . . to earth," haltingly replied the wistful-looking spaceman (José Jiménez, alias comic Bill Dana). "But just how far into it? That's what I'm not convinced about."

To most viewers the skit was hilarious. The seven United States astronauts themselves now delight in spicing their conversation with lines from the José Jiménez spaceman routine. But the deeper implications of the question, "Are you convinced they will get you back to earth?" are not so funny. Very soon now, one of the astronauts will be strapped into a space capsule atop a fully fueled, sixty-foot-high Redstone rocket and will blast off from Cape Canaveral on Project Mercury's first historic flight of man into space. Although this time he will not go into orbit, he will spend five minutes arching weightless through space before being parachuted to a landing 290 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean.

In the quiet of their homes, long after their wives and children have fallen asleep, the astronauts ponder the unknowns. Engineers working on Project Mercury give sober thought to the question. Even the President of th

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Langley Field, Va.: Space tailor Joe Schmitt test-inflates a pressure suit. This is one step in the thorough check that precedes even a simulated astronaut flight.

United States has spoken of his concern about the risk.

"We are going to be extremely careful," says President Kennedy, "and even if we should come in second in putting a man in space, I will be satisfied if his chances of survival are as high as I think they should be."

And perhaps most concerned of all is Project Mercury's director, Robert R. Gilruth, who has the responsibility for making the final crucial judgment, "We are ready."

At Langley Field, Virginia, headquarters of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Space Task Group for Project Mercury, I asked Bob Gilruth how he now assessed the risks facing the astronauts.

Before answering, Gilruth hesitated a long moment, weighing his words. A quiet, self-effacing, forty-seven-year-old aeronautical engineer, he seemed miscast as boss of America's glamorous $500,000,000 Mercury program. His bullet-bald head is fringed with gray, and the heavy black brows dominate a face that reveals both determination and gentleness. Painfully deliberate in making decisions, he causes many of his colleagues to squirm with impatience.

"We have reduced the risks as much as possible, but we cannot eliminate all risk," Gilruth answered at last. "So we don't absolutely guarantee the safety of the man. We do guarantee, though, that we will have done everything humanly possible to make each mission safe."

If Bob Gilruth's answer is somewhat less emphatic and reassuring than some politicians would desire, it is at least candid and honest. Gilruth is first of all an engineer, and he has worked with rockets long enough to know that even the most reliable ones are far from 100 per cent predictable. He is also intimately acquainted with a facetious but sometimes woefully accurate dictum known in engineering circles as Murphy's Law: Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

Not many people realize how much already has gone wrong in Mercury tests. Even the much-publicized flight which brought momentary fame to Ham the chimpanzee last January, was haunted by Murphy's Law. Before the Redstone engine ignited, the test was delayed almost two hours because a tiny spring broke on a small inspection door of the rocket. And while this was being repaired, a sub-zero gas was released into the sealed space capsule to cool electrical parts which were overheating. Poor Ham almost froze.

Then in the blast and vibration of launching, a valve on the side of the capsule was jiggled loose. This prevented the cabin from becoming pressurized, sending the spaceship through its flight as airless as the space around it.

Fortunately the life-support system in Ham's coffin-shaped cocoon, the equivalent of an astronaut's pressure suit, remained normal, enabling him to survive.

Murphy's Law was not yet satisfied, however. It had been planned that the Redstone would carry Ham at 4000 miles an hour to an altitude of 115 miles and then drop him gently by parachute 290 miles away in the Atlantic, where he would lie in the comfort and security of his watertight space capsule until picked up. But the normally reliable Redstone rocket burned its fuel a mite too fast and set off a sequence of abnormal events. Instead of the programed flight—the same as planned for the first manned mission—Ham soared through space at 5800 miles (Continued on Page 93)

Space pioneer Ham was rewarded with an apple after his 5800-MPH ride last January. The celebrated chimp's successful trip opened the door to manned flight.

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Every year 600,000 children swallow something poisonous, and 500 of them die. An expert reveals that many of these toxic agents are contained in new household chemicals.

Beware The Killers in the Home

By BEN PEARSE

The radiogram from the commander of the Naval Air Station at Port Lyautey, Morocco, arrived on a Sunday morning, marked "Urgent."

RUSH INFORMATION EFFECT SNAIL PELLETS FOUR PER CENT METALDEHYDE ON CHILDREN AND PETS—ALSO TREATMENT

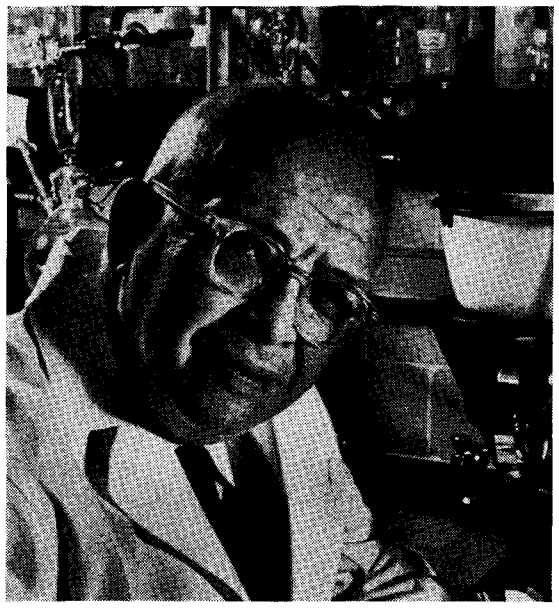
Similar appeals often come to the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Maryland. The Inquiry may be merely precautionary, as this one was, or it may be desperate. It may concern deadly combinations of arsenic and cyanide or mild poisons designed to kill such garden pests as snails and slugs. In any event, the pleas for advice are rushed to the institutes' venerable expert, Wolfgang Felix von Oettingen, M.D., Ph.D., who is one of the nation's leading toxicologists. With forty years' experience in this hazardous specialty, the quiet, bespectacled doctor has probably given more advice than anyone else on how to avoid poisoning or, failing that, how to recover.

The urgent message from Morocco was relayed from the National Institutes of Health to the home of Doctor Von, as he is known to most of his colleagues. He checked his files and dictated a reply, advising that one gram of metaldehyde might prove fatal to a child or small pet. After describing the symptoms, he explained that no antidote was known, but that washing out the victim's stomach promptly should be effective. The radiogram dispatched, he resumed pruning his roses. If anything can divert Doctor Von from his toxicological contemplations, it's gardening.

Doctor von Oettingen can't guess how many poisons exist, but he estimates that there are at least half a dozen kinds in every American home. His own authoritative book on the subject lists 575 basic varieties, from *Abrus precatorious linnaeus*, the seed of a South American bush, used to poison arrowheads, to *Zygadenus venenosus*, a lilylike wild flower.

But new compounds have been pouring out of chemical laboratories at a fantastic rate ever since 1927, when the Federal Caustic Poisons Act listed just twelve corrosive substances. Today the National Clearing House for Poison Control Centers, in Washington, D.C., has in its files the brand names of several thousand household products containing one or more toxic ingredients. There are so many new ways of accidentally poisoning yourself at home that Congress last year replaced the old Caustic Poisons law with a new Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act.

Without attempting to list the countless household products to be covered, Congress set up standards for toxic, corrosive, irritating, sensitizing and flammable substances and prescribed precautionary labeling for each. The Food and Drug Administration is charged with insuring that products are safe when used according to manufacturers' directions. Doctor von Oettingen, besides being a toxicologist at National Institutes of Health, is also an expert witness and adviser to the pharmacology division of FDA.



Dr. Wolfgang Felix von Oettingen, celebrated expert on poisons. In his experiments to test the toxicity of new products, he has sometimes used himself as a guinea pig.

"Most of the new detergents, bleaches, paints and other household aids," Doctor von Oettingen says, "are quite safe for their intended use. The new law requires manufacturers to warn not only against ordinary hazards but also against possible misuse, such as accidental swallowing by children. The United States Public Health Service estimates that 600,000 children swallow household chemicals every year, and of these about 500 die.

"A lesser number of adults are injured or killed by products that don't bear adequate warning on their labels. Some unscrupulous firms have sought a competitive advantage for their products by limiting warnings to a word or two in small type. But conscientious manufacturers have tried to furnish ample warnings, and most of them strongly favored this law."

The new law also covers for the first time products sold in pressurized—aerosol—containers. A preparation quite safe for application to the skin in the form of a cream might be toxic in the form of a spray that might be inhaled.

"This doesn't mean aerosol containers generally are potentially harmful," Doctor von Oettingen explained. "Freon gas, the most commonly used propellant, is nontoxic in itself and has been used safely for years in refrigerators, air-conditioners, hair sprays and insecticides. But (Continued on Page 96)

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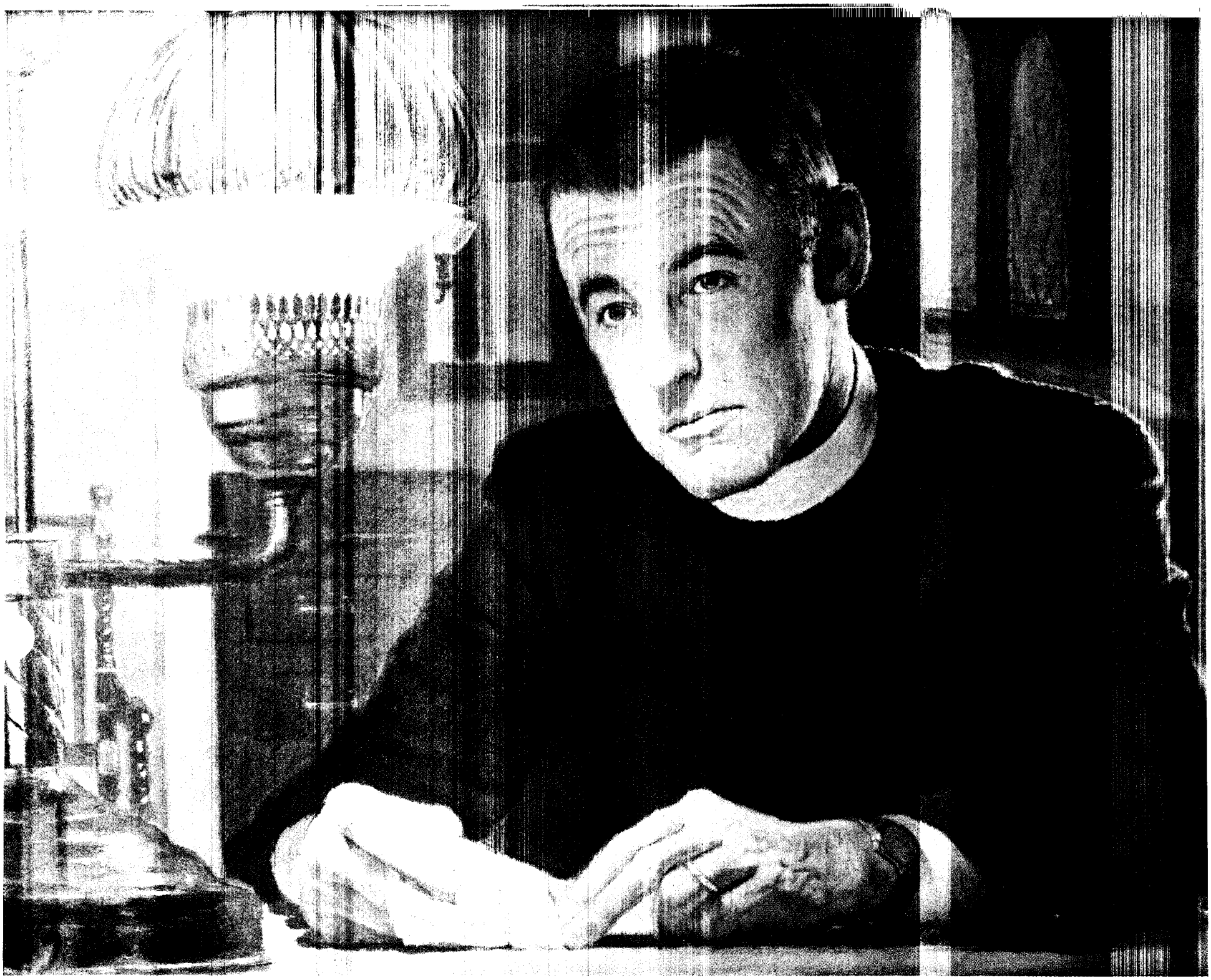

The Devil and Parson Lucas

The story of a minister who was tempted to bet on a long shot.

By GEORGE LOVERIDGE

As I am a clergyman by calling and have but recently become involved in betting on horse races, I trust that any technical errors in the following confession will be forgiven by those better informed—of whom, I am told, there are several millions in this country.

Nor have I had previous experience as a detective.

But, to proceed. Until a little while ago, I had among the members of my small parish a newspaperman named David Fenwick. Though he was forty-eight and I was fifteen years his senior, we were fond of each other, and his wife, Cynthia, and mine, Clara, were good friends too. He was a short, rather stout man with a neat, brown mustache and crew-cut hair. His wife, thinner and taller, was a woman of a refined and gentle nature who suffered considerably at times from David's conduct but complained little.

David worked on the *News*. He handled general assignments, did occasional book reviews and wrote a Sunday column called THE GRAB BAG, in which he dealt with many topics. He might write about City Hall or bird watching or his pet cat or new-fallen snow. Sometimes he was stern, at other times whimsical, again touching. I read his column regularly. Occasionally, when David was out of topics, I supplied one.

The Civil War fascinated him. He bought books about it and was going to write one himself. Years ago, I believe, he completed a chapter and a half but got no further. His home was filled with books on the war and other subjects, and he liked music and pictures. Because David owned a twelve-year-old automobile, he twitted me about the fact that I, a man dedicated (Continued on Page 116)

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Fourth
of a Series

THE UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR

By
ASHLEY
HALSEY Jr.

BROTHER

The divided Draytons of South Carolina: Thomas (left) a Confederate general, fought against his brother Percival, a Union naval commander.

How does it feel to risk killing your own brother?

Time and again in the intense physical and emotional agony of the Civil War, fighting men met the cruel question of whether they would shoot down their brothers in combat. Literally thousands of kinsmen, separated by circumstances or convictions, fought on opposite sides. Usually a kindly fate kept warring brothers apart. But not always. Some faced directly the prospect of the Cain-and-Abel sin. Their reaction often could be summed up in one scathing sentence—"He was so dead wrong that he might as well be dead." Yet beneath the bitter surface there ran a tender mourning and a remembrance of being children together.

Perhaps the most dramatic personal conflict befell the brothers Drayton, one Federal and one Confederate. They fought it out almost in their own back yard with cannon.

The split in the Drayton family, South Carolina planters whose descendants still own world-famous Magnolia Gardens near Charleston, South Carolina, went back to the nullification issue of the 1830's. At that time, South Carolina threatened to secede over a states'-rights controversy that had little or nothing to do directly with slavery. Nullification, as advocated by John C. Calhoun and others, meant that a state could nullify or ignore Federal measures which it found objectionable—in this case, a high tax on imports.

William Drayton, who favored a strong Federal Government, felt compelled by the controversy to move from Charleston to Philadelphia. There he ultimately became a successor to Nicholas Biddle as president of the Bank of the United States. His sons Thomas and Percival, born in Charleston, went separate ways. Thomas, a classmate of Jefferson Davis at West Point, later left the United States Army and became a planter with a palatial home on the family lands on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. Percival, four years younger, entered the Navy at fifteen as a mid-

The Battle of Gettysburg, where Gen. John Gibbon's Union troops repulsed Pickett's fatal charge July 3, 1863. Gibbon's brother Nick led an attacking Confederate company.

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AGAINST BROTHER

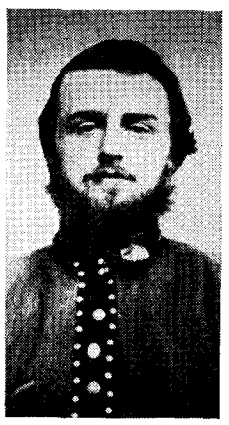
Blood kin from all walks of life took up the sword and the musket against one another during the great conflict. Here are some of their poignant stories.

shipman and pursued a naval career. Ashore he usually lived in Philadelphia or New York.

With war imminent, the two brothers went to St. Michael's Church in Charleston, according to a family legend, and beneath its classic white spire prayed for divine guidance. They walked out, shook hands and went to serve as their consciences dictated—Thomas, the older, as a brigadier general, C.S.A., Percival as a Union Naval commander.

General Drayton did not have far to go. He took command of a part of the "soft underbelly" of the Confederacy—the coast, with its broad, inviting bays and inlets between Charleston and Savannah. His heavily gunned twin forts, Walker on Hilton Head and Beauregard on Bay Point, commanded the entrance to Port Royal Sound. The nearby Drayton plantation nansion, Fish Hall, served as headquarters.

Against the forts on November 7, 1861, the Union launched a major Naval attack. Sixteen warships under grizzled Samuel F. DuPont made the strike. (Continued on Page 101)



William Culp (left) fought for the Union; his brother Wesley was a Confederate. Both escaped injury when their units clashed in June, 1863.

But Wes was killed at Gettysburg the next month. He fell on Culp's Hill, part of the family farm. The only trace found of him was his name on this musket stock.

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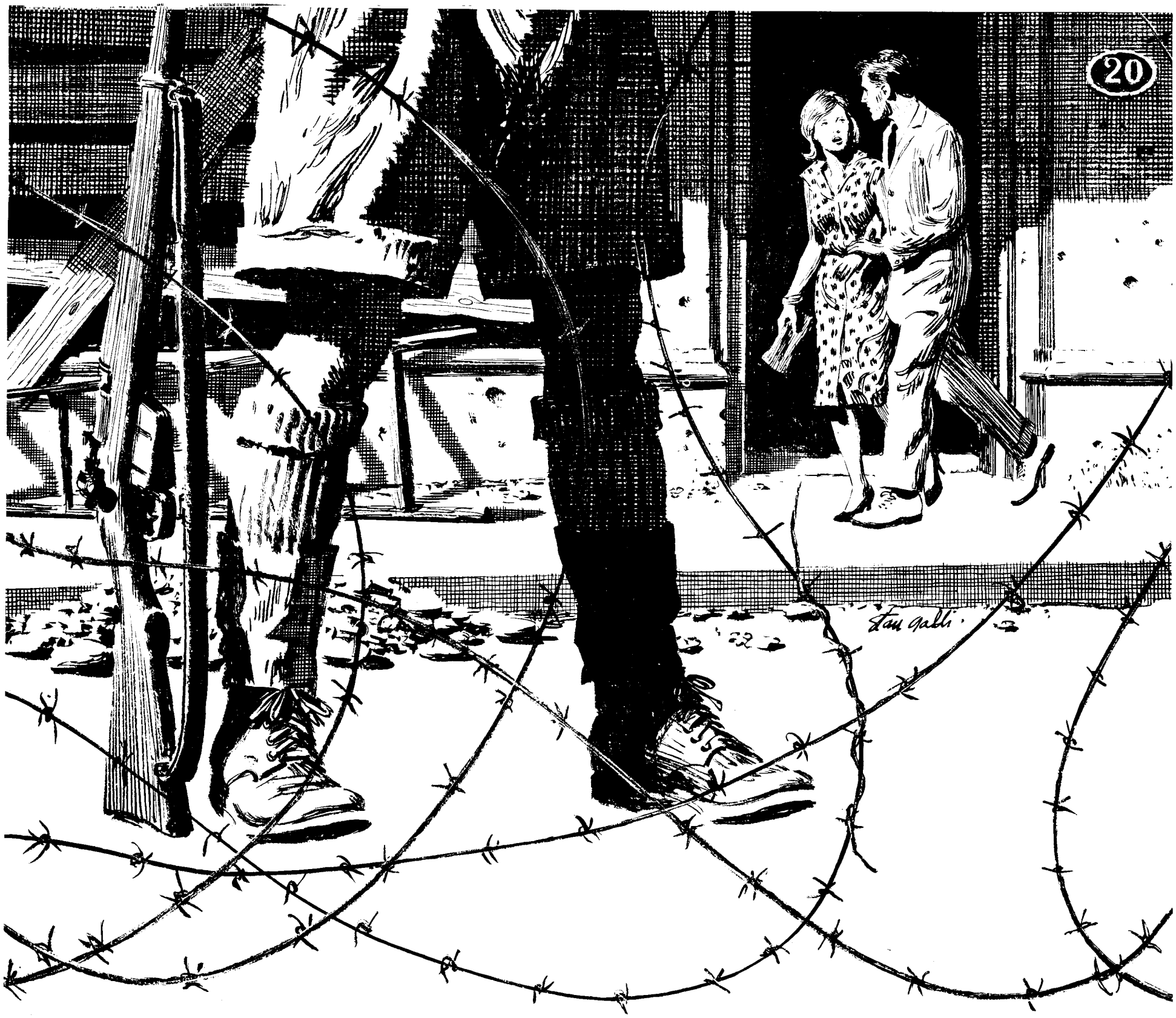

THE LION AND THE DAGGER

By STORM JAMESON

Now the governor knew that the leader of the terrorists was a lifelong friend.

Tension mounted throughout the colony as revolutionary terrorism increased, and Gov. Richard Ormston felt his self-control slipping away. Crushing the rebellion now loomed as the governor's immediate problem—a problem upon which Ormston's career depended.

But a family crisis diverted Ormston's concern. It was incomprehensible to him that his son Andrew would consider marrying Sarah Leng. She obviously would not make a suitable wife. He told Andrew that he disapproved, and strengthened his case by revealing a serious indiscretion in Sarah's past.

Later, when Colonel Frent, chief of the colony's security police, informed the governor that the leader of the terrorists was a renegade English colonel, Ormston was incredulous. But then Frent's men captured the traitor.

© 1961 by Margaret Storm Jameson Chapman

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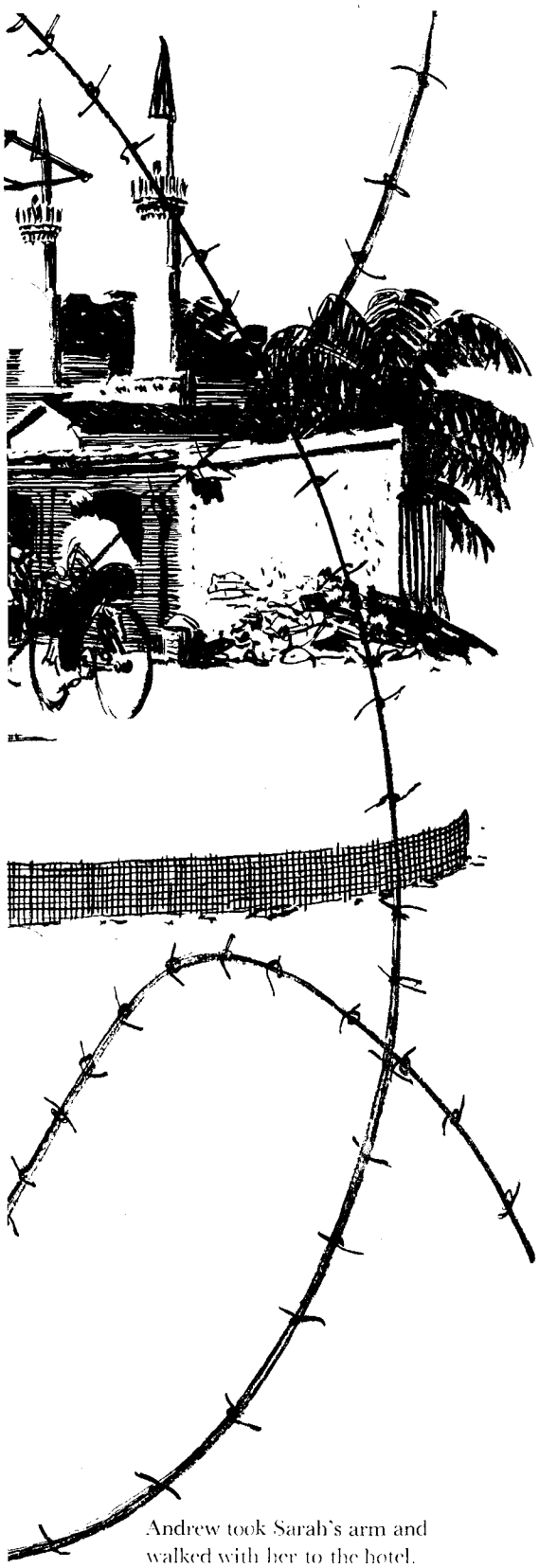


Andrew took Sarah's arm and walked with her to the hotel.

II

The prisoner, handcuffed, a soldier with a Sten gun on his heels, stumbled as he came in. He was taller than the short young lieutenant, but not much taller, with a remarkably broad chest. He had a dark face and bright, arrogant eyes under a high forehead. A lock of his thick hair had fallen across it, and he made an ineffectual effort to rid himself of it by tossing his head back.

"Lieutenant Hadham, sir, is the officer who was in charge of the arrest," Frent said.

The governor had got to his feet. "You?" he said. Not certain that his voice had been audible, he repeated it. "You?"

Startled, the prisoner looked at him for the first time. The barely visible line of his eyebrows rose. He smiled, showing the edge of splendid teeth. "Dear me," he said lightly, almost merrily, "I didn't expect to be given an official welcome. At the highest level too."

"Anthony," Ormston said, and stopped. The effort to go on standing exacted all his energy; a drop of sweat trickled across his temple; to his horror he felt that he was smiling, but his smile was not a response to the other's. Abruptly, as if he had caught his hand on a nail in the darkness, he felt wretchedly hurt. He turned to Frent. "You know his name, of course."

"Oh, yes, I know him," Frent said. "That's to say, I know a great deal about him." In the same offhand way he added, "He hasn't been questioned yet."

The conviction that Frent knew about his relations with Anne Boyd seized the governor. Of course. He was here to know things.

"That's your job," he said. "Get on with it. I don't want to talk to him now. Tomorrow—I'll see him tomorrow morning."

In the early sun the hills stood about absently, not so much enclosing the room as reducing it to a speck of dark grit embedded in amber. "Will you want to see him alone?" Frent asked.

"Yes. Where is he?"

"I'll have him brought here."

He seemed about to say more. Speaking curtly, the governor said, "I should be glad if you would."

Frent went briskly off; the hind view of his shoulders conveyed efficiency, obedience, self-confidence.

Two guards edged Boyd into the room. "Hullo, Ricky," he said, drawling. "They didn't tell me it was you. Nice of you to come."

"Take his handcuffs off," the governor said. "And go away."

He watched Boyd's face as the soldiers undid the handcuffs. Until last evening, it was more than eighteen months since he had seen him. *Why hasn't he changed?* he thought absurdly. It was monstrous that, standing in this room, a prisoner, charged with the responsibility for who knew what bestial crimes, he should look exactly as he always looked: amused, slightly aggressive, slightly petulant. His eyes were as bright and quick as ever. His full, flat lips, African in outline, but nearly colorless, gave his face, when he was not speaking, a curiously simple and youthful air; or, rather, they were what remained of a very young man in the slightly tarnished ex-officer of fifty-two.

He rubbed his wrists vigorously. "Thanks. They're abominably uncomfortable, let me tell you."

"Sit down," Ormston said.

He felt a sudden confidence. The warmth of the only easy, comfortable relationship he had ever had with another man in his life hung in the air between them; they might have been sitting in the room they shared at Winchester, beginning one of the wrangles which ended—almost always—in Anthony, outargued and completely unconvinced, throwing up his hands with a smile and an "all right, damn you, I'm absolutely in the right, but have it your own way." *He'll give in*, Ormston thought. *I'll do my level best for him.* The instinct to protect his friend from his sillinesses, the familiar love—and the familiar twinge of contempt—stirred in him, at a depth where nothing, no jealousy, no ambition, interfered with it.

"Sit down, man," he said again.

Boyd dropped into the nearest chair. "I'm tired. Your bloodhounds kept at it the whole night." He grinned. The flash of white teeth was as familiar as the rest, as reassuring. "D'you know, they surprised me. I was surprised how much that foxy devil, Frent, knew about our—I should say *my*—organization. And, my Lord, is he naïve!"

Ormston had noticed the "*my*." *Still the same old Anthony*, he thought affectionately, *the one efficient man in a mob of fools*. He smiled.

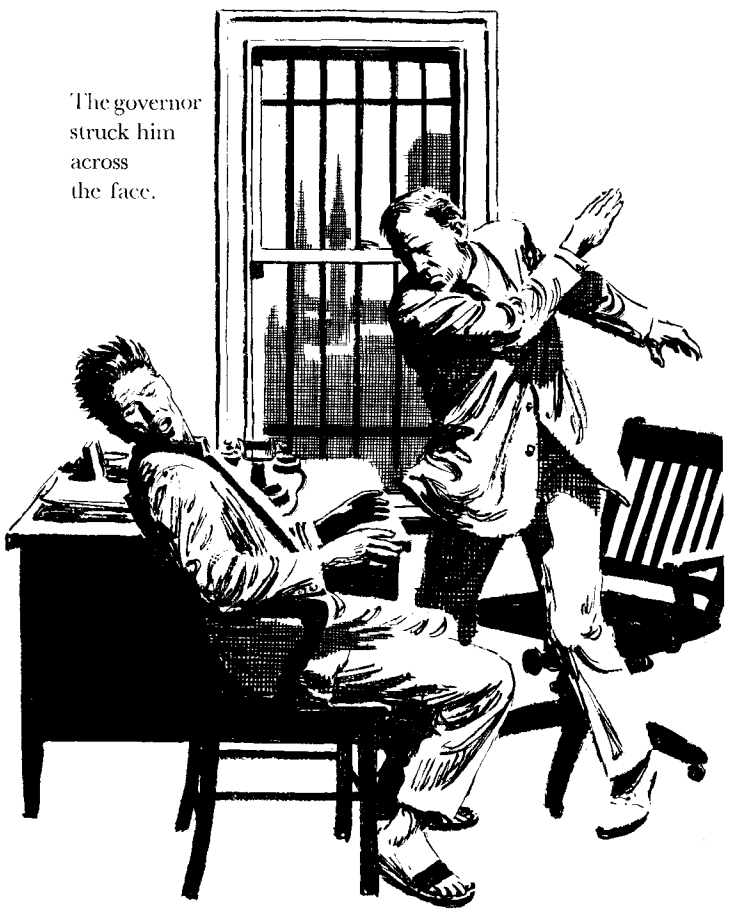
"I know what you're thinking," Boyd said sharply. "But he's naïve, I tell you, as only a soldier can be. He seemed to think I'd be so shattered by his cocksure voice and his know-all that I'd be only too delighted to tell him the names of my officers, where I get my money and arms, and any poor little plans I might have had up my sleeve for the day after tomorrow."

"Your plans?" Ormston said. "What did you flatter yourself you were doing? Running a war?"

Boyd ignored the irony. "I told him, 'It's taken me less than a year to turn a crowd of easygoing coffee-swilling youngsters into first-class killers—what you're up against now, my friend, is an army, not a pathetic rabble.'" His voice became harsh and boastful. "It wasn't easy." He laughed. "And Frent squinting round his thin nose at me—I almost thought I was back in London being sent up by a damnable politician in uniform for knowing more about soldiering than he did."

Ormston thought, *If only he'd promoted instead of humiliating you, you wouldn't be in this room.* He said, "So it's the War Office you're fighting, is it? Aren't you carrying your little personal grievance a bit far?"

"You can't believe it, can you," Anthony said, "beastly materialist that you are—you never put a foot wrong in your whole career, always the right word for the right man at exactly the right moment—you can't believe that anyone might care (Continued on Page 58)



The governor struck him across the face.

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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Post Scripts

The Reverse Build-Up

Got a tough week coming up. I have to fly to Paris with the president of the company.

I'm terrified. Let myself get talked into giving a speech at the convention. Full TV coverage too.

Boy, am I glad to be home. Too hectic, Hollywood—parties, parties, parties.

When that producer asked me to take a screen test, I just about died. Lil ol' me—an actress?

I dread next weekend. We're cruising on J.B.'s yacht; and with that sumptuous table he sets, I'll put on *pounds*.

I really pulled a boner, shooting that 74 for eighteen holes last Saturday. Now the committee wants me to enter the tournament.

DONOVAN FITZPATRICK

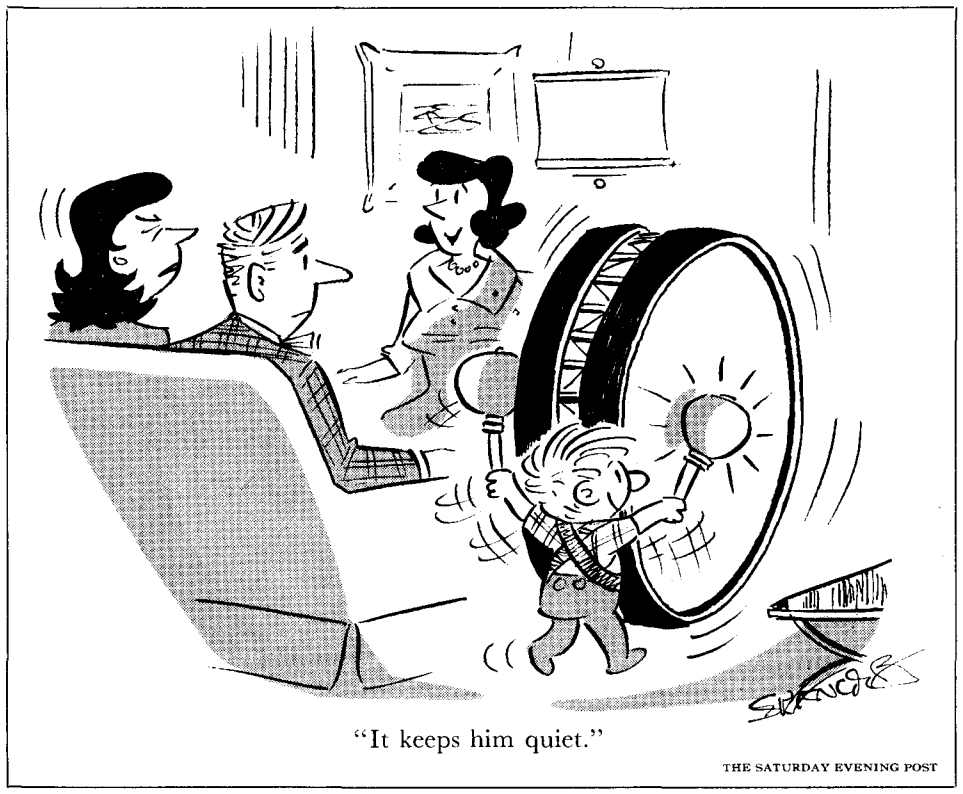
"How's it going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Expert Putter-Offer

I never put off till tomorrow
  Today's chores. At my peak,
I'm still putting off till tomorrow
  What should have been done last week.

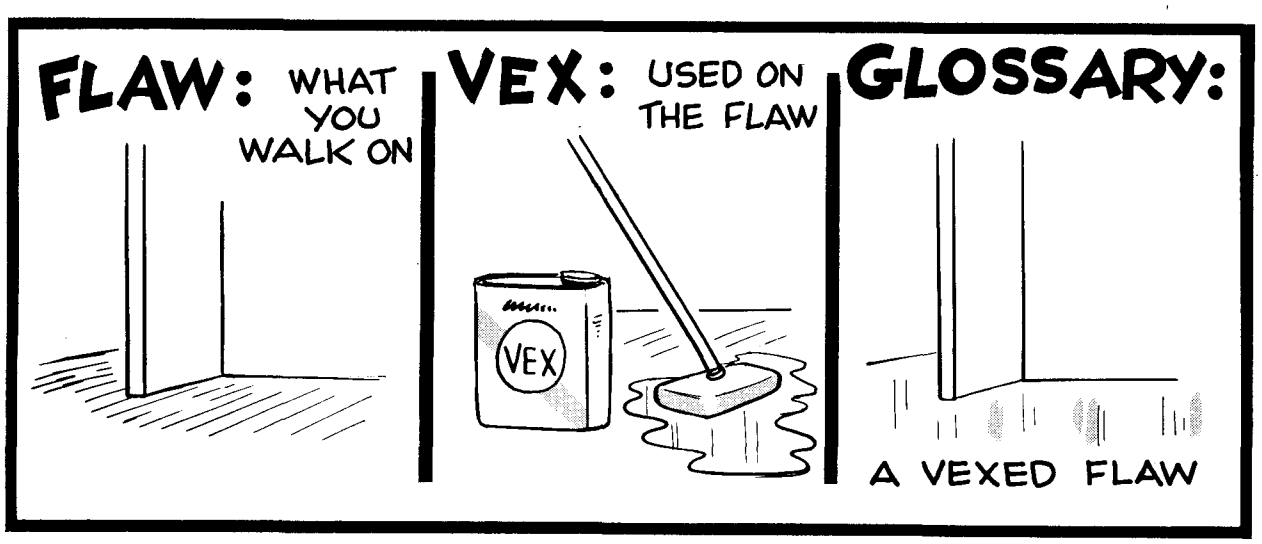
S. OMAR BARKER



"It keeps him quiet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

The Hummingbird Who Couldn't Hover

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—News Item)

I came upon a ruby-throated hummingbird flying near a blossom. "Is it true that hummingbirds can hover like a helicopter?" I asked.

"Not all of them," he said. "I'm giving my wife hovering lessons, right now."

Mrs. Hummingbird was flying toward the blossom.

"That's it, dear," Mr. H. said. "Now rev down to thirty wing flaps per second and equalize your lift to match the pull of gravity."

Mrs. H. was flying too fast.

"Slower!" her husband warned. "SLOWER!"

She crashed into the blossom and clung there dazedly.

"No husband should teach his wife anything!" she muttered. "You're too technical. Besides, you shout and make me nervous."

"If you'd just listen, sweet," Mr. H. said. "It's very simple. You just rev down ——"

"Oh, rev my foot!" she flashed back. "You learned to hover as a kid. It's much harder when you're an adult."

Just then a young female hummingbird flew up. "Hi, mom . . . pop!"

"Look at Alice hover!" her father said. "Tell your mother how you do it, dear."

"Well, mom," Alice said, "it's sort of like keeping afloat when you fall in a birdbath."

"Oh!" her mother said with a sudden flash of insight. "Well, why didn't your father say so?"

Mrs. H. flew away and circled back. This time as she approached the blossom, she slowed down, changed wing pitch and hovered like an old pro.

"She did it!" Alice and her father cried.

Mrs. H. casually sucked some nectar from the blossom and settled on the stem.

"Why didn't you do it before?" her husband asked. "I explained it a hundred times."

"Yes," his wife said, "but you talk to me as if I were a man. Rev down! Equalize lift! Alice gave me a simple woman's explanation. It's like keeping afloat in a birdbath."

Mr. Hummingbird shook his head. "I'll never understand 'em if I live to be a hundred!"

JACK BROWNELL

A Parent's Lament

This fact concerning parenthood
  I view as rather grievous:
When kids outgrow the problem stage
And reach a settled, useful age,
  They up and leave us!

RICHARD WHEELER

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9 ways to enjoy America's favorite

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

. . . with chopped parsley
. . . with chopped egg
. . . with grated cheese
. . . with cereal floats
. . . not buttered
. . . with crisp bacon
. . . with garlic croutons
. . . with whipped cream
. . . with slices
M'm! M'm! Good! Thrifty, too!
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

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The best things in life are carefree... Valiant!

And when you drive on, you'll see the proof. Valiant's about as carefree as a compact can be. Lots of reasons. A one-piece unit of welded steel, called Unibody, puts the damper on squeaks and rattles. Torsion-Aire suspension carpets roughest roads from curb to curb. Valiant's frisky 170-cu.-in. Six or optional Super 225 gives plenty of getaway. And when you pull into a filling station you'll find a couple of bucks go a long, long way.

And, talk about being carefree, advances like the alternator make generators old hat. This Chrysler Corporation exclusive charges the battery under normal driving conditions. Even at idle! Want that carefree compact feeling? See Valiant—the compact with roomy reservations for six. Come on in today!

A CHRYSLER-ENGINEERED PRODUCT, AT YOUR PLYMOUTH-VALIANT DEALER'S

VALIANT...THE LOW-PRICE COMPACT THAT LOOKS AND DRIVES LIKE TWICE THE PRICE!

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What Chance Have We in Africa?

(Continued from Page 25)

Except for Cuba, Guinea is the closest thing to an all-out Communist state that exists this side of the Iron Curtain. Two other African states, Mali and Ghana, are not far behind. And if the West is weak or vacillating, the huge Congo could quite conceivably become a genuine Communist satellite. If that happened, a sort of Communist landslide might engulf all Black Africa.

President Kennedy has promised to devise a new, effective policy to prevent such a Communist landslide in Africa, which is the world's greatest storehouse of unexploited resources. But a policy is only as good as the people who put it into effect. And here we come back to the girl in the bar of the Hotel de France.

For how are you going to get intelligent and capable Americans—and the girl in the bar was both intelligent and capable—to spend years of their lives in places like Kissidougou? And how are you going to train them to operate effectively in the national interest, in a society utterly different from any they have known—a society, for example, in which "just trying to be friendly" can be disastrously misinterpreted?

Before examining these questions further, let us first have a look at the nature of the challenge with which the Communist bloc has confronted the West in Africa. A good place to start is at the airport a few miles outside of Conakry. Between the airport and Conakry the Soviets and their satellites are building, or have promised to build, the following: a jet landing strip; a four-lane divided superhighway from the airport to Conakry; the most powerful short-wave radio transmitter in tropical Africa; a 25,000-person-capacity sports stadium; a polytechnic institute; and a big, modern newspaper printing plant.

These handsome Communist gifts to Guinea, which constitute about the entire Communist aid program in Guinea, all are or will be visible on the short drive from the airport into the capital city. Not one of these projects will contribute anything significant to the national income of the country. They are not designed to do that. They are designed to impress the inhabitants of Guinea and to please its rulers, especially handsome, Communist-lining President Sékou Touré.

The essential purpose of the Communist bloc in Africa is not to raise productivity, or eradicate disease and poverty, or to do other noble things. It is to make the Soviet bloc the dominant power in Africa, using political means to that end. Thus Communist economic aid in Africa is always calculated for maximum visibility and political impact.

Soviet efforts are not confined, of course, to building such visible symbols as four-lane highways or sports stadiums. Communist propaganda is incessant, and its anticolonial theme is effective. Almost all the satellite states, as well as the Soviet Union, have scholarship programs for Africa, and these programs are an integral part of the propaganda effort. When a Czech mission arrived recently in Mali, its first act was to offer fifty scholarships in Czech universities—one American scholarship was offered. Scholarships and free visits to the workers' paradise are to be had almost for the asking.

At a recent pan-African youth meeting in Ghana, for example, a smiling Russian diplomat circulated among the African boys and girls with a briefcase full of bank applications. It was only necessary for an adventurous youth to fill out an application, and in a few days he was off to Moscow for a standard guided tour of the classless society, all expenses paid.

The Russians go to remarkable lengths to impress the steady stream of African visitors, arranging everything from flower-throwing throngs of the admiring citizenry to complacent lady friends. "Khrushchev himself had a long interview with a delegation from here a few weeks ago," one American in Guinea sadly remarked. "Damned if I know how he gets the time. But don't kid yourself—it impresses them. And all we can do is hope there will be fair crowds on Constitution Avenue at lunchtime."

Less public techniques for making African friends and influencing African people are also employed by the Communists. In all Soviet trade deals a percentage of the total is allocated to "dash"—bribes for officials. Certain Ghanaian officials who helped negotiate the secret Soviet-Ghanaian trade agreement, an old-fashioned "capitalist-imperialist" deal right down to the "most favored nation" clause, are believed to have profited especially handsomely.

Personal vanity, of which African politicians have at least as great a share as American politicians, is also shrewdly exploited. When the Soviet ambassador to Togo visited another very small state in former French West Africa, an agreement for an exchange of embassies and expanded trade relations was quickly announced. This came as a surprise, since the president of the little state had the reputation of being rather fiercely anti-Communist. "He brought vodka for me and jewels for my wife," the president explained to a French friend. "Besides, here we are a world capital now, and all this time the Americans haven't sent an ambassador to see me."

Such techniques are effective. The Communists also have certain built-in advantages in Africa. In the colonial era, when the young anticolonial Africans who now make up the African ruling class visited France or England or America, the Communists foresightedly captured, or at least deeply influenced, many of them. A number of the present leaders became either fellow travelers or actual party members. In this category are not only such Soviet-oriented politicians as Sékou Touré and Kwame Nkrumah and Modibo Keita of Mali, but also western-leaning leaders, such as the very able Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, who became disillusioned with Communism. Large numbers of African politicians who are not Communists, such as Mamadou Dia of Senegal, call themselves Marxists.

Marxism is fashionable among African politicians partly because of Africa's poverty and recent colonial status, and partly because of the simplicity of the Marxist Explanation for Everything, with its appeal to the politically unsophisticated semi-intellectual. Moreover, some form of socialism—if that is what you want to call it—makes sense in much of Africa, simply because only the state can supply the capital for industrialization. Thus Marxism has a certain logical attraction for Africans. Finally, the Soviets have the central asset they enjoy in so many other parts of the world. They stand for change where change is inevitable, and they profit by instability in inherently unstable situations. The Congo is the obvious example. The West wants stability in the Congo. The Soviets want the present mess to continue, because chaos promotes Communism.

But although we should not underestimate the opposition, we should not overestimate it either. Although the Communist bloc has real advantages in the struggle for Africa which has now been joined, they have weaknesses too, and the West has strengths.

An American newspaperman marched into the Soviet Embassy in Léopoldville just after the Soviet ambassador had been given his walking papers last September. The ambassador was surprisingly amiable and outspoken, perhaps because white men in the Congo in those days had a certain fellow feeling for one another. The Russians, being blonder than most, were especially apt to be taken for *sales Flamands*, or "dirty Belgians"—the ambassador himself had been locked in a broom closet at the airport and had suffered other indignities. In any case, he was downright chatty with the American.

"It is too bad," he said. "We had a plan, but here it is not enough to have a plan. The plan will not fit. We were too rigid—too rigid. That is it."

That is certainly part of it. In Africa as elsewhere the Communists are in a sense prisoners of their own ideology. If the facts don't fit the ideology, then the facts must give way. And Africa, where the unexpected is always to be expected, is certainly a place where "the plan will not fit."

Moreover, the Soviet and other Communist-bloc officials and agents are by no means all miracle workers. The Russians especially seem to think they can rise above language. There are more than fifty Russians in the Soviet Embassy in tiny Lomé, the capital of French-speaking Togo. Sylvanus Olympio, humorous and intelligent No. 1 man of Togo, asked the Russian ambassador through an interpreter why it was necessary to have so many Russians in so small a country. "We must bring in all servants," the ambassador replied, "because we do not speak French." Olympio remarked mildly that French is not an impossible language to learn.

Russia, like the United States, sent teachers into Guinea to replace the French teachers who went home after Guinea became independent. Some of the American teachers spoke poor French—and indeed some of them were not Americans at all, but Haitians or French Canadians. But most of the Russian teachers spoke no French at all and classes had to be conducted in sign language. Results were far from brilliant.

This matter of language is important. Consider what an enormous asset it would be to the Communist bloc if the new African ruling class spoke Russian and had been educated in Russia. In fact, the African ruling class speaks English or French and has been educated in England or France, and this is an enormous asset to the West.

The Frenchness of former French West Africa and the Britishness of former British West Africa are both striking. In Ghana a good many leading citizens have double-barreled names, in the best British tradition. There is a mace in the Nigerian parliament, and a throne, and the members emit strange British cries, such as "Heah, heah," and "Mistah Speakah," and "Point of oddah," and, occasionally, "Balderdash." As in the British Parliament, members slump down on their seats, with their hats over their foreheads and their feet up on the benches in front—it is a little startling to note that most of the feet are bare.

In the French areas the ladies dress with a special French chic, even in the bush—they are much more frumpish in the British areas—and the educated men all speak impeccable French. Sékou Touré, who took Guinea out of the French Community after a violent row with President de Gaulle, denounces the French Government every hour, on the hour. But when I interviewed him he spoke warmly, even rather wistfully, of France and the French people, and I suspect that there is a patch of ineradicable Frenchness in his heart.

This layer of European civilization is no doubt thin. But it is real enough all the same, and it is an important factor in the African struggle. Africans educated in western culture are to some extent inoculated against Communist authoritarianism. Brief guided tours of the workers' paradise almost always pay off for the Soviets. But Africans who go to the Soviet Union for long terms of study sometimes return to denounce the low living standards, racial discrimination and repression they have experienced.

Experts in such matters have no doubt at all that there (*Continued on Page 48*)

"Would you rather I moved farther upstream?"

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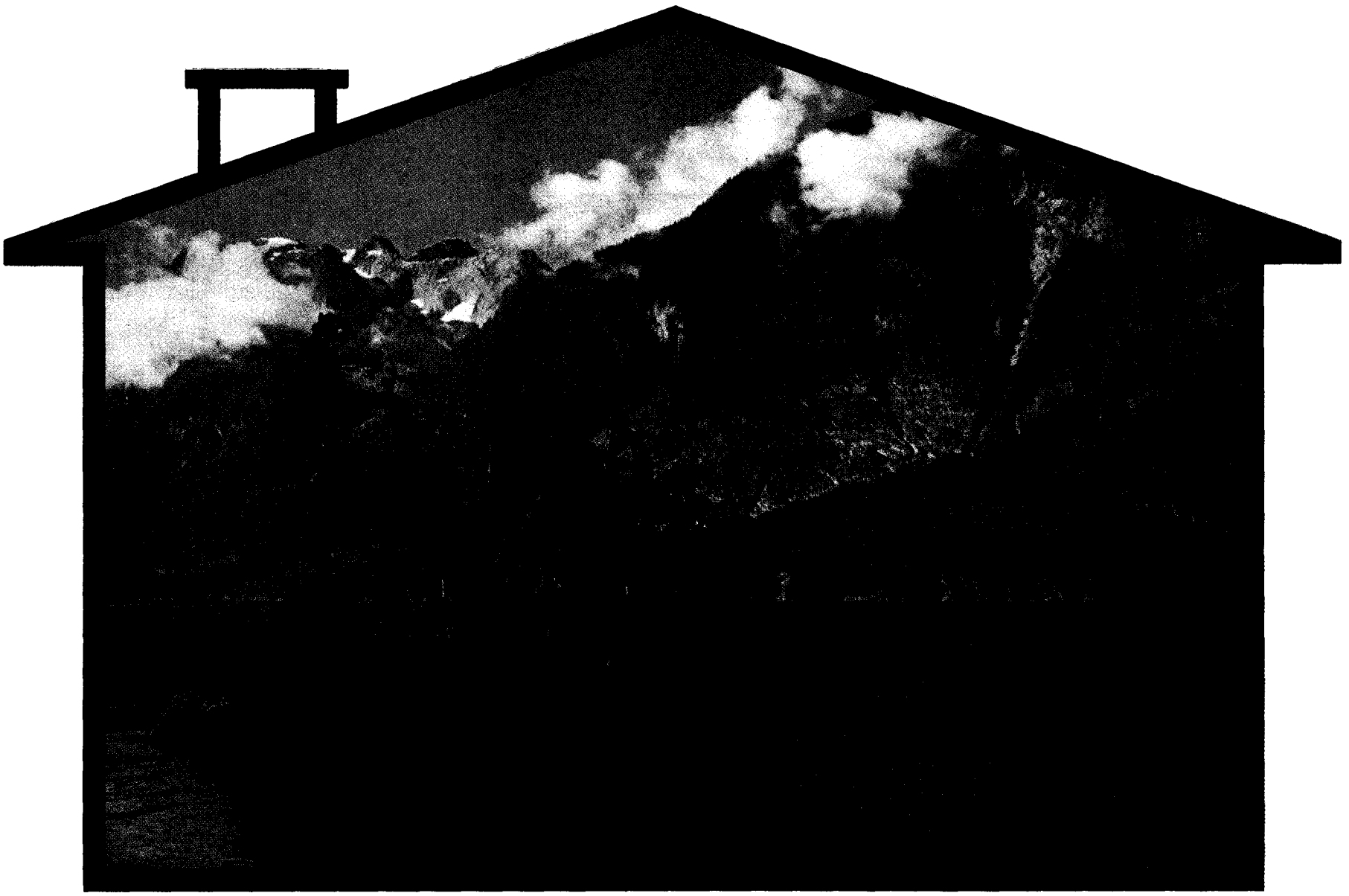

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(*Continued from Page 45*) is a most serious rivalry for "leadership of the anti-colonial revolution" between the Russians and the Chinese Communists in Africa, and this rivalry weakens the Communist drive for power in Africa. And finally, the Russians lack in Africa the military power which they use to keep the satellite states in Europe under total Soviet control.

For such reasons I am strongly convinced that the position of the United States and of the western powers in Africa is far from hopeless. But I am also convinced that we Americans are going to have to do a better job in Africa than we have been doing—a far better job. So is every intelligent American official and diplomat I met in Africa. What we need in Africa can be summed up in three sentences. First, we need to untangle ourselves from our own red tape. Second, we need to decide just what we can and should do. And third, we need better people to do it—not more, but better.

"American efficiency" used to be a global byword. Thanks to the way the American Government operates, it is rapidly becoming a global joke. The American Government, viewed from the perspective of Africa, looks like a big woolly-brained idiot, incapable of decisive action in the most minor matters. Consider a few examples.

A few months ago the Guinean Government designated 400 promising students as eligible for foreign scholarships. Thirty-two boys were initially assigned to the United States. Those assigned to the Soviet Union and the satellite countries were in planes and on their way almost before they had time to pack their meager belongings. Those assigned to Western Europe followed quickly. But week after week the boys allotted to the United States sat in Conakry, nervously twiddling their thumbs. Why?

Well, of course there was the DSP66 form, and all the other forms, to fill out in triplicate, and the forms had to be sent back to Washington to be "processed." And then it was necessary to run a security check on the boys. A lot of the boys had the same names—Guineans are unimaginative about names—and this slowed things up. But at long last, very long last, it was established that there was no derogatory information on the boys back in the files in Washington—there was hardly likely to be, since they were fresh out of the African bush. The boys were allowed to proceed to the land of the free, while Conakry giggled about "American efficiency." In terms of propaganda impact, the whole thing got off to the worst possible start.

Another example. Last year, when a whole slew of newly sovereign African states were coming into existence, a junior foreign-service officer in Africa had a bright idea. There were dozens of old DC-3's and C-47's lying around in the United States. Why not refurbish a dozen or so of these planes, furnish them luxuriously inside, paint the national colors of each new nation on the outside and send a plane to each new chief of state, with the personal compliments of the President of the United States?

The idea proceeded sluggishly to Washington, "through channels." In Washington some important person decided it was a good idea (as indeed it was—it would have done the United States more good than lots of expensive dam projects.) Committees were assigned to study it, in the Pentagon, the State Department, the ICA, the CIA, and so on. But it all came to nothing in the end. No one would assume the responsibility for the necessary modest expenditure.

A third example. Last fall, numerous Communist missions descended on Bamako, capital of newly independent Mali. Their purpose, of course, was to use aid offers and other means to lure Mali into the "positive neutralist" camp. At the same time Jack Vaughan, an able young official of the International Cooperation Administration, arrived in Bamako, a single American David against the Communist Goliaths.

Vaughan saw a good chance of forestalling, or at least neutralizing, the Communist efforts with a fairly modest aid program. He sent back to ICA a six-page report proposing such a program, repeatedly underlining the fact that speed was of the essence. The whole point was to offer the American program *before* rather than after the Communists, so that for once the United States would not seem to be lamely following the Soviet lead.

After the usual intercommittee wrangling, back came the reply. The program was interesting in principle. But under the Battle Act, a Presidential waiver would be necessary for the program Vaughan proposed—the Battle Act forbids aid to countries dealing with the Communist bloc. Careful consideration was therefore needed, and there would necessarily be some delay.

In the end the President granted the waiver, and the program was then acted upon rather rapidly, by American bureaucratic standards. But the impact of an immediate offer of economic aid, before the Communists could act, was lost. Mali is now one of the three most reliably pro-Communist countries in Black Africa. This is not necessarily a case of cause and effect—the president of Mali was lon, close to the French Communist Party.

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The point is, rather, that if we are to attempt seriously to meet the Soviet challenge in Africa, the ability to decide one way or another—and to decide quickly—must be lodged somewhere in the American Government.

Moreover, American representatives in the field—especially American ambassadors—have got to be trusted to make on-the-spot decisions, at least decisions of less-than-global import. Soviet Ambassadors in Africa have remarkable powers of decision within the limits of the rigid Moscow-dictated plans under which they operate. They can promise money for a major project, such as a dam, without blinking an eye, whereas, as one American ambassador put it, "I've got to cable Washington for permission to go to the bathroom." An American ambassador ought to be able at least to promise a scholarship here and there,

... ...

About Crows

By John Ciardi

The old crow is getting
slow.
The young crow is not.
Of what the young crow
does not know
The old crow knows a
lot.

At knowing things the old
crow
Is still the young crow's
master.
What does the slow old
crow not know?
How to go faster.

The young crow flies
above, below,
And rings around the
slow old crow.
What does the fast young
crow not know?
Where to go.

... ...

without involving the ponderous Washington bureaucracy in the decision.

The Washington bureaucracy has a mindless impulse to try to run everything, right down to the interior decoration of the embassies in Ouagadougou or Bangui. The result is that the American chief of mission, who should be a respect-inspiring symbol of American power, is reduced to a slightly laughable messenger boy.

It is by no means wholly the fault of the executive branch, mind you, that we are so entangled in our own red tape. A lot of the blame lies with Congress, which refuses to grant the flexible, long-term authority which is so obviously needed if our economic aid program is to make sense; and which insists on such meaningless obeisances to anti-Communism as the Battle Act and "security clearances" for boys right out of the African bush. The disentangling job needs to be done in Congress as well as in the executive branch.

The next job is to decide what we can and cannot do in Africa. We must recognize at the outset that we cannot make the African desert—or the African jungle—bloom like the rose. What we can do is to use our economic aid to increase our political leverage. That does not mean that we must wholly emulate the cynicism of the Soviets. There is much genuine good to be done in Africa, in reducing the appalling ravages of disease and increasing the productivity of the soil. Beneath the poor topsoil which covers most of Africa, moreover, there is enormous mineral wealth, and this wealth can be exploited greatly to the benefit of both Africa and the West.

But the object of the exercise is, after all, primarily political—something the economists and other specialists in our foreign-aid setup tend to forget. Because the object is political, we must bear in mind the first law of politics: "Reward your friends and punish your enemies." We seem to have a compulsion to reward our enemies and to punish—or at least fail to reward—our friends.

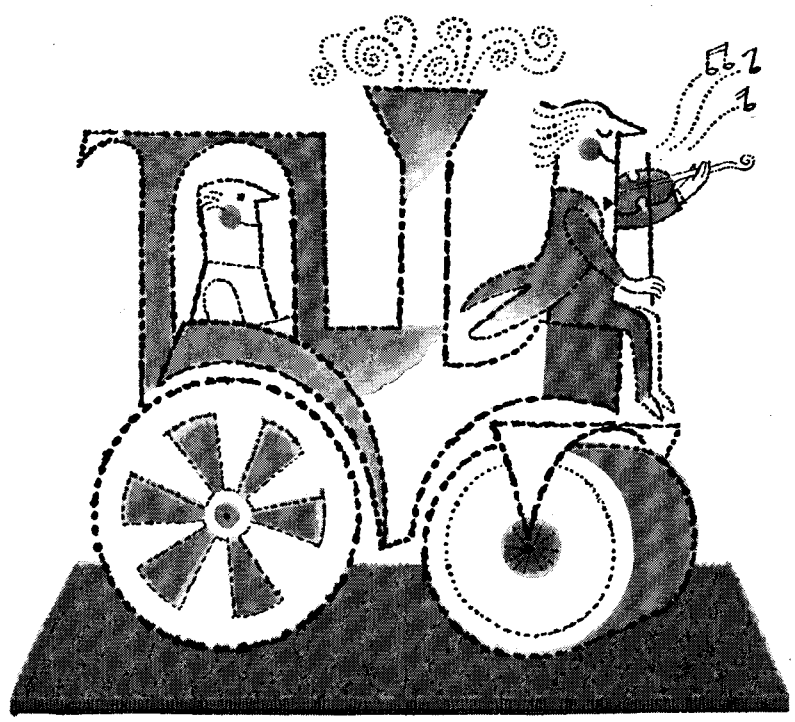
For example, we pressed an aid program worth several million dollars on Sékou Touré, while he continued daily to denounce the West and all its ways on the radio and in his kept press. When he finally deigned to accept our money, on terms which we had refused to grant our closest allies, this was hailed as a diplomatic triumph. It was nothing of the sort. If a Sékou Touré or a Kwame Nkrumah seeks our help, in order to avoid total dependence on the Communist bloc, such a request ought certainly to be considered on its merits. But we should stop saying, "Please, please, take our money," to people who are consistently rude to us. And, for that matter, if they want to be rude to us, by all means let's be rude to them.

Former Secretary of State Christian Herter was much criticized last autumn for saying bluntly, after Ghana had supported the Soviet bloc in the U.N. on every vote, that it looked as though Ghana had joined the Communist camp. There was also much tut-tutting when the then Senator Kennedy during the campaign said much the same thing by implication about both Ghana and Guinea. Yet soon after these rude things were said, Sékou Touré signed the aid agreement and made other small gestures of appeasement toward the West, while Nkrumah made a deal with an American consortium for exploitation of Ghana's aluminum ores. The tone of the press in both countries mellowed noticeably toward the United States. I do not think this sequence of events was coincidental.

We ought to make it clear that we have no intention of bullying the new African countries, but that we have no intention of being bullied either. And at some point we are going to have to call the old blackmail bluff. When some small country says, "Give us your money or we'll go Communist," we're going to have to say, "Go ahead." There is, of course, a risk in so saying. But in the long run there is a greater risk in a policy which makes it profitable to make the loudest possible pro-Communist noises. The lesson is not lost on other African leaders, when the more Nkrumah or Touré kicks us in the shins, the more ardently we press our goodies on them.

All this suggests what struck this reporter as the greatest single weakness of our American representatives in Africa. They are too nice. Like that girl in the bar at the Hotel de France, they are just trying to be friendly. But they try too hard. Sometimes they are not only friendly—they are downright 'umble, like Uriah Heep. The result is that a lot of African politicians don't take the United States seriously, which is the worst thing that can happen to a great power.

Perhaps *The Ugly American* had something to do with this excessive anxiety to please. But the tendency derives mostly, I suspect, from the omnipresence of the United States Information Agency,



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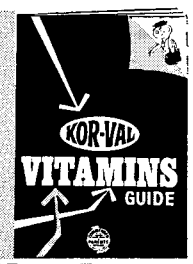

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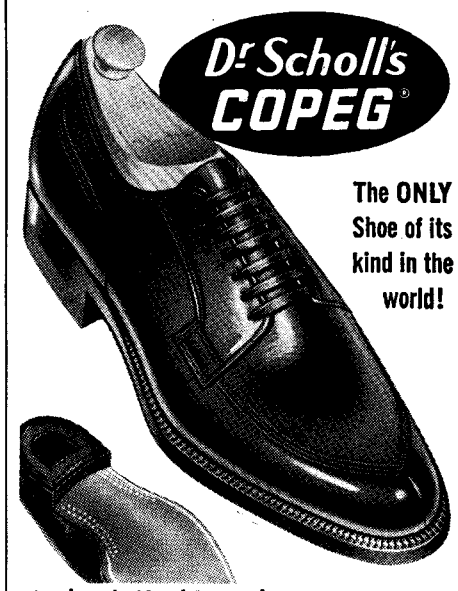

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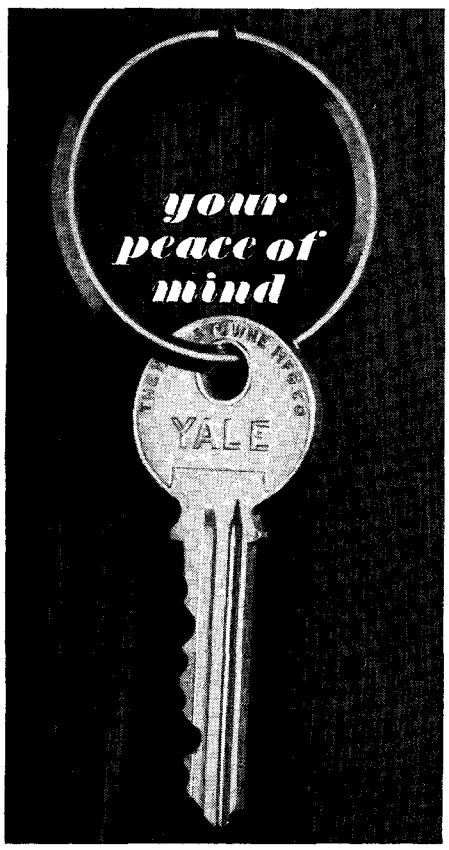

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which is the propaganda arm of the American Government. On the whole, the USIA does a useful job in Africa, and there are some very able men in its ranks, such as Wilbert Petty in Conakry, Richard Erstein in Accra and Fitzhugh Green, until recently in Léopoldville. But there is a basic contradiction between the role of the diplomat and the role of the propagandist. The diplomat's role is to serve the American national interest, sometimes to the intense annoyance of both the government and the people of the country to which he is accredited. The propagandist's role is to do everything possible to persuade and please the same government and people. The USIA has a lot of active people and a lot of money to spend. The result is that the propagandists rather often dominate the diplomats, and the tendency to be nice at all costs, which is not by any means always in the national interest, is reinforced.

There are, to be sure, some extremely able American diplomats in Africa. Our two key ambassadors, Joe Palmer, in Nigeria, and Clare Timberlake, in the Congo, are as able as they come. Ablest of all, on the average, are the "spooks"—the Central Intelligence Agency men, who naturally prefer to remain nameless, though inevitably everybody knows who they are. In the ten African countries I visited I did not encounter a single stupid spook.

In a special category are the American Negroes in Africa. Ability is the first requirement, but, given ability, a Negro has a real advantage over a white in dealing with Africans—Will Petty, for example, who is a Negro, has established the kind of easy and informal friendship with a number of Guineans that it is difficult for a white to achieve. There are a number of other very able American Negroes in Africa, such as Dr. Marie Gadsden, who teaches English to a class of important Guinean officials and is wildly popular with them; or Dr. Herman Sartor of the ICA, whom I came across quite by accident at an agricultural experiment station in the Ghanaian rain forest.

The bridge which connects Doctor Sartor's house with the rest of the world is always deep under water when it rains, leaving Doctor Sartor alone in the jungle during most of the rainy season. He regularly finds cobras in the bathtub and elsewhere about the house. But Doctor Sartor loves his life in the African rain forest. "I never felt so peaceful, anywhere," he says. And he is obviously doing a remarkable job, teaching Ghanaians how to get more food out of their acid soil. The good effect Negroes like Doctor Sartor have in Africa almost balances the bad effect of racial discrimination at home.

Other ICA men are less impressive than Doctor Sartor. Least impressive of all, by and large, are the military, perhaps because the run-everything-from-Washington mania has reached its finest flower in the Pentagon. Until rather recently the the military attaché in Léopoldville in the Congo was a brilliant major who speaks excellent French and who was on a first-name basis with such key figures as Joseph Mobutu. But the military attaché's job in the Congo was upgraded—the "slot" called for a lieutenant colonel, not a major. So the major has been replaced by an amiable lieutenant colonel who speaks little French and knows next to nothing about the Congo.

The same sort of bureaucratic nonsense goes on in the State Department and the other agencies, of course, though less blatantly than among the military. For a long time Africa was regarded in the State Department as a sort of Coventry, to which foreign-service officers were sent to cure them of eccentricity or insubordination. By the same token, able and ambitious foreign-service officers fought and bled to avoid Africa. Some months ago a call went out for six senior F.S.O.'s for sub-Saharan African service. Six men were named. But only one ended up in Africa. It is not hard to imagine the earnest chats with the higher brass, the calls of wives on more powerful wives, the sudden medical objections to hot-country service, which saved the other five. And indeed one can hardly blame the intended victims.

Some Americans in Africa adore the place and hope they will never have to leave. But most don't. Some African towns are just plain awful. (After all, would you, dear reader, like to spend the next two years in that smelly hotel in Kissidougou? And don't look at me.) *Post* photographer Ollie Atkins and I were in the inland town of Kumasi, in Ghana, when we happened to read a column by John Crosby in an old Paris *Herald Tribune*, bemoaning the disappearance of smells in America. We agreed that Crosby ought to be condemned to spend a year or two in Kumasi.

Under the circumstances it is really rather surprising that so many Americans are willing to leave their split levels and their suburban comforts for service in Africa. As new missions are established and the struggle for Africa intensifies—as it will—the need for more able Americans to go to places like Kissidougou will grow.

Mind you, the words are "more able," not simply "more." That is another curse of the American bureaucracy—the tendency to suppose that numbers are an adequate substitute for ability. Especially in some of the smaller African capitals, a couple of good young professional diplomats could far better represent the United States than the usual overstaffed American mission, in which most people keep busy by taking in each other's bureaucratic washing. As for the notion that the national interest will be served by sending to Africa a "Peace Corps" of young Americans—that is on a par with the old World War II myth about "our G.I. ambassadors." A small number of genuine experts—teachers, engineers, and the like—could perhaps usefully supplement the work already being done by ICA and other agencies. But the fewer callow American youths there are in Africa, to infuriate the inhabitants by their outlandish customs, the better.

The problem is not to find more people, but more able people, trained to think first, not in terms of liberal clichés and preconceptions, but in terms of the national interest, to go to places like Kissidougou. "That is the problem all right," wrote *Post* Foreign Editor Martin Sommers to this reporter in Africa. "But I don't think the problem is soluble, although to those in the press box all the problems down on the field are immediately soluble."

He was right, of course. There are fewer neat solutions in Africa than anywhere else in the world. But at least Americans who represent the United States in Africa ought to bear in mind that it is all very well to try to be friendly, like that girl in Conakry, but that it is more important to be taken seriously. They might do well to paste in their hats some such thought as this: "Don't throw your weight around, but never forget that the United States is a very great and powerful nation." Or, as it was once put more succinctly: "Speak softly, and carry a big stick."

This is the last in a series of three articles by Mr. Alsop. —THE EDITORS

The Perfect Squelch

The captain of Company K, a peacetime officer, soon found that the more he consoled his boys for their Army woes, the more they wailed. So he finally got tough.

When one newlywed soldier complained bitterly that it had been months since he had seen his bride, who lived several hundred miles away, the captain not only refused him leave but gave him a sharp lecture.

"And what's more," he concluded, "you have her letters to keep you in constant touch."

"Letters?" the young soldier said. "Sir, did you ever try to keep your feet warm on the back of a letter?"

Bill Danch

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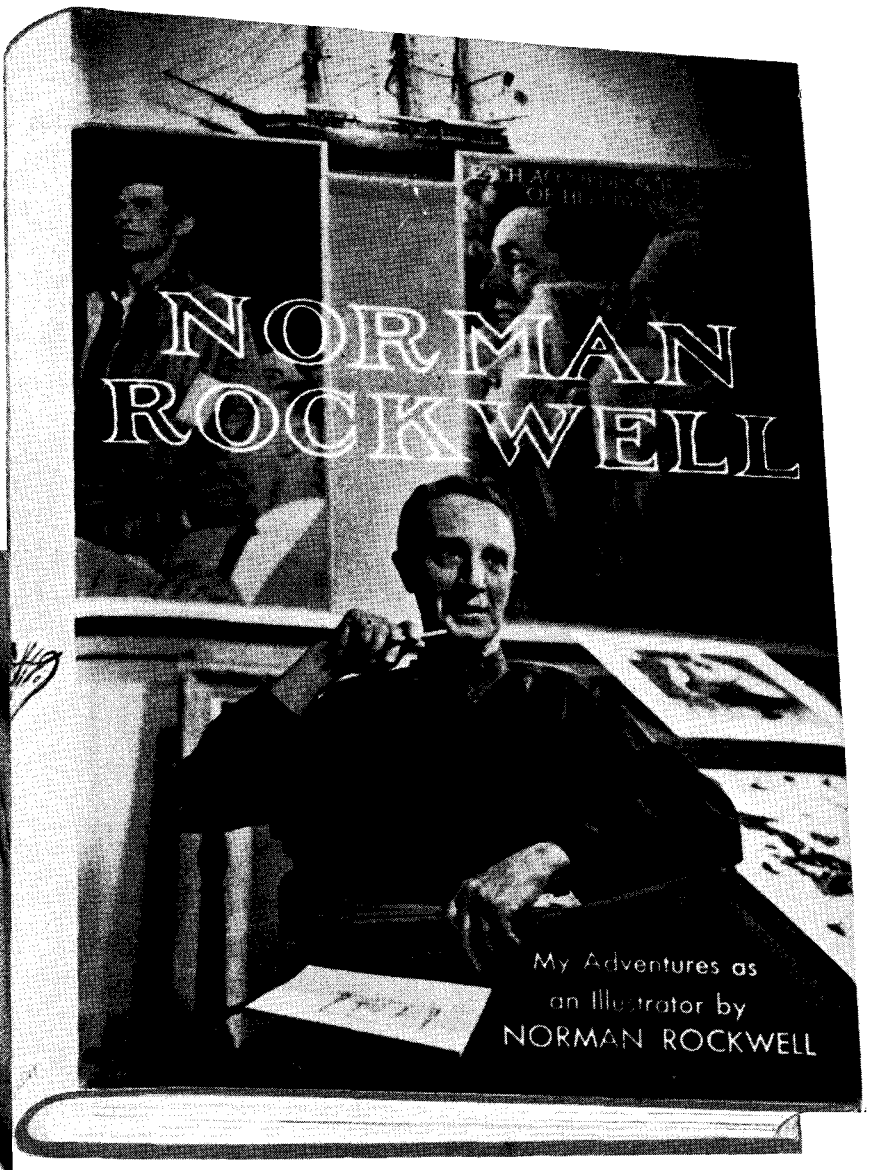

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Runaways (Continued from Page 26)

"As well as I could, under the circumstances," he said.

"I only wish we could come out and say what there really is to say," said Annie's mother. "If we could only just come out and say we're not against love, and we're not against people who don't have money." She started to touch her daughter comfortingly, but was warned against it by Annie's eyes. "We're not snobs, darling—and we're not insensitive to love. Love is the most wonderful thing there is."

The governor turned away at this point and glared out a window.

"We *believe* in love," said Annie's mother. "You've seen how much I love your father and how much your father loves me—and how much your father and I love you."

"If you're going to come out and say something, say it," said the governor.

"I thought I was," said his wife.

"Talk money, talk breeding, talk education, talk friends, talk interests," said the governor, "and then you can get back to love if you want." He faced his women. "Talk happiness, for heaven's sake," he said. "See that boy again, keep this thing going, marry him when you can do it legally, when we can't stop you," he said to Annie, "and not only will you be the unhappiest woman alive, but he'll be the unhappiest man alive. It will be a mess you can truly be proud of, because you will have married without having met a single condition for a happy marriage—and by single condition I mean one single, solitary thing in common.

"What did you plan to do for friends?" he said. "His gang at the poolroom or your gang at the country club? Would you start out by buying him a nice house and nice furniture and a nice automobile—or would you wait for him to buy those things, which he'll be just about ready to pay for when hell freezes over. Do you like comic books as well as he does? Do you like the same kind of comic books?" cried the governor.

"Who do you think you are?" he asked Annie. "You think you're Eve, and God only made one Adam for you?"

"Yes," said Annie, and she went upstairs to her room and slammed her door. Moments later music came from her room. She was playing a phonograph record.

The governor and his wife stood outside the door and listened to the words of the song. These were the words:

"*They say we don't know what love is,*
"*Boo-wah-wah, uh-huh, yeah.*
"*But we know what the message in the stars above is,*
"*Boo-wah-wah, uh-huh, yeah.*
"*So hold me, hold me, baby,*
"*And you'll make my poor heart sing,*
"*Because everything they tell us, baby,*
"*Why, it just don't mean a thing.*"

Eight miles away, eight miles due south, through the heart of town and out the other side, reporters were now clumping onto the front porch of the boy's father's home.

It was an old house, a cheap house, a carpenter's special, a 1926 bungalow. Its front windows looked out into the perpetual damp twilight of a huge front porch. Its side windows looked into the neighbors' windows only ten feet away. Light could reach the interior only through a window in the back. As luck would have it, that window let light into a tiny pantry.

The boy and his father and his mother did not hear the reporters knocking. The television set in the living room and the radio in the kitchen were both on, blatting away, and the family was having a row in the dining room, halfway between them.

The row was actually about everything in creation, but it had for its subject of the moment the boy's mustache. He had been growing it for a month and had just been caught by his father in the act of blacking it with shoe polish.

The boy's name was Rice Brentner. It was true, as the papers said, that Rice had spent time in reform school. That was three years behind him now. His crime had been, at the age of thirteen, the theft of sixteen automobiles within a period of a week. Except for the escapade with Annie, he hadn't been in any real trouble since.

"You march into the bathroom," said his mother, "and you shave that awful thing off."

Rice did not march. He stayed right where he was.

"You heard your mother," his father said. When Rice still didn't budge, his father tried to hurt him with scorn. "Makes him feel like a man, I guess—like a great big man," he said.

"Doesn't make him look like a man," said his mother. "It makes him look like an I-don't-know-what-it-is."

"You just named him," said his father. "That's exactly what he is: an I-don't-know-what-it-is." Finding a label like that seemed to comfort the boy's father some. He was, as one newspaper and then all newspapers had pointed out, an eighty-nine-dollar-and-sixty-two-cent-a-week supply clerk in the main office of the public-school system. He had reason to resent the thoroughness of the reporter who had dug that figure from the public records. The sixty-two cents galled him in particular. "An eighty-nine-dollar-and-sixty-two-cent-a-week supply clerk has an I-don't-know-what-it-is for a son," he said. "The Brentner family is certainly covered with glory today."

"Do you realize how lucky you are not to be in jail—rotting?" said Rice's mother. "If they had you in jail, they'd not only shave off your mustache, without even asking you about it—they'd shave off every hair on your head."

Rice wasn't listening much; he was listening only enough to keep himself smoldering comfortably. What he was thinking about was his car. He had paid for it with money he himself had earned. It hadn't cost his family a dime. Rice now swore to himself that if his parents tried to take his car away from him, he would leave home for good.

"He knows about jail. He's been there before," said his father.

"Let him keep his mustache if he wants to," said his mother. "I just wish he'd look in a mirror once to see how silly it makes him look."

"All right—let him keep it," said his father, "but I'll tell you one thing he isn't going to keep, and I give you my word of honor on that, and that's the automobile."

"Amen!" said his mother. "He's going to march down to a used-car lot, and he's going to sell the car, and then he's going to march over to the bank and put the money in his savings account, and then he's going to march home and give us the bankbook." As she uttered this complicated promise she became more and more martial until, at the end, she was marching in place like John Philip Sousa.

"You said a mouthful!" said her husband.

And now that the subject of the automobile had been introduced, it became the dominant theme and the loudest one of all. The old blue Ford was such a frightening symbol of disastrous freedom to Rice's parents that they could yammer about it endlessly.

And they just about did yammer about it endlessly this time.

"Well—the car is going," said Rice's mother, winded at last.

"That's the end of the car," said his father.

"And that's the end of me," said Rice. He walked out the back door, got into his car, turned on the radio and drove away.

Music came from the radio. The song told of two teen-agers who were going to get married, even though they were dead broke. The chorus of it went like this:

"*We'll have no fancy drapes—*
"*No stove, no carpet, no refrigerator.*
"*But our nest will look like a hunk of heaven,*
"*Because love, baby, is our interior decorator.*"

Rice went to a phone booth a mile from the Governor's Mansion. He called the number that was the governor's family's private line.

He pitched his voice a half octave higher, and he asked to speak to Annie.

It was the butler who answered. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I don't think she's taking any calls just now. You want to leave your name?"

"Tell her it's Bob Counsel," said Rice. Counsel was the son of a man who had got very rich on coin-operated laundries. He spent most of his time at the country club. He was in love with Annie.

"I didn't recognize your voice for a minute there, Mr. Counsel," said the butler. "You hold on, sir, if you be so kind."

Seconds later Annie's mother was on the phone. She wanted to believe so desperately that the caller was the polite and attractive and respectable Bob Counsel that she didn't even begin to suspect a fraud. And she did almost all the talking, so Rice had only to grunt from time to time.

"Oh, Bob; oh, Bob; oh, Bob—you dear boy," she said. "How nice, how awfully nice of you to call. It was what I was *praying* for! She *has* to talk to somebody her own age. Oh, her father and I have talked to her, and I guess she heard us, but there's such a gap between the generations these days.

"This thing—this thing Annie's been through," said Annie's mother, "it's more like a nervous breakdown than anything else. It isn't really a nervous breakdown, but she isn't herself—isn't the Annie we know. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Yup," said Rice.

"Oh, she'll be so glad to hear from you, Bob—to know she's still got her old friends, her real friends to fall back on. Hearing your voice," said the governor's wife, "our Annie will know everything's going to get back to normal again."

She went to get Annie—and had a ding-dong wrangle with Annie that Rice could hear over the telephone. Annie said she hated Bob Counsel, thought he was a jerk, a stuffed shirt and a mamma's boy. Somebody thought to cover the mouthpiece at that point, so Rice didn't hear anything more until Annie came on the line.

"Hullo," she said emptily.

"I thought you might enjoy a ride—to kind of take your mind off your troubles," said Rice.

"What?" said Annie.

"This is Rice," he said. "Tell your mother you're going to the club to play tennis with good old Bob Counsel. Meet me at the gas station at Forty-sixth and Illinois."

So, half an hour later, they took off again in the boy's old blue Ford, with baby shoes (*Continued on Page 54*)

"Nothing on his salary or future prospects, just a lot of dribble about worshiping the ground she walks on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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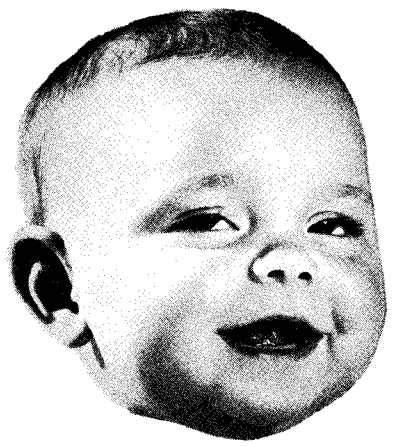

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(*Continued from Page 52*) dangling from the rearview mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat.

The car radio sang as Annie and Rice left the city limits behind:

"*Oh, baby, baby, baby,*
"*What a happy, rockin' day,*
"'*Cause your sweet love and kisses*
"*Chase those big, black blues away.*"

And the exhilarating chase began again.

Annie and Rice crossed the Ohio border on a back road and listened to the radio talk about them above the sound of gravel rattling in the fenders.

They had listened impatiently to news of a riot in Bangalore, of an airplane collision in Ireland, of a man who blew up his wife with nitroglycerin in West Virginia. The newscaster had saved the biggest news for last—that Annie and Rice, that Juliet and Romeo, were playing hare and hounds again.

The newscaster called Rice "Rick," something nobody else had ever called him, and Rice and Annie liked that.

"I'm going to call you Rick from now on," said Annie.

"That's all right with me," said Rice.

"You look more like a Rick than a Rice," said Annie. "How come they ever named you Rice?"

"Didn't I ever tell you?" said Rice.

"If you did," she said, "I've forgot."

The fact was that Rice had told her about a dozen times why he was named Rice, but she never really listened to him. For that matter, Rice never really listened to her, either. Both would have been bored stiff if they had listened, but they spared themselves that.

So their conversations were marvels of irrelevance. There were only two subjects in common—self-pity and something called love.

"My mother had some ancestor back somewhere named Rice," said Rice. "He was a doctor, and I guess he was pretty famous."

"Doctor Siebolt is the only person who ever tried to understand me as a human being," said Annie. Doctor Siebolt was the governor's family physician.

"There's some other famous people back there somewhere too—on my mother's side," said Rice. "I don't know what all they did, but there's good blood back there."

"Doctor Siebolt would hear what I was trying to say," said Annie. "My parents never had time to listen."

"That's why my old man always got burned up at me—because I've got so much of my mother's blood," said Rice. "You know—I want to do things and have things and live and take chances, and his side of the family isn't that way at all."

"I could talk to Doctor Siebolt about love—I could talk to him about anything," said Annie. "With my parents there were just all kinds of things I had to keep all bottled up."

"Safety first—that's their motto," said Rice. "Well—that isn't my motto. They want me to end up the way they all have, and I'm just not that kind of a person."

"It's a terrible thing to make somebody bottle things up," said Annie. "I used to cry all the time, and my parents never could figure out why."

"That's why I stole all those cars," said Rice. "I just all of a sudden went crazy one day. They were trying to make me act like my father, and I'm just not that kind of man. They never understood me. They don't understand me yet."

"But the worst thing of all," said Annie, "was when my own father ordered me to lie. That was when I realized that my parents didn't care about truth. All they care about is what people think."

"This summer," said Rice, "I was actually making more money than my old man or any of his brothers. That really ate into him. He couldn't stand that."

"My mother started talking to me about love," said Annie, "and it was all I could do to keep from screaming, 'You don't know what love is! You never have known what it is!'"

"My parents kept telling me to act like a man," said Rice. "Then, when I really started acting like one, they went right through the roof. What's a guy supposed to do?" he said.

"Even if I screamed that at her," said Annie, "she wouldn't hear it. She never listens. I think she's afraid to listen. Do you know what I mean?"

"My older brother was the favorite in our family," said Rice. "He could do no wrong, and I never could do anything right, as far as they were concerned. You never met my brother, did you?"

"My father killed something in me when he told me to lie," said Annie.

"We sure are lucky we found each other," said Rice.

"What?" said Annie.

"I said, 'We sure are lucky we found each other,'" said Rice.

Annie took his hand. "Oh, yes; oh, yes; oh, yes," she said fervently. "When we first met out there on the golf course, I almost died because I knew how right we were for each other. Next to Doctor Siebolt you're the first person I ever really felt close to."

"Doctor who?" said Rice.

In the study of the Governor's Mansion, Governor Southard had his radio on. Annie and Rice had just been picked up, twenty miles west of Cleveland, and Southard wanted to hear what the news services had to say about it.

So far he had heard only music, and was hearing it now:

"*Let's not go to school today,*
"*Turtle dove, turtle dove.*
"*Let's go out in the woods and play,*
"*Play with love, play with love.*"

The governor turned the radio off again. "How do they *dare* put things like that on the air?" he asked bitterly. "The whole American entertainment industry does nothing but tell children how to kill their parents—and themselves in the bargain."

He put the question to his wife and to the Brentners, the parents of the boy, who were sitting in the study with him.

The Brentners shook their heads bleakly, meaning that they did not know the answer to the governor's question. They were appalled at having been called into the presence of the governor. They had said almost nothing—nothing beyond abject, rambling, ga-ga apologies at the very beginning. Since then they had been in numb agreement with anything the governor cared to say.

He had said plenty, wrestling with what he called the toughest decision of his life. He was trying to decide, with the concurrence of his wife and the Brentners, how to make the runaways grow up enough to realize what they were doing, how to fix them so they would never run away again.

"Any suggestions at all, Mr. Brentner?" he said to Rice's father.

Rice's father shrugged. "I haven't got any control over him, sir," he said. "If somebody'd tell me a way to get control of him, I'd be glad to try it, but . . ." He let the sentence trail off to nothing.

"But what?" said the governor.

"He's pretty close to being a man now, governor," said Rice's father, "and he's just about as easy to control as any other man—and that isn't very easy." He murmured something else that the governor didn't catch and shrugged again.

"Beg your pardon?" said the governor.

Rice's father said it again, scarcely louder than the first time. "I said he doesn't respect me."

"By heaven, he would if you'd have the guts to lay down the law to him and make it stick!" said the governor with hot righteousness.

At this point Rice's mother did the most courageous thing in her life. She was boiling mad about having all the blame put on her son, and she now squared the governor of Indiana away. "Maybe if we'd raised our son the way you raised your daughter," she said, "maybe then we wouldn't have all the trouble we have today."

The governor looked startled. Then he sat down at his desk. "Well said, madam," he said. He turned to his wife. "We should certainly give our child-rearing secret to the world."

"Annie isn't a bad girl," said his wife.

"Neither's our boy a bad boy," said Rice's mother, very pepped up, now that she'd given the governor the works.

"I—I'm sure he isn't," said the governor's wife.

"He isn't a boy any more. That's the big thing," blurted Rice's father. And he took courage from his wife's example, and he added (*Continued on Page 56*)

"It only hurts when I cackle."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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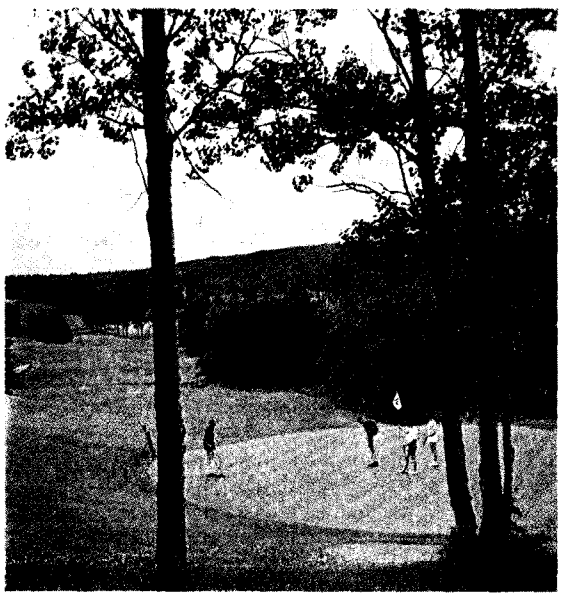

Heads down, spirits up—in Manitoba

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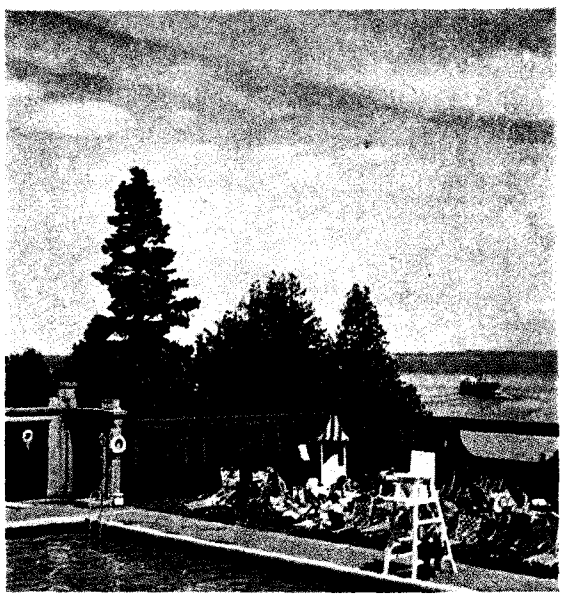

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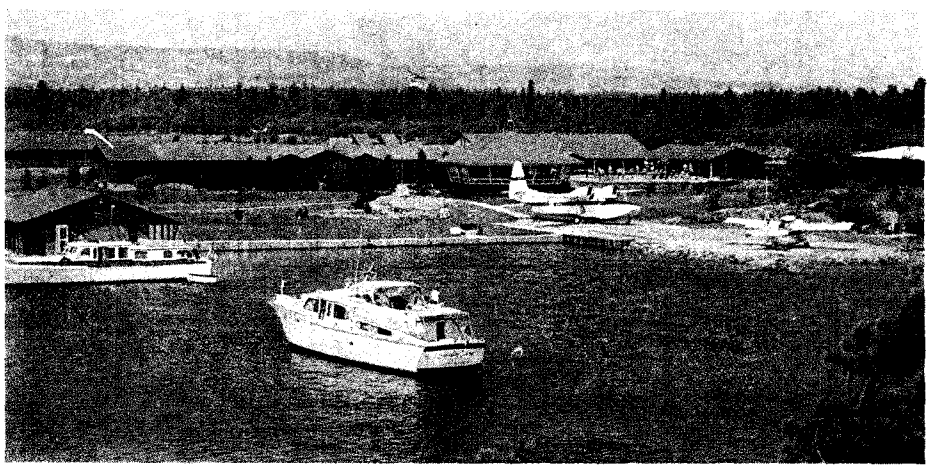

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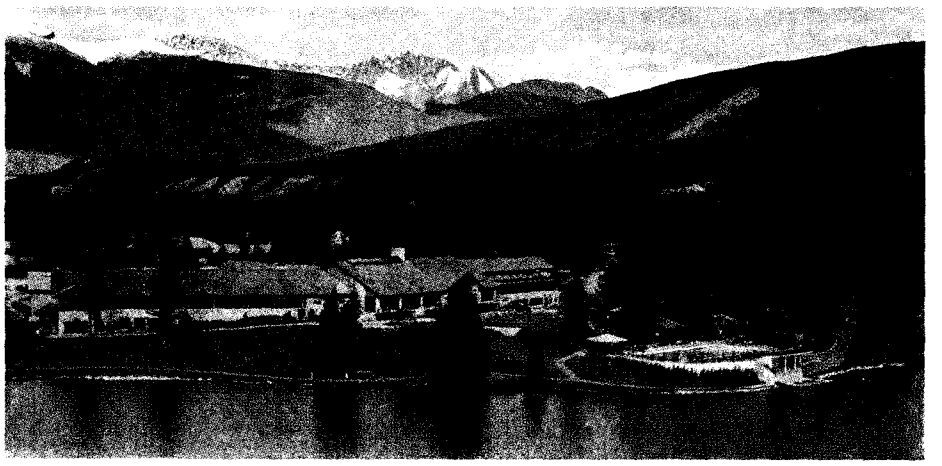

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(*Continued from Page 54*) something else. "And that little girl isn't what you'd call real little, either," he said.

"You recommend they get married?" said the governor incredulously.

"I don't know what I recommend," said Rice's father. "I'm not a recommending man. But maybe they really do love each other. Maybe they really were made for each other. Maybe they really would be happy for the rest of their lives together, starting right now, if we'd let 'em." He threw up his hands. "I don't know!" he said. "Do you?"

Annie and Rice were talking to reporters in a state-police barracks outside of Cleveland. They were waiting to be hauled back home again. They claimed to be unhappy, but they appeared to be having a pretty fine time. They were telling the reporters about money now.

"People care too much about money," said Annie. "What is money, when you really stop to think about it?"

"We don't want any money from her parents," said Rice. "I guess maybe her parents think I'm after all their money. All I want is their daughter."

"It's all right with me, if they want to disinherit me," said Annie. "From what I've seen of all the rich people I grew up with, money just makes people worried and unhappy. People with a lot of money get so worried about how maybe they'll lose it, they forget to live."

"I can always earn enough to keep a roof over our heads and keep from starving," said Rice. "I can earn more than my old man does. My car is completely paid for. It's all mine, free and clear."

"I can earn money too," said Annie. "I would be a lot prouder of working than I would be of what my parents want me to do, which is hang around with a lot of other spoiled people and play games."

A state trooper now came in, told Annie her father was on the telephone. The governor of Indiana wanted to talk to her.

"What good will talk do?" said Annie. "Their generation doesn't understand our generation, and they never will. I don't want to talk to him."

The trooper left. He came back in a few minutes.

"He's still on the line?" said Annie.

"No, ma'am, " said the trooper. "He gave me a message for you."

"Oh, boy," said Annie, "this should really be good."

"It's a message from your parents too," the trooper said to Rice.

"I can hardly wait to hear it," said Rice.

"The message is this," said the trooper, keeping his face blankly official, "you are to come home in your own car whenever you feel like it. When you get home, they want you to get married and start being happy as soon as possible."

Annie and Rice crept home in the old blue Ford, with baby shoes dangling from the rearview mirror, with a pile of comic books on the burst back seat. They came home on the main highways. Nobody was looking for them any more.

Their radio was on, and every news broadcast told the world the splendid news: Annie and Rice were to be married at once. True love had won another stunning victory.

By the time the lovers reached the Indiana border they had heard the news of their indescribable happiness a dozen times. They were beginning to look like department-store clerks on Christmas Eve, jangled and exhausted by relentless tidings of great joy.

Rice turned off the radio. Annie gave an involuntary sigh of relief. They hadn't talked much on the trip home. There didn't seem to be anything to talk about; everything was so settled—everything was so, as they say in business, finalized.

Annie and Rice got into a traffic jam in Indianapolis and were locked for stop light after stop light next to a car in which a baby was howling. The parents of the child were very young. The wife was scolding her husband, and the husband looked ready to uproot the steering wheel and brain her with it.

Rice turned on the radio again, and this is what the song on the radio said:

"*We certainly fooled them,*
"*The ones who said our love wasn't true.*
"*Now, forever and ever,*
"*You've got me, and I've got you.*"

In almost a frenzy, with Annie's nerves winding ever tighter, Rice changed stations again and again. Every station bawled of either victories or the persecution of teen-age love. And that's what the radio was bawling about when the old blue Ford stopped beneath the porte-cochere of the Governor's Mansion.

Only one person came out to greet them, and that was the policeman who guarded the door. "Congratulations, sir . . . madam," he said blandly.

"Thank you," said Rice. He turned off everything with the ignition key. The last illusion of adventure died as the radio tubes lost their glow and the engine cooled.

Some people might become smart if they didn't think they already were.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

The policeman opened the door on Annie's side. The door gave a rusty screech. Two loose jelly beans wobbled out the door and fell to the immaculate blacktop below.

Annie, still in the car, looked down at the jelly beans. One was green. The other was white. There were bits of lint stuck to them. "Rice?" she said.

"H'm?" he said.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I can't go through with it."

Rice made a sound like a faraway freight whistle. He was grateful for release.

"Could we talk alone, please?" Annie said to the policeman.

"Beg your pardon," said the policeman and he withdrew.

"Would it have worked?" said Annie.

Rice shrugged. "For a little while."

"You know what?" said Annie.

"What?" said Rice.

"We're too young," said Annie.

"Not too young to be in love," said Rice.

"No," said Annie, "not too young to be in love. Just too young for about everything else there is that goes with love." She kissed him. "Good-by, Rice. I love you."

"I love you," he said.

She got out, and Rice drove away.

As he drove away, the radio came on. It was playing an old song now, and the words were these:

"*Now's the time for sweet good-by*
"*To what could never be,*
"*To promises we ne'er could keep,*
"*To a magic you and me.*
"*If we should try to prove our love,*
"*Our love would be in danger.*
"*Let's put our love beyond all harm.*
"*Good-by—sweet, gentle stranger.*"

THE END

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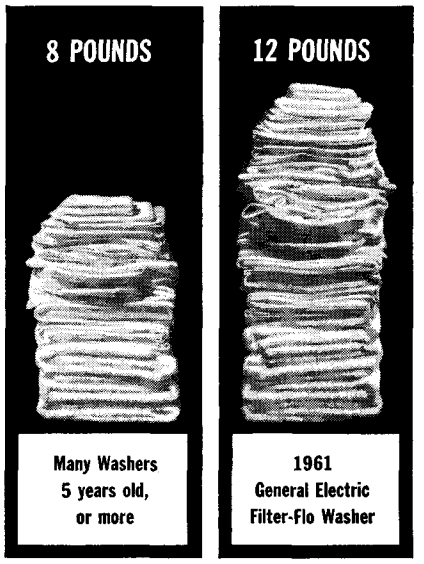

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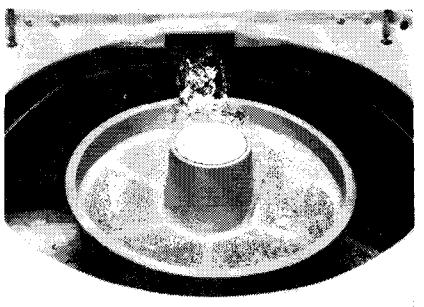

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The Lion and the Dagger

(Continued from Page 41)

for anything or anyone else, about getting human beings their freedom and happiness, not just English human beings, simply any human beings, as Byron cared about the Greeks."

Ormston raised his eyebrows. "Byron? My dear boy! Though I suppose he had his share of vanity. Would you have taken to terrorism if your efforts during the war had been properly rewarded? I doubt it."

"What the hell do you know about war?" Boyd said with anger. "You spent yours bettering yourself."

Ormston said coolly, "A point to you."

Anthony went off into a jeering, cackling laugh. "You didn't miss your chances. You haven't missed them here, have you? With my whore of a wife."

The anger Ormston felt was murderous, a pure impulse to kill. "Hold your tongue."

"Oh, come," Boyd said, smiling, "you've been sleeping with her. I knew about it from the start—my Intelligence is at least as good as yours or foxy Frent's. Don't think I mind—I'm not conceited enough to expect anything else." His eyes sparkled with triumph. "I assure you I don't mind."

Scarcely conscious of moving his arm, Ormston struck him across the face. He stared, his rage ebbing, at a thin trickle of blood running over Boyd's chin from his lower lip. Boyd passed the back of his hand across his mouth, looked at it, then looked up, with a mischievous smile.

"What in God's name," Ormston cried, "made you—you—take sides with these squalid heroes against us? Your own people. It stupefies me. I don't—I can't understand it."

After a moment Boyd said, "I'm atoning for us. Repaying your blood money."

"Oh, talk sense," Ormston said impatiently.

Boyd gave him a cool, clear glance. "This is sense. You—*we*, so far as I can't help being English—come here, we take possession, we put down airfields, barracks, base camps; we make laws and fix wages, we behave as if we were a superior race, and when the poor inhabitants protest, we say, 'What's the matter with you? We're treating you nicely, aren't we; better than some would—why complain?' They complain that we're here at all!"

Bored, bored to the point of yawning in his face, Ormston said, "All these platitudes. *Aren't* we superior?"

"You old romantic!" Boyd jeered.

"My dear chap, your friends may not know it, but you know, as well as I do, that if we weren't here, someone else would be—it's our mild hand against what might be a very rough one. All these small nations are finished—helpless."

In a light, teasing voice Boyd said, "Their old gods are against you, you know."

"Really? Which of their gods hacked off an old woman's head yesterday, and shoots unarmed men in the back? You talk about freedom and happiness like a—like a politician."

Boyd's face changed, as Ormston had known it would, had meant it to: its look of mulishness and fanaticism was the sign that he had stopped thinking. "Wait, you'll see whether I'm only bragging," Boyd said.

An irrational certainty seized Ormston. There was truth in the rumors running through the colony—something, something unpleasant, had been brewed. *I must know*, he thought. He felt a spasm of fury that he could not tear the facts out of the other's mind. Controlling himself, he said quietly, "We know who is backing you—which country."

"You do, do you?" Boyd mocked. "Much good may it do you."

"You weren't a Communist. Have you been converted?"

"Don't be a goat," Boyd said. He gave his cackling young laugh. "I'm no more a Communist than foxy Frent—I hate *all* policemen."

"Anthony," his friend said with anguish, "what you're doing is evil. Help me to stop it."

Boyd smiled. "Funny simple old boy you are, after all."

"You're not doing even your own side any good. You can't win."

"I'm backing the wrong horse, am I?" Boyd said lightly. "Something you never did. No, no, wait a minute. I'm not such a fool as you think. I boast, of course I boast. Always did. But I know better than you, better than Frent, that I can't make war on you. I'm not trying to. It would be a waste of my men. I'm trying to run a terror—and I'm succeeding."

"In murdering defenseless men and old women," Ormston said savagely.

"Oh, as you like. But now—look at the score. There's only one way you can deal with us—repression. Growing more and more brutal as we resist. But the more brutal you become, the more bitterly you shock people all over the liberal world—including people at home, better men than Charles Cumberland—and in the end, in the end, Ricky, you'll negotiate with us. It's as simple as that. Simple and nasty. Frent can't see it, but you see it. Don't you?"

"Now it's up to you. If you decide you don't want to go, we just won't go, that's all."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ormston stood up. "It's no use going on talking. I'll leave you to Frent." His feeling of anguish returned, drowning his bitterness. "If you come to your senses, send for me. I'll come whenever it is, day or night. Give up now. I'll do everything I can for you; I'll make things as easy for you as I can."

"Let me laugh," Boyd said. He grinned. "Ricky the savior. What d'you want most? To be rid of the only person who knows you through and through and isn't impressed, or to score over me by saving me? Which?"

I can't reach him, Ormston thought. Despair and impatience filled him. Why must he ruin himself—and very likely ruin me? "Don't you believe me that I want to help you?"

"Yes," Boyd said. He yawned.

Turning, the governor walked to the door. As he opened it, the guards jumped to attention. "Take him back where you brought him from."

Several moments later Frent spoke behind him. "Well, sir?"

He had gone back to the window. "Nothing," he told Frent curtly. "I got nothing out of him at all. I made no impression."

Frent's air of respectful attention did not change. "It's just possible, sir, isn't it, that it was unwise for you to take the trouble to talk to him. It will inflate his self-importance. These fellows are incurably self-important."

"What fellows?" the governor asked. He sat down.

"Traitors. I've had some experience, a little, with the breed—we don't, thank God, breed many; treachery isn't one of our national quirks—and I never knew one who wasn't vain. Born vain."

"You may be right. But all vain men are not traitors."

"True," Frent said. His tone sharpened. "I've just had the report of another murder—a Red Cross nurse coming back from a farm in the hills where she'd been taking penicillin to a child. Two youths turned her out of her car, shot her and drove off in the car. A filthy business, but less disturbing than something else that happened between two and three this morning. Five men drove into a village, only five, dragged a couple of chaps out of bed, told them they had been found guilty of helping the enemy—us—and hanged them, in the square, as coolly as you please. They'd fetched the rest of the village, even the children, out to watch the hanging, and told them it was a rehearsal for the show they would put on when they took over the country." He drove his sharp, narrow teeth into his upper lip for a second. "Very effective."

"Infinitely less detestable than killing a nurse," the governor said.

Frent shrugged. "Oh, of course. But—if you're a farmer or a shopkeeper or a village schoolmaster—it's the hanging you remember." His face lightened. "Well, we have Boyd—a God-given turn of luck. He can tell us who runs his groups, where his arms are kept, how he gets them—in short, he can put all the big pieces in our hands. And"—his smile was as sharp as a nail—"mopping up can begin."

The governor stood up. "And you believe you can persuade him to tell us?"

Frent cocked his head on one side. Like a dog taking the measure of a bone, the governor thought. "You know him better than I do, sir. Is he—I imagine he is—excitable? Unbalanced?"

"Excitable, yes. Perhaps unbalanced." He watched an air of reserve spread across Frent's face, dulling it.

"We'll see what keeping him awake to answer questions does," Frent said.

The grotesque idea crossed the governor's mind that he was handing his friend over to a surgeon who might turn out to be a lunatic. *Nonsense*, he thought wearily, *he has only to admit he has behaved abominably and tell us the facts.*

"I said last night that we'd keep quiet for the time being about the arrest. No announcement. If necessary—if there are rumors ——"

"There will be, sir," Frent interrupted.

"They must be denied or ignored." He hesitated. Why did he feel this acute anxiety to keep the thing dark? For Anthony's sake? Only for Anthony's sake? In the end he would have to be exposed. Another reason, formless, slid from his grasp like smoke. "We don't"—he paused again—"want emotional complications. No sensation—not yet."

"Certainly not, sir," Frent said. An expression half ironical, half inquisitive, came into his face. "The last thing I want."

His car was halfway across Government Square when he caught sight of Andrew. The young man was walking rapidly in the violent sunlight toward the Urraca Street corner of the square. In the instant of leaning forward to tell his driver to stop the car, he saw him join Sarah Leng and turn her, his hand on her arm, toward the hotel.

A cold anger shook him. He made an effort, and forced the incident out of his mind. He could not afford the energy to let it disturb him yet.

Robin was waiting for him, with his calm air of readiness. As he stood up he allowed himself a brief and discreet glance of curiosity. He knew—the governor had told him the night before when he returned from police headquarters—that Security had made an important capture. but he had not been told the man's name. The governor shook his head.

(*Continued on Page 61*)

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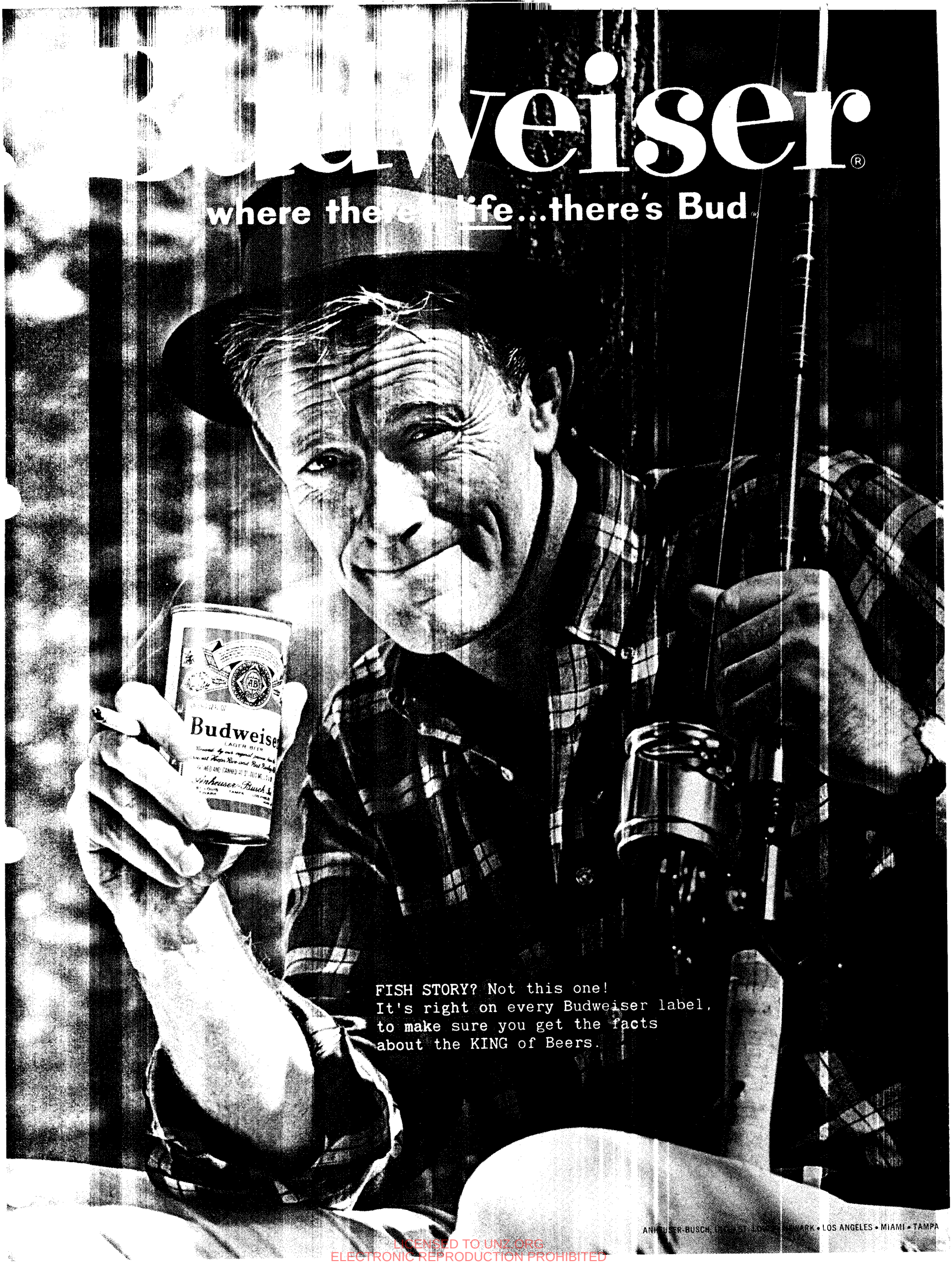

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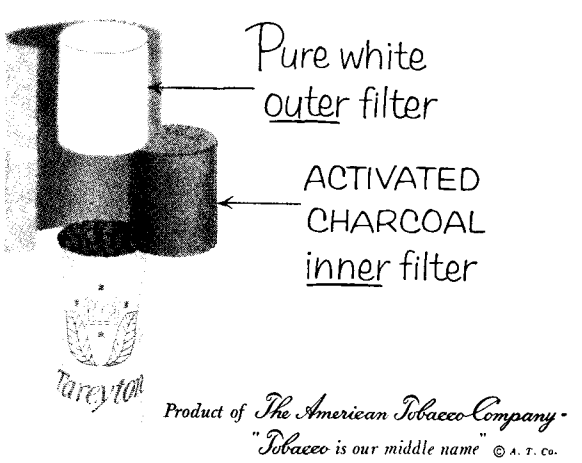

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(*Continued from Page 58*) "Nothing. Nothing yet. They're still questioning him. Come, let's get on."

He sat down and began reading a letter from the pile Robin had arranged for him. With the lightest touch of embarrassment Robin said, "Sir, Mrs. Boyd has been ringing up. She wants to see you. She insisted that it's urgent."

The governor looked up quickly, raising his eyebrows. She had never behaved indiscreetly before. Vexed, he thought, *It can only be Anthony—but why the devil ring me up at this time?* He said quietly, "Urgent? What did you say to her?"

"I told her that it was extremely unlikely you could see her this morning, sir. She rang up twice. The second time I said that I would tell you as soon as I could." A little color rose in his clear, delicate skin. "I hope I did the right thing, sir."

"Yes, yes, of course." He tapped the table with one finger of the hand laid there, as he did when he was in doubt what to say. "I'd better speak to her. Get her for me."

In the moment of taking the receiver from his secretary's hand he had the conviction that she knew—everything. He prepared to deal with her patiently, but her voice, with its disquieting flawed note, was controlled, as if she were talking in a room full of people.

"Richard, I'm sorry, I know I'm behaving terribly, but I must see you. Now."

He was conscious of the back of Robin's smooth head bent over the day's press clippings. "Perhap you can tell me what the trouble is?"

Her voice hardened. "You know very well that I wouldn't do this unheard-of thing unless I had a good reason."

Without covering the mouthpiece he said, "My engagements today, Robin? I think a dinner?" The young man had been scribbling on a sheet of paper, which he laid in front of the governor: YOU HAVE NO APPOINTMENTS BEFORE EIGHT THIS EVENING. Looking down at it as he spoke to her, Ormston went on, "I could see you for a few minutes at six ——"

"Stop play-acting," she said with contempt. "I must see you this morning."

"Very well, come at once." He replaced the receiver, frowning. "She never struck me as an hysterical woman. Go downstairs, Robin, and arrange for her to be brought straight here, will you?"

He pushed aside the letter he had been reading and began carefully to read a memorandum from General Smith which was immediately beneath it on the pile. As he read he made notes. A part of his mind went on thinking, almost coldly, about Anne. *She has no more sense, for all her intelligence, than stupider women. I really believe that women, all women, are incurably immature; I've never known one who wasn't. Except*, he thought, *my mother. She is the exception.* He looked up as the door opened. The thought that came into his mind steadied it: *A beautiful animal who reads Wittgenstein.* He stood up, pulled a chair forward and said formally, "How d'you do, Mrs. Boyd?"

She leaned forward in her chair and said, "You arrested Tony last night."

He had expected it; yet he felt a pang of dismay and irritation. Entirely without reflecting, he said, "Where did you pick up this nonsense?"

She looked at him with something very near derision. "Don't bother to tell lies, Richard. It wastes your precious time. I know he was arrested." She paused; her face contracted briefly, but he could not be sure whether she was hurt or sickened. "I even know how."

His irritation was turning to anger—not against her; against the whole of this atrocious business and that she was involved in it. Glancing at her throat and bare arms, he felt the pleasure it would give him to hurt this delicate flesh in some way. He said calmly, "You must tell me what you know, or think you know."

She drew an audible breath and forced herself to smile. "A woman came to see me—early this morning—she was in a dreadful state." Her smile became a half-cynical grimace. "I don't think I ever saw one of his mistresses—let's call them that—before. Let alone one who came to tell me that he had been in bed with her only a few hours ago—when the security police came and pulled him out of her arms ——"

"Anne ——"

She interrupted him. "Oh, don't think I was shocked. But it is, you must admit, Richard, very unusual." She looked at him with an air of frankness, almost naïve. "You won't waste any more time lying, will you?"

Ormston did not answer at once. For the moment the fact that she knew was unimportant to him. He wanted, savagely, to know what she felt, whether she was suffering at all. He felt a jealous twinge.

"Yes, it's true. He was in bed with a woman in a village not very far from here when we picked him up."

She must have realized that he was watching her hands. She relaxed them and said in a light voice, "I didn't know that having mistresses was a crime."

"Your informant didn't tell you why he was arrested?"

"She said she didn't know why." She shrugged her shoulders. "She was nearly incoherent, poor creature. And perhaps I didn't understand her—her English was far worse than Agathe's." She laughed. Her self-control gave way suddenly. "How could he? With one of these *animals*. I can still see her eyes, great rolling eyes, like a nervous horse. Horrible."

"Tony was not, this time, botanizing," he said. "For the last eighteen months, probably longer, he has been helping to organize the rebels. Possibly he's mad, but I don't think so."

Her eyes dilated—the only sign she made. "Tony? Are you—is it true?"

"Quite true," he said, watching her.

Jumping up, she said, "You mean—you say he has killed people."

"Arranged for them to be killed. He seems proud that he—he said it himself—that he has turned a number of lazy young men into efficient murderers."

She was looking at him with horror, her hands pressed to her face. Letting them drop, she said under her breath, "He is a devil. I always knew he was. This ——" She broke off, her mouth working in an unpleasant way. "A devil," she said loudly, "a cruel devil. Or out of his mind. But hateful—hateful."

She overacts her hatred, Ormston thought coldly. "You realize that you must hold your tongue. There must be no publicity—nothing—until he has been examined."

"Examined?"

"The police are questioning him now."

She stood silent, her arms hanging. Ormston felt an access of jealousy. The effort to move his tongue was painful; he got out, "Do you understand?" and stopped.

She did not look at him. In a lifeless voice she said, "Yes, I understand. I shan't say anything. Don't worry."

He moved his arm as if he were clearing a space. "You must go."

Looking round her, she took her gloves from the table, then came to him and touched his cheek, gently, the gentlest imaginable caress and not an appeal. She interpreted the look on his face as impatience, and began to move away. "Poor Richard—you were fond of him," she said lightly.

"I only wish to God he had been shot," Ormston said.

Her smile startled him. "Why? For whose sake—yours or his?"

"You must go," he said again.

"Yes, yes." She walked to the door. He moved quickly past her to open it. Abruptly, gripping his arm, she said, "You won't be too hard on him, will you?"

He held the door open, and she went out without glancing at him again.

Closing the door, he leaned against it for a moment. Then, with a return of energy, he took up the house telephone. "Robin? Yes, come now."

The smaller of the Astoria's two bars faced an inner courtyard, cobblestoned, with one stunted bush of white jasmine and a dry, chipped fountain. Along one wall were small iron tables, balanced precariously on the uneven stones and sheltered by a narrow roof made from two sheets of zinc with a crack between them. The sun striking through the crack sliced the table in half between them, and the girl's hand lay partly in the light, partly in shade. The impulse to lay his hand over hers tortured Andrew, and she perhaps expected it. After a minute she drew her hand back. The waiter fetched their drinks and a carafe of water, and went back into the hotel.

"Why couldn't you come yesterday evening?" Sarah asked. She smiled at him.

The questions he wanted to ask her pressed against his mind, distracting him. An instinct that was neither cruelty nor grief, but had something of both in it, kept him quiet. *Wait*, he thought. *Let her wait.*

"My father had something he wanted copied—a memorandum. I ——" He was embarrassed by his lie; it struck him as a very poor one. "I couldn't talk about it on the telephone."

"Well, I'm very glad I ran into you," she said gaily. "I rang you up about an hour ago."

"I was out," he lied.

"Yes, they told me." She leaned forward, bringing her face so close to his that he saw only her eyes. She lowered her voice so that he could only just hear it. "Tell me, is it true that one of the partisans has been captured—one of the leaders—the leader?"

"You call them partisans, do you?"

"Oh, call them what you like. Is it true?"

He scowled. "I haven't heard anything."

"It's being said."

"Who? Who is saying it?"

"Well, there's the grapevine, you know. One of our reporters heard something this morning from a—a source."

She lies too easily, he thought. It gave him pleasure to bespatter her in his mind. "If I did know anything about it, I wouldn't tell you, you know."

She drew back, raising her eyebrows in surprise. "Even if I promised not to make any use of it?"

He shook his head. An idea which excited him by its astuteness—by what seemed its astuteness—struck him, and he asked, "If you were told—say, if your stepfather told you an important and dangerous secret—would you give it away to me?"

"You do know something!"

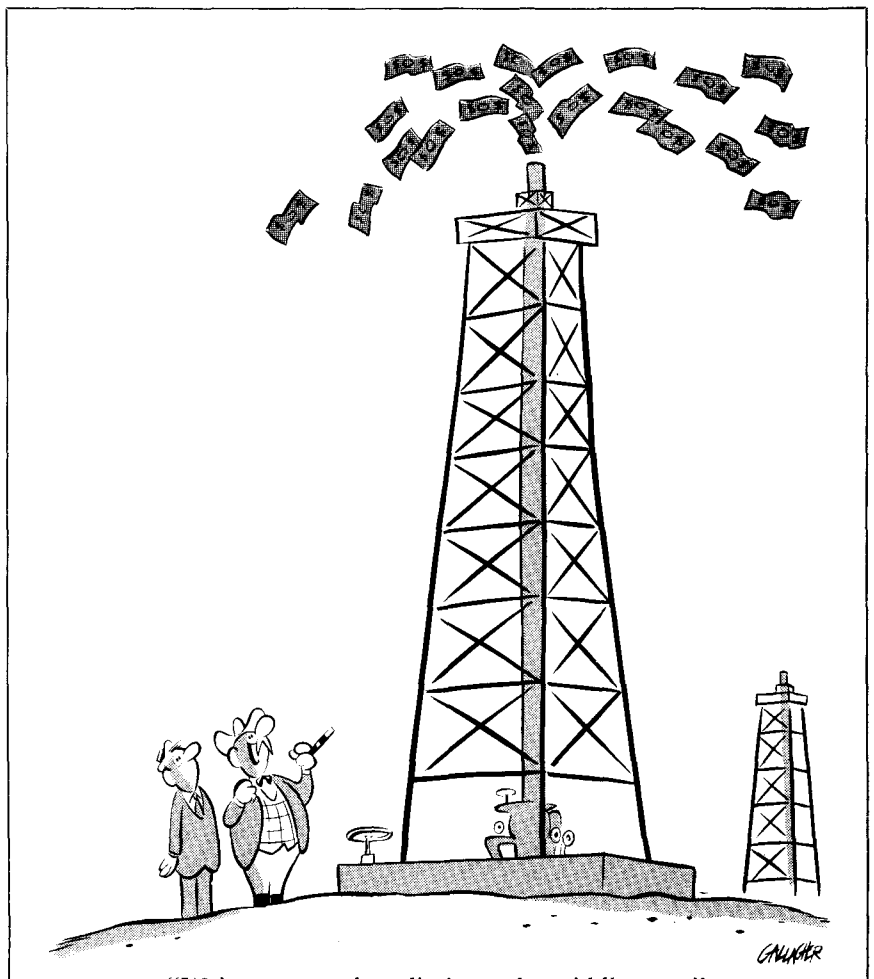
"No, I don't. I swear I don't. You haven't answered me."

She said slowly, "If I would tell you an important secret. But it all depends. If I'd been told in the strictest confidence—if I'd promised—you wouldn't expect me to break that sort of promise, would you?"

"Suppose I knew already and asked point-blank, as you did just now, 'Is it true?' Would you feel that you had the right to lie to me about it?"

She seemed for the first time to realize that he had something in his mind that might turn out unpleasant. "I don't understand," she said, frowning. "What are you getting at, my darling?"

"Why didn't you tell me about Julian Hind?"



"We've managed to eliminate the middle man."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Tell you," she said. "Tell you what?"

The sight of her face, dulled and hardened, its gaiety pinched out, settled his hopes, whatever they had been, for good. He looked at her without pity. "That you were his mistress," he said.

After a moment she asked, "Who has been talking to you about me?"

"That doesn't matter."

The contempt that came into her face startled him. "So that's why you were so anxious to know if I would keep things from you? You—oh, how clever you think you are. It's exactly the sort of trick your father would play—is always playing. A—a filthy trick."

"My father ——" he began. He stopped—on the edge of telling her that none of it mattered, she must forgive him, he was a fool, a clumsy fool, he had never meant to speak about it. The streak of cruelty in him saved him from this lapse into the stammerings of a schoolboy who has made a booby of himself.

"You needn't tell me who has talked," Sarah said. "I know who it was—that beast Totty."

He stared. "Totty? Who the devil is Totty?"

"I mean Robin—he was always called that, and it used to make him cry."

"What nonsense are you trying to tell me?" he said furiously. "I asked you a question. Are you going to answer it?"

Even before he finished speaking, a feeling of incredulity seized him; for a moment he doubted everything and everybody except the reality of the girl facing him. He felt something like horror of himself. *What have we been talking about?* he thought. *What sort of unnecessary drivel?*

"You haven't even asked me if what he told you is true," Sarah said. "You took it for granted it was." With a flash of her hot temper, she struck the table. She had what he had always called her vixen face—eyes starting and lips pressed into a narrow line. He saw it with extreme sharpness. "If someone had come to me and told me you were a liar and a sneak thief, or any other detestable thing, I would at least have asked you if it was true. I wouldn't have believed it instantly—as if I'd always known that was what you were." Tears—which he knew to be tears of anger—came into her eyes. "I'll never forget that, never, never."

"Tell me the truth, Sarah, for heaven's sake."

She stared back at him with as much hatred as he felt in himself. "I'll tell you nothing at all—nothing."

"Then it is true."

"Believe what you like." Her face seemed to shrivel as if in sudden cold. She leaned forward and spoke in a thin voice, feeling her way into him with it, to reach the quick of his pride. "You're too like your father—you don't trust anybody, and you don't love anybody except yourself. I knew it, I suppose I knew it, but ——"

"Shut up, Sarah," he said quietly.

She smiled with contempt. "Why? Don't you like to hear the truth?"

He gave way to the pleasure of hurting her. "Why should I trust you? When I go back to London I shan't know who it is you're sleeping with, shall I?"

She had nothing more to say. She sat, hunched in her chair, for a moment, then got up and walked away, into the hotel, without glancing at him again.

He walked back to Government House, trying to wear out his anger before he reached it. There were more guards than usual in the square and outside official buildings, but he paid no attention to them, thinking, so far as he could, of nothing except the scorching heat of the ground against the soles of his feet and the light forcing him to keep his eyes half closed. No more unhappiness, he thought, no regrets. Forget about her. You can—and without feeling sorry for yourself. But, shut in his room, he became feverishly restless. When someone knocked on his door, he had no idea how long he had been walking between one wall and its opposite. His heart jumped; he clutched at the impossible, that she had made her way in somehow to reprieve him. He knew it was impossible.

"Come in."

Robin Hind put his pale, composed face round the door and said, "His Excellency wants you in the library."

"Tell him I'll come," he said. He would have liked to jump at the other and knock into insensibility the brain that knew more about Sarah than he did. "Don't wait, I'll come."

His father was writing when he came into the library. Glancing up and frowning, he said, "Ah, there you are. Give me a minute." He wrote a few more words, dropped his pen, leaned back and looked at Andrew without a smile. "Sit down."

Andrew seated himself at the other side of the table. He noticed that his father looked strained and older, as if he were sleeping badly. *Things are worse,* he thought. He felt a little curiosity, but no uneasiness; he was all the more shocked when Ormston said, "I saw you talking to Sarah Leng this morning. Were you giving her news for her abominable rag?"

The blood rushed to Andrew's head. Too taken aback to feel mortified, he stammered, "You don't think that's what I do?"

His father seemed to hesitate. "I don't know what sort of hold she has on you. And since I know that she's a young woman of no character, with no scruples. . . ." He smiled sarcastically.

Andrew had a hot impulse to defend her. He said coldly, "Whatever hold, as you call it, she had, it wouldn't trick me into helping a newspaper I detest as much as you do."

His father moved his arm in a weary gesture, pushing aside the papers littering the table in front of him. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked that. I know you better." He smiled, with a mockery too detached to give offense. "I dislike the young woman so much that I forget my place and my age."

"You disliked her even before you knew—before Robin Hind told you ——" Another word and his voice would give him away—the resentment, the anguish.

His father said gently, "She's not a fit wife for you. Even if she were truthful and innocent, she wouldn't do."

Andrew kept his voice in order. "What sort of young woman would you approve of?"

"None at all—until you are much farther on in your career. Any marriage now would be stupid. Later ——"

The warmth of the resentment Andrew felt startled himself; he was not sure what he resented so savagely, nor why he had this sense that he was facing a stranger, an enemy. He let his hostility enjoy itself. "Later you'd perhaps choose for me."

His father said dryly, "I don't really deserve sarcasm."

He made the same weary movement of his arm. It struck Andrew by its heaviness, and for the first time he reflected that his father was carrying a burden so cruelly exacting that the least his son could do was not to add a straw to it. With a spring of remorse he thought, *I'm a self-centered animal.* "I'm sorry," he said warmly. "I'm really sorry, dad."

His father smiled without irony. "It was my fault. I had no right to ask you what you were talking to her about." He waited, hoping for some reassurance. Andrew said nothing, and he went on, "I trust you completely, as if you were myself."

"Thanks," Andrew said.

His father said abruptly, "To prove it, I'm going to tell you"—he smiled sharply—"a state secret. The only person I've told is your grandmother. You didn't hear anything this morning when you—when you were out?"

"No," Andrew said. He hesitated and thought, *No harm in passing on a rumor.* "There seems to be a story going about that we've captured someone important. I suppose it's nonsense."

"It's true," Ormston said calmly. "We've had a stroke of luck. The chap we've caught is possibly the kingpin of the rebellion. If we can get enough information out of him, we have every chance to break the thing open, pick up the leaders, stop money and arms coming in, end the killings—and disappoint the chaps in Whitehall who are trying to make me the scapegoat for their own weakness." A look of bored arrogance crossed his face. "I've never been able to suffer fools gladly. It has made me the sort of enemies any man makes who has the misfortune, nine times out of ten, to be right."

A curious feeling of discomfort—very much the feeling roused in the spectator by an acrobat attempting a really dangerous trick—seized Andrew. To shake it off he said energetically, "This really is something."

"Not to be let loose," his father said, smiling. "Not until we've squeezed the last drop out of"—a barely noticeable pause—"this chap."

"I suppose he *will* talk?"

A note of cruel self-assurance came into Ormston's voice. "He has—never mind why—a peculiar reason to feel guilty. That is what will break him." With an abrupt change of tone he went on, "I want you to do something for me, Andrew. There's an epidemic of some sort—not quite flu, and very unpleasant and disabling—running about among the troops in a town on the coast, Lante. It's been going on too long, and Colonel Graham is going there by car to look into it. I want you to go with him. Will you?"

Does he think I don't know why he's sending me off? Andrew thought. "Of course I'll go—if I can be any use."

"Don't, if you'd rather not. What with mines and the odd ambush or two, traveling isn't very safe now."

An impulse to laugh seized Andrew. Stifling it, he said, "When? Today?"

"No, no. In about three days' time," his father said with relief. "I'm glad you'll go—bless you."

Glancing at it as he passed the door of his mother's room, Andrew noticed that it was ajar; in the same instant, with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box, she pulled it wide open. If it had not been so unlikely, he would have thought she had been standing close to it, listening. She looked at him with her wavering smile. "Why, Andrew, there you are. You didn't have any lunch."

To avoid questions, he said, "I ate when I was out."

"I hope you did," she murmured.

Without wanting to, and because she was standing holding the door, he went into the room and sat down on the sofa. The box of dried figs was behind him on the table, and he offered one to the monkey, who did not want it. He realized that he was famished and ate it, helping himself to another and another.

His mother was still standing, watching him with an air of concern. "You look like a bird about to take off," he said, amused. "Why don't you sit down?"

She laughed. "If I could take off this minute, I would." She gave him an unexpectedly sharp glance from the side of her eyes. "What has your father been saying to you?"

Taken aback, he said, "He wants me to go to Lante with the medical chap, what's-his-name. They're having an epidemic."

"When?"

"Oh, at the end of the week." He was suddenly exasperated. "They don't need anything I could do. He's sending me out of harm's way."

"My dear child ——"

"Of course he is," Andrew interrupted. "What's more, it's perfectly unnecessary—I shan't see Sarah, I haven't anything I want to say to her." He was surprised how

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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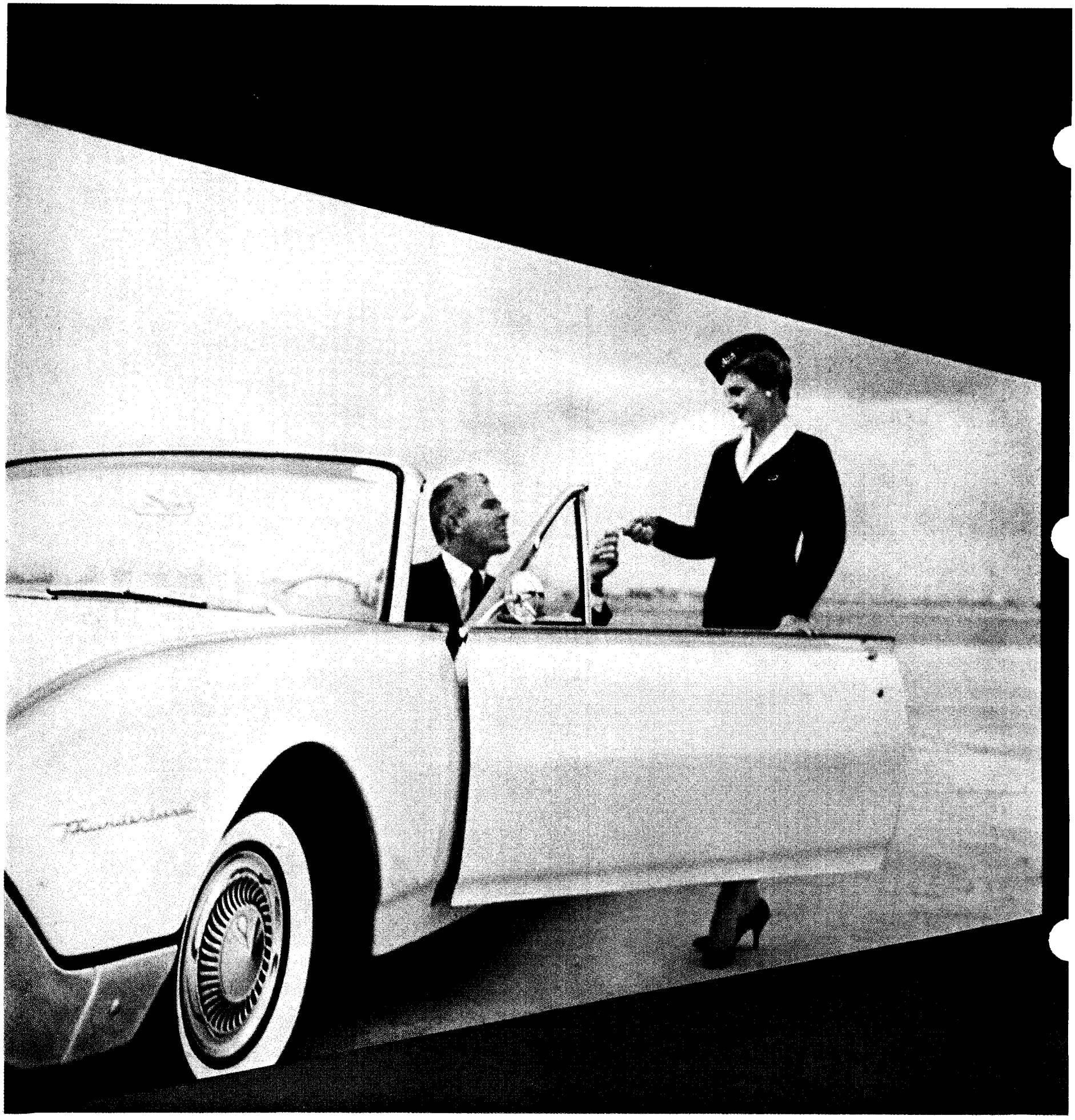

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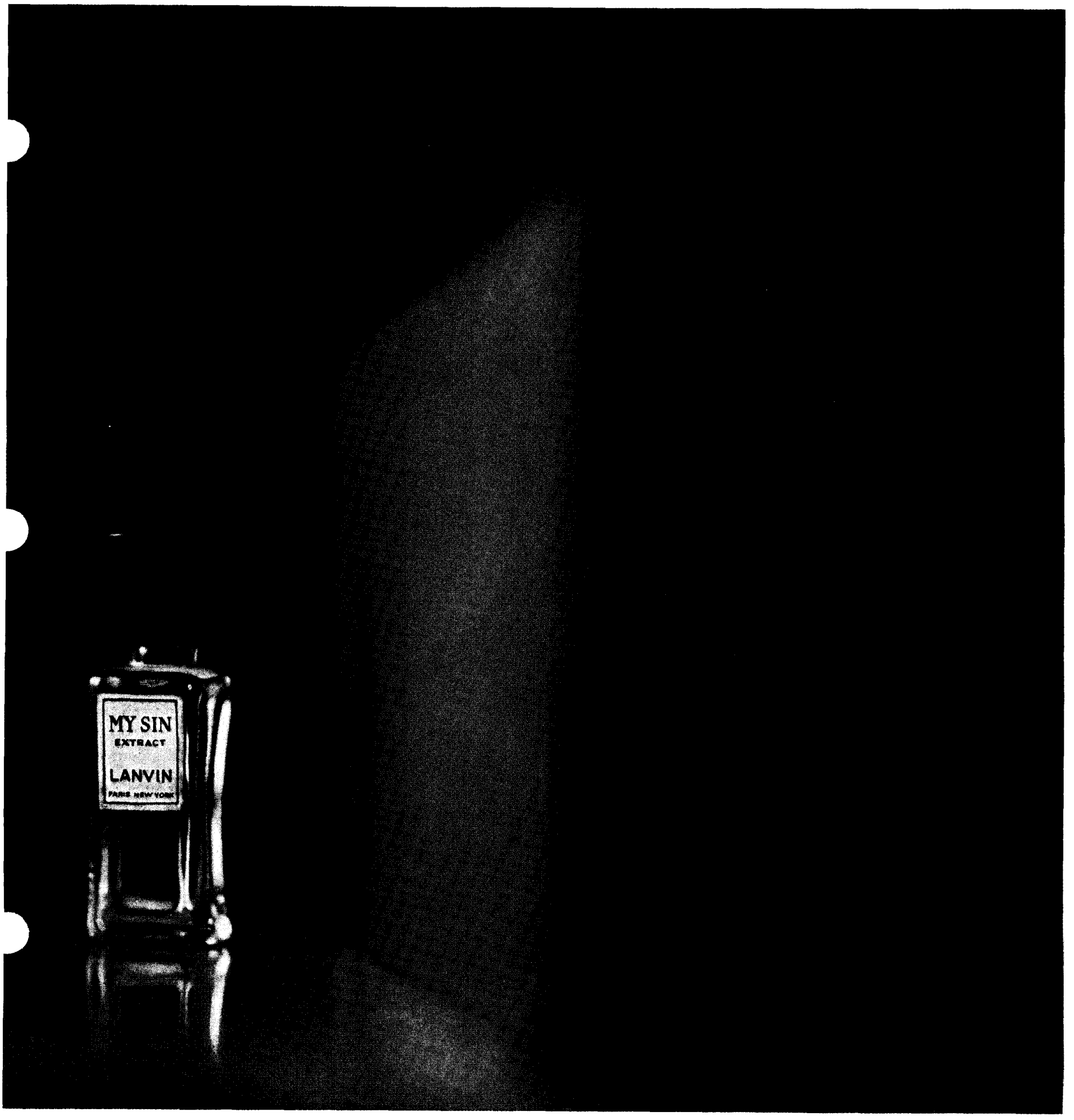

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(*Continued from Page 62*) easy it was to talk to her about Sarah; it gave him an extraordinary feeling of relief.

A smile flickered across his mother's dark face. "Are you so angry with her?"

"I'd have every right to be angry, wouldn't I?" he mumbled.

"Why?"

"If you'd been made a fool of—and told as many lies ——" He stopped and pressed his lips together.

"*Did* she tell you lies?" his mother asked. He did not answer, and she went on in her nearly toneless voice—its only tone the note of half-surprised amusement. "You may be right about her; she may be quite worthless. But you can't—you mustn't—take your father's word for it."

Her son was as astonished as if the monkey had spoken. "What do you mean, mother?"

"He's desperate to keep you for himself," she said simply. "Poor man, you're the one of his possessions that he prizes most. He *must* keep his hand on you." An ironical smile puckered her narrow eyes. "That's what he calls loving, you know."

"Nothing alters the fact that other people—that hypocrite, Robin—know more about her than I do," he said harshly.

"Perhaps she ought to have told you, but. . . . Which do you dislike most, my dear—that she's had a lover, or that she didn't tell you about it? Is it your vanity that hurts you?"

"Does that make any difference?" Andrew said.

He said it with such violence that the monkey sprang away from him—more in disgust at the noise than fear—and threw itself into Sophie's arms.

"Quiet, monkey, I'm talking to Andrew," she said. She looked at him over the animal's head. "You're quite a lot like your father, you know."

"D'you mean that when I want a thing I want it?" he said, smiling at her. "You've just told me that I'm vain too."

"Never mind that," she murmured. "I don't say that Sarah isn't to blame—I don't know enough about her. But if you loved her—or if you loved her more than you hate her, in the way your father hates people he can't make do what he wants—you might feel she had the right to tell you or not tell you about something that happened before she even knew you. Very likely she's noticed that you don't like your belongings to be responsible for themselves. Any more than *he* does."

Andrew felt uneasy—and intensely curious. "You're a little hard on him, aren't you?" He pulled a sardonic face. "On me too."

"He isn't allowing you very much freedom over this young woman, is he?" She looked at him slyly. "Didn't it ever strike you that when you don't love people enough to leave them free, you are really killing them?"

"I'm sorry—that seems to me nonsense," he said gently. His voice hardened in spite of himself. "If you can't count on a—on your friends to behave decently and rationally, what use are they? I detest"—he hesitated—"untidiness in people." With unconscious cruelty he added, "You probably don't know what I mean."

She said in a placid voice, "Nothing is of the least importance except being able to love. It's frightfully difficult—unless like Christ you have a talent for it. Nowadays we're so clever and unloving that we shall probably kill everyone in the world—which is not worse than killing one child, but, if there's no one left to repent, more malicious and stupid."

All very true, no doubt, Andrew thought dryly, *but what the devil has it to do with me?* He felt affection and something he did not recognize as contempt—the feeling he had had first as a child when he began to notice that she could do none of the things his father did so brilliantly well. She could neither swim, climb mountains, argue. *My father's rational way of looking at things must always*, he reflected, *have been hard on her*. For the first time in his life he wondered briefly whether she had been happy; whether her life lived on the margin of his father's splendid one was what, if she could have foreseen it, she would have wanted. He was struck by her look of secrecy and withdrawal; it was as though he were seeing her for the first time after years of not noticing her at all. From far back in his memory a phantom brushed him—a face bent over him, a little uncertain, shy and tender. Hers? He could not be sure. He dropped the memory from his mind again at once. Phantoms are not importunate, and he had sharper thoughts.

"I must go," he said, getting up. "Don't let things worry you, my dear, and whatever else you do, don't worry about me; I'm leathery."

He rested his hand on her shoulder for an instant, and the monkey stretched up and closed its teeth on a finger, nipping it sharply, but without breaking the skin. Startled, he said, "Why, you little beast."

His mother laughed. "You weren't paying either of us any attention—and he's much vainer than I am, you know."

His mother so seldom came to his room that Ormston was surprised when, after a single gentle knock on the door, she came in. When she knocked, he had been lying on his bed, more than half asleep. He jumped up.

"I'm disturbing you," she said.

It was purely a conventional gesture, but he answered seriously. "No, you never disturb me. Is something wrong?"

She looked at him as though he must know what was obsessing her. "Rose has told me about the Durhams. It's horrible. Why didn't you tell me yesterday, Richard?"

"I'm sorry I didn't. I hate your hearing these things."

"You didn't imagine I wouldn't!" she said. "It's true I never read the papers, but. . . ." She shuddered slightly. In a harsh voice she asked, "Has the scoundrel spoken yet?"

"No, not yet," Ormston said, frowning. "He's as stubborn as a pig."

"You don't admire him for it, do you? Tell me—what are they doing to him?"

"Security has been questioning him since nine o'clock last night. They're keeping him awake." With an inflection of distaste he added, "In the end that works."

"You should have him flogged," Mrs. Ormston said calmly.

He stifled a feeling of embarrassment, even shock. "That won't be necessary, my dear. He's not mad."

"He's infinitely worse." She went on with the same arrogant calm. "I could flog him myself."

Her son smiled involuntarily. "You couldn't, you know."

"Anything—I would do anything to end these horrors. The poor Durhams." She closed her eyes, letting the bruised lids quiver against the dry skin below them. Suddenly they lifted, and she gave him an anxious, penetrating glance. "There's something I ought to tell you," she said gravely. "I had a letter this morning from Cousin Gerald, my dear old Gerald."

She paused. Ormston waited, unsmiling and bored, for the rest of it. He knew her dear Gerald too well to expect anything pleasant. The old man had been a house pet of every prime minister and foreign secretary during more than half a century; he was one of those perpetual filters of the political sewers through whom every secret, every scandal, flows sooner or later, is docketed, purified and turned, as far as can be, into vapor—the filter itself remains pure. He was supposed to have written or be writing his memoirs; they might or might not be discreet, but undoubtedly they would have their poison drawn before, if ever, they were published. A wise fellow, Master Gerald, not likely, at his age, to muff his chances of an O.M., the only honor he wanted and would take.

"I don't like telling you this, my darling, but Gerald says there is a great deal of criticism of you in London—in important circles—and that it's growing. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you, but I felt I had to, it was a duty. You must forgive me."

"It's hardly news to me that I have enemies"—his frigid bitterness was not meant for her, but she frowned—"or that at least one of them would be happy to see the situation here get worse and bloodier so long as it meant that *I* had failed."

"I think Gerald could be useful to you," she said coolly.

"I dare say."

"Well, write to him, my dear. Ask him to help—no, to advise you—that's a better way to put it. A word from him in the right quarter. . . . I could write, but I think he feels you have neglected him. He's just a little vain, dear old boy."

"If you can write to him," he said slowly, "do. I don't care to."

"A letter from me won't have the effect," his mother said. "Why won't you ——" She hesitated and went on in a lighter voice. "One of the criticisms of you is that you're impatient, you too often cold-shoulder people you think unimportant—at the time they may be, but things change—you keep them at arm's length, as if you were evading them. There's some truth in it, you know, my dear."

"I've done my share of listening and flattering," Ormston said. *The right word for the right man at exactly the right moment*. "If it appears to be to dear Cousin Gerald's advantage to help me now, he will. If not ——" He shrugged.

The look of annoyance on his mother's face vanished as quickly as it had come. "Are you vexed with me for telling you about his letter?"

"I rely on you with my whole heart," he said warmly. Only she and Andrew roused this warmth, this tenderness, in him, poles distant from his love for other women. "I can't remember a time when I didn't."

"I only told you because I'm anxious, I don't want anything to harm you—your career." She smiled at him. "I'm so proud of you, so terribly ambitious for you. You are my life—I haven't any other, or any ambitions except for you."

"I know," he said.

She stood up. "I must go, my dear. Rose has been waiting all this time to brush my hair."

At the door he stooped to kiss her, but she moved past him quickly, with the energy she could use when she liked.

At this moment he recalled that during the afternoon his wife had sent a message asking him to see her before dinner. *I can spare her ten minutes*, he thought coldly, *not more*.

To his relief, when he went into her room, the monkey was nowhere in sight. Glancing round, he said, "Sophie, I wish to heaven you'd do something about this room—or let my mother do something, if you can't bother with it yourself. It's hideously uncomfortable."

"I like it," his wife said.

"That's exactly what I complain of."

"It doesn't matter," she said, with an equivocal smile, half mocking, half friendly, "you never come here unless I ask you."

"I come as soon as you do. What did you want, my dear?"

She glanced away from him. "You're sending Andrew into the country, aren't you?"

Now what is she after? he wondered. "Yes. To Lante."

"Don't," she murmured, "don't do it, Richard." (*Continued on Page 71*)

"It makes you look thirty years younger."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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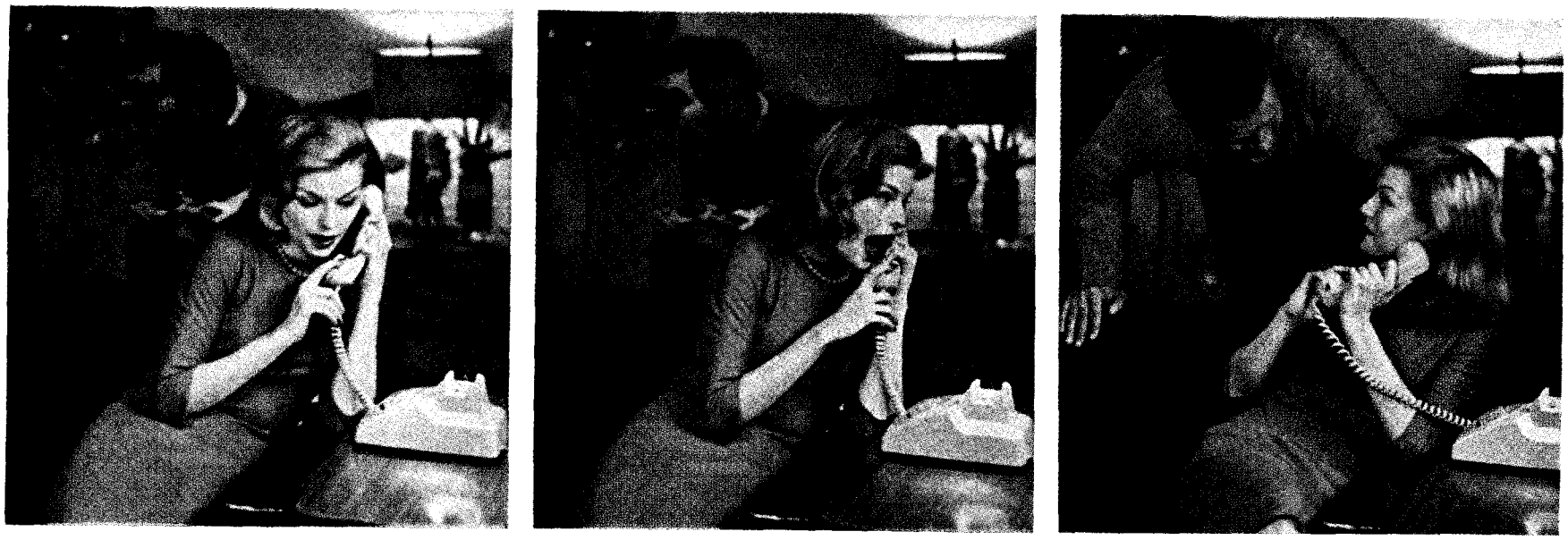

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(*Continued from Page 66*) He frowned in an effort to hide his impatience. "My dear girl, why not? It will do him a world of good—give him a little change."

In a diffident voice she said, "He has only two or three more weeks here. I don't see him often."

He felt a little sorry for her, and irritated. "My poor Sophie, surely you don't expect a young man to want to hang around his parents. Andrew is twenty-two."

A muted stubborn look came into her face. "He likes being with you."

A somewhat different matter, he thought lightly. "All this is rather foolish, my dear. I don't want the boy to waste the whole of his time here; he can be useful to Colonel Graham, if only to fill out dockets—two of Graham's officers are on sick leave." She did not speak, and he went on in a sharper voice, "Has he complained to you?"

"No, of course not."

"Very well then."

She was silent a moment, then lifted her head abruptly and looked at him with surprising coolness. "Why did you marry me, Richard?"

Twenty-three years is a long time, in an exacting life, to remember what decent reasons you gave yourself at the time for doing a shabby thing. Glancing at her, to get his bearings in her erratic thoughts, he noticed that she was paler than usual; for less than a moment he saw her in the dress she had worn for her wedding in the fashionable London church; it had been made by one of the great houses, it was chalk white, and it quenched pitiably what looks she had. She ought never to have been put into an elaborate dress. She held herself rigid, frowning slightly; her hand, when he took hold of it to place the ring, was icily cold.

He was unable to keep his exasperation out of his voice. "Why ask that now?" he said.

"I know why. For my money. It's not important."

His exasperation died. Against his will he was swept back to his first sight of her—at a dinner party where his hostess, an elderly woman who took a warm and not altogether virtuous interest in him, had made a point of their meeting. She sat beside him in nearly unbroken silence; he supposed she was nervous, and he felt sorry for her and very bored, and made himself agreeable. It was after this that he learned she was immensely rich. At the time it meant a great deal to him. He intended to behave well, to share the excitements and successes of his life with her, to be as attentive a husband as she had a right to expect, and a good father to their children. Surely it was not his fault that the only part of this design which was ever carried out was the last? Not his fault that she had become a spectator, sitting silent at her own dinner table and, whenever she could, avoiding public men and occasions like the plague.

She chose her place, he told himself. *Let her keep it.*

He said kindly, "Even if that were true, it would be a foolish thing to say, foolish and harmful—to your self-respect as much as mine. If I hadn't had a great respect for you, I shouldn't have wanted to marry you, and you can't have thought too badly of me—or not at the time." He made an effort to smile at her. "I don't ill-treat you, do I?"

She looked down at her small, folded hands. "Respect? Yes, of course. I'm talking nonsense. I'm sorry."

She might as well know, he thought. 'The real reason I'm sending Andrew away is to get him out of Miss Leng's claws."

"Haven't you done that already?" she murmured.

"You can't be sure of the young. They're capable—even the most self-possessed and intelligent—of abysmal silliness."

One of her vacillating smiles crossed her face. "If that's true, you can never have been young."

"Possibly not." He stood up.

"Don't go for a minute," she said rapidly. "Tell me something—you hate the girl, don't you? Quite unreasonably. Why?"

He said impatiently, "Unreasonably? It's reasonable enough, in all conscience. But in fact I don't hate her—why should I? All I am doing is to save the boy from making a ruinous mistake—now, when he could so easily spoil his whole life. Surely, my dear girl, you can understand that?"

"You hate her," his wife repeated. "I'll tell you why you do. Because she is taking Andrew from you, and you can't, can you, let yourself hate *him* for going."

He thought savagely, *What nonsense!* The anger he felt shocked him by its violence. He stifled it and said, "Why on earth should I hate him?"

"You hate us all," she told him in a matter-of-fact voice.

"My dear Sophie!"

"Andrew, you know, loves you," she said.

"I'm sure of it."

She threw her hands up. "Then why, why are you so afraid he doesn't? Why can't you forgive him for turning from you to his girl? You might have expected that."

His anger swept back, hardening in him so that he found it difficult to breathe. "I don't expect him to pick up a shoddy little whore."

"My poor Richard," she said after a moment, softly. "If that's what you think she is, it gives you every excuse for getting rid of her. But is she?"

She doesn't know what she's saying, he thought coldly. "You're overtired. Why don't you lie down for a few minutes before dinner?"

"I'm wasting your time, aren't I?"

"Yes." He frowned. "That's abominably rude. Forgive me."

"It doesn't matter," she said lightly. "But tell me something. What does your mother think about it?"

"You must know what she thinks. That the girl couldn't be more unsuitable, no family, no money—and no morals."

"Your mother is prodigiously moral, isn't she? I've sometimes felt she would be less alarming if she weren't."

The look of humorous mockery on her face startled him. He had an absurd idea that he must get away before she said something irreparable. *What could she say?* he thought. He did not want to believe that she was capable of surprising him, and in the same moment he remembered uneasily that she had said something like this about his mother before, years before. It was during the time when Mrs. Ormston was still trying patiently to mold her. A young servant in the house had turned out to be a thief—and pregnant as well. Mrs. Ormston sacked her. Sophie, acting for the first time in their married life without consulting him, revoked the dismissal. He was present when his mother told her kindly that she mustn't do these awkward things. Sophie did not answer, staring at her with a shut, expressionless face. He felt that his mother had said quite enough, and he was on the point of intervening to help Sophie over the awkwardness she must be feeling, when she glanced up and said, "You are terribly too moral. The girl will stay until she wants to go; she is my business, not yours."

"You haven't understood," Mrs. Ormston began curtly, "she's a slut ——"

Sophie cut her short, with the direct contempt of a child: "It is you who haven't understood—or forgotten—that I pay the servants' wages."

This was the only time she showed any hostility to his mother. *And*, he thought sharply, *the only time she spoke of her money*. But it was then that she began to turn her back.

He wanted to get away. "Forgive me," he said again, "I haven't time now."

Sophie did not speak.

Closing the door, he pushed her out of his mind, with such desperate haste that her image spun dizzily away to reach its normal state and place as a barely visible pencil mark on the margin of his thoughts.

What's Going On Here?

A United States senator from Tennessee, who has consistently opposed the views of most Tennesseans and other Southerners, is dragged from his train at Lynchburg, Virginia, while en route home. Angry critics rough him up, place a rope around his neck and decide to hang him. At the last minute they release him so that his opponents in Tennessee may have the pleasure of stringing him up. Who was the senator, and what became of him?

Curtis Iddings Jr.

(*Answer on Page 71*)

Before ringing for his servant he telephoned to police headquarters. In an edged voice Frent told him that X was on the point of giving in.

"Are you sure?" he asked with a leap of the heart.

"A matter of hours or minutes."

"Good." He added coolly, "You've done well."

"Thank you, sir."

Putting the receiver down, he wondered for a second whether he had imagined a sarcastic inflection in Frent's voice. Relief overwhelmed him, relief, triumph almost, quivering in him, an acute feeling of pleasure. And why not? Who had a better right to enjoy his power than a man to whom it had not been handed on a piece of the family plate? *I earned my authority*, he thought. *It's mine by right of conquest, of discipline and of knowing how to use it, decently.* He felt a contemptuous pity for Boyd. *I knew we should break him,* he thought, smiling.

He had a moment's malicious joy at the thought of two or three imbeciles who were going to have to sing very small when he talked to them in London next week. Very small indeed, damn them. As always he had been justified. As always. *I've never yet had a bad failure*, he thought.

Two days later, on Thursday evening, Boyd was still holding out, still, after four days and nights, being questioned hour after hour, his questioners succeeding each other in relays, and still mute or outrageously, often obscenely, mocking. Frent reported twice a day to the governor, who had begun to dislike the sound of his voice so intensely that he caught himself wondering why Boyd did not give in if only to be rid of it boring through his ears into his brain like a dentist's tool.

Ormston had rejected the impulse to see Boyd again, and he was obsessed by him; images of Boyd, thoughts, fragments of dialogue, ground into the back of his skull all day, behind everything else he was thinking or saying, lay down with him at night, corroding his dreams, and pressed against his eyelids as he woke. The pity, little generous as it was, that he had felt for his friend when he believed he had given in, sank in a swell of rage and exasperation. At moments he felt that if he could flog Boyd's secrets out of him, he would do it.

The conference arranged for that morning filled him with an extraordinary and very disagreeable sense of futility. There they sat, the general, two of his staff and Frent, going methodically over all the details of the plan he was taking to London next week, and it was like nothing so much as chewing sawdust. He felt it irritating his nostrils and throat. Even Frent, always at these conferences as alert as a cocked pistol, was lethargic. *Brooding*, the governor thought maliciously, *on his failure.*

When the conference broke up, Frent did not leave with the others. Standing stiffly—even his eyeballs seemed to have stiffened and yellowed—he asked, "Can you give me five minutes?"

"Certainly," the governor said. "Sit down. You want to talk about Boyd."

"Yes." A curious dullness came over his face; it seemed to thicken the flesh. "It's quite obvious, sir, that we're not going to break him by normal methods. The fellow ——" He broke off, with savage impatience. "Any sense of shame is completely lacking, and shame, y'know, is what usually breaks a man of his class, an educated man."

Instinctively the governor avoided trying to understand what this meant, what sort of pressure had been put on Boyd in the effort (*Continued on Page 74*)

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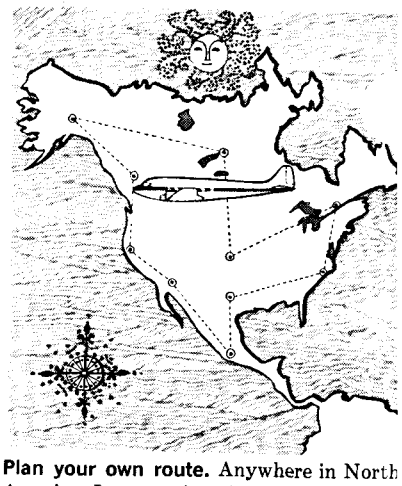

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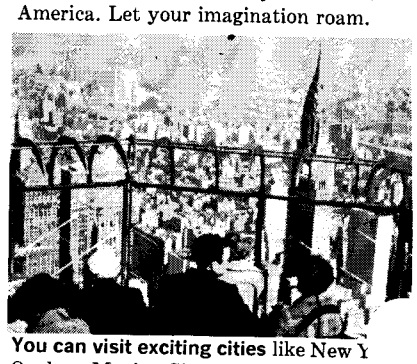

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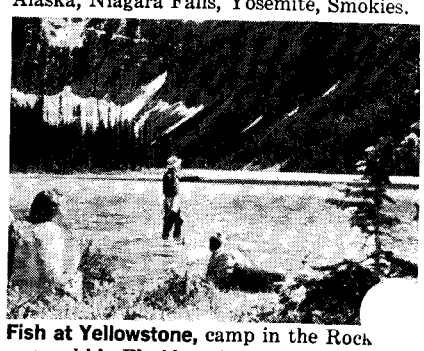

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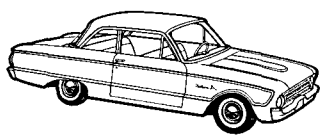

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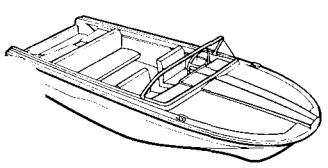

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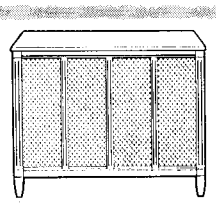

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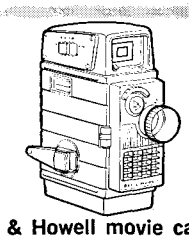

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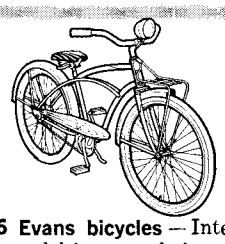

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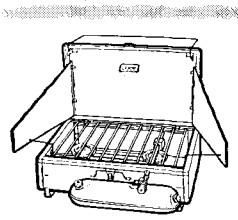

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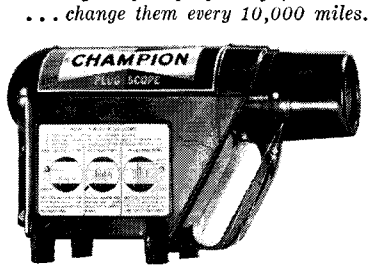

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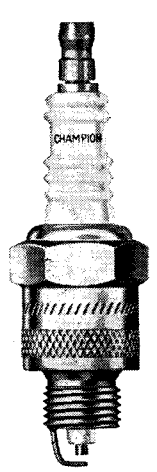

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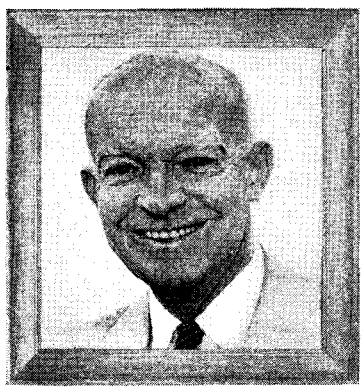

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(*Continued from Page 71*) to humiliate him. "What do you propose to do?"

Frent paused very briefly. "To try what can be done by rather less orthodox methods."

"Aren't there drugs?" the governor said. As he said it he had the sensation of being tapped on the shoulder by a hand he knew to be hostile.

Frent's eyes were fixed on him. "I believe so. I know nothing about them."

The beating of the governor's heart slowly quietened. He stood up, and walked over to the bookshelves; standing there in the pretense of searching, with his back to Frent, he said, "I'd better see him again."

"If you think it will be of any use," Frent began. Realizing his *gaffe*, he said quickly, "I should be immensely grateful, sir, if you would. When ——"

"Today," the governor interrupted. "This evening. Possibly very late." He turned round. "I'll let you know." Frent did not move at once, and he said, "I'm sorry to have to hurry you out. I have an appointment."

After Frent left he sat for a minute, eyes closed, then had Robin come in. When he heard the door opening, he looked up with a feeling of affection. There was something better than pleasant in the sight of his secretary's young, clear face, its smoothness untroubled by any objectionable or inexpedient passions. It was like a cool bath.

"What's my dinner party this evening, Robin? Something quite unimportant, isn't it?"

Robin allowed himself the faintest of smiles. "You are giving Mr. Letterby dinner, sir. Alone. He's flying home tomorrow."

"Ah, the Labor fellow, yes. Boisterous, smokes a cigar and has the answers at the end of his tongue. There's something wrong with a system which throws these fellows up as leaders. They don't think, they feel. Colonel Frent has had time to get back, I think. Ring him up and tell him I'll be with him this evening before eleven. That gives Letterby as much time to unburden himself as he deserves." Catching a gleam of excitement in his secretary's eyes, before the smooth lids dropped prudently, he smiled. "No, our prisoner hasn't uttered yet."

"Isn't that unusual, sir?"

The governor gave way to the temptation to startle him. "No, it's not so surprising, he—I didn't tell you this, did I?—he *is* an Englishman."

"Good Lord, is he really?" Robin stammered. "Shooting is too good for him; we ought to hang him."

Ormston looked at him with an amused, friendly irony. "There are moments when you make me feel very old, dear boy."

His secretary blushed.

Well fed, well wined and with the conviction that he had made an excellent impression on a courteously attentive and intelligent governor, the guest was eased out of Government House soon after ten o'clock. Two minutes after he had left, Ormston was on his way to police headquarters. In a corner of his mind a half-inaudible voice went on repeating fatuously that the game was going to be played out tonight, win or lose.

This time Boyd was brought to him in a small room, Frent's sitting room, a very bare place, furnished with two armchairs, a table, a standard lamp and a narrow bookcase. He looked with a little curiosity at the titles of the books—military histories, with a sprinkling of books about birds and bird watching. The sound of some heavy thing being dragged across the landing gave him a prick of alarm, and he swung round to watch the door open. He felt instant relief when he saw Boyd standing in the doorway.

He had not been handcuffed, and he was grasping the frame of the door with one hand; with the other he made a vague gesture of greeting, then passed it across his face. In a slurred voice he drawled, "They might have shaved me for you, I think. May I sit down?"

He rocked a little on his feet and blinked grotesquely puffed eyelids at the light. The two guards behind were not looking at him, but at the governor. Ormston waved them away; they went out, closing the door.

Shambling across the room, Boyd dropped into an armchair. His head lolled forward, as though the neck had snapped, and he breathed without a sound. He was asleep.

"Anthony!" the governor said sharply.

He felt dismay, and then a weak horror. He had not tried to imagine the effect on the other man of four sleepless days and nights. Now that he saw it, it shocked him. Boyd's face seemed to have shrunk; it was the color of a dirty yellowish-gray rag, and was in truth dirty, with a line of thick, dark bristle up the cheeks and covering the lower part of his face. He had slumped sideways in the chair, his arms hanging as though he had died of sleep.

Ormston had been watching him for a full minute before the thought jumped into his mind, *I ought not to let him sleep; it will help him.* He made a guilty movement toward repairing the damage he might have done, and hesitated, torn between pity and exasperation. *Why the devil,* he thought irritably, *need he have got himself into this mess?*

Guilt pricked him again; bending down, he shook Boyd gently—without the slightest effect; he was too far gone. Disgusted by himself, by his weakness, Ormston began to shake him violently from side to side. At last Boyd opened one eye and groaned, his chin trembling; the eye closed at once. Lifting him bodily by the shoulders, Ormston dragged him from the chair and held him up, a life-sized puppet, limbs dangling.

Boyd opened both eyes and said thickly, "Oh, it's you, is it? What do you want?"

"Wake up!" Ormston said.

"Leave me alone, Ricky. There's a good chap."

"I must talk to you," Ormston said loudly. (*Continued on Page 76*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 71)

United States Senator Andrew Johnson was returning to Tennessee to help keep that state in the Union in 1861. He toured the state in a vain effort to prevent it from seceding. Although hissed, hooted and hanged in effigy, he survived and became the only Southern senator who refused to secede with his state. Later he was elected Vice President and became President upon Lincoln's death.

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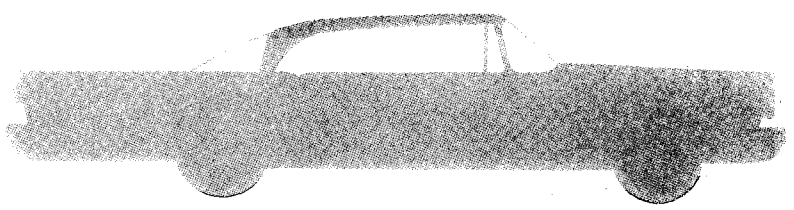

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(*Continued from Page 74*) Boyd made an effort to rouse himself, muttering something under his breath.

"What d'you say?"

"If you *must* talk," Boyd said, "I shall have to stand up." He stiffened, swayed, lurched as far as the bookcase and leaned his back against it. "What the hell is the use of this?" he grumbled. "Didn't your policemen tell you that I'm not on speaking terms with them?" He smiled briefly. "Nor with you, old boy, if your conversation runs on the same cretinous lines as theirs."

Between grief and anger, Ormston lost his head and shouted at him. "You fool, how did you get into this?"

Boyd smiled again, "Into what, Ricky, into what?"

"Into ruining this poor, helpless country—killing, defiling, destroying, robbing ordinary men and women of their simple, decent lives and chance of happiness."

"Why," Boyd drawled, "I believe you care. Extraordinary. Funny Ricky—no end to the surprises you give me." His voice changed, sharpening. "But *you* are robbing them. Why don't you give them their freedom? It's as simple as that."

"Don't talk your damned nonsense to me," Ormston said thinly. "What does a little clerk, or a market gardener, or a young woman, or a child care about freedom? They care about peace, bread and a handful of olives. They had all that before your friends began murdering."

Boyd looked at him with a gleam of mockery in eyes that seemed part of the raw flesh of their sockets. "Bread and a handful of olives—idyllic, eh? I didn't know you were a poet, Ricky."

"I'm a sane man," Ormston said, stung into a resentment he felt as contempt, "not a terrorist with the heartless certainty that he can behave as foully as he likes because he has noble motives. I know better than you that there's a political problem here. We'll solve it when we've stopped the murders—not before."

"Why didn't you solve it before they started?" Boyd said in a mild voice, yawning.

Ormston's feeling of anguish returned. "I don't understand you. I don't understand why any man turns traitor—least of all, you. I wish to God I did."

Boyd moved a hand, wincing, across his eyes; the hand was no filthier than the rest of him, but it left a mark like a bruise on one temple. He said gently, "My dear Ricky, you wouldn't even know what I was talking about if I said that, in the society we live in—without graces, without God—yapped at by a pack of officials to keep in line, suffocated by easy lies, without a touch, not one touch, of exaltation, if you know what I mean—you don't, of course—the single hope a human being has left is to find a purpose greater than himself and his boredom and appetites, and serve it. It's his only chance to be free! Why, even a Communist, serving his stupid, contemptible god, is freer than our respectable money-sweating bridge-playing *salauds*, or"—his bloodless lips twitched in a grimace of delighted irony—"an Excellency."

"I didn't know you'd become a mystic," Ormston said dryly.

Boyd laughed. "A minute ago I was a murderer."

"You're that too," Ormston said.

"We do filthy things—yes," Boyd said under his breath. He hesitated and said roughly, "You're so much stronger than we are. You—you force us to fight as we do."

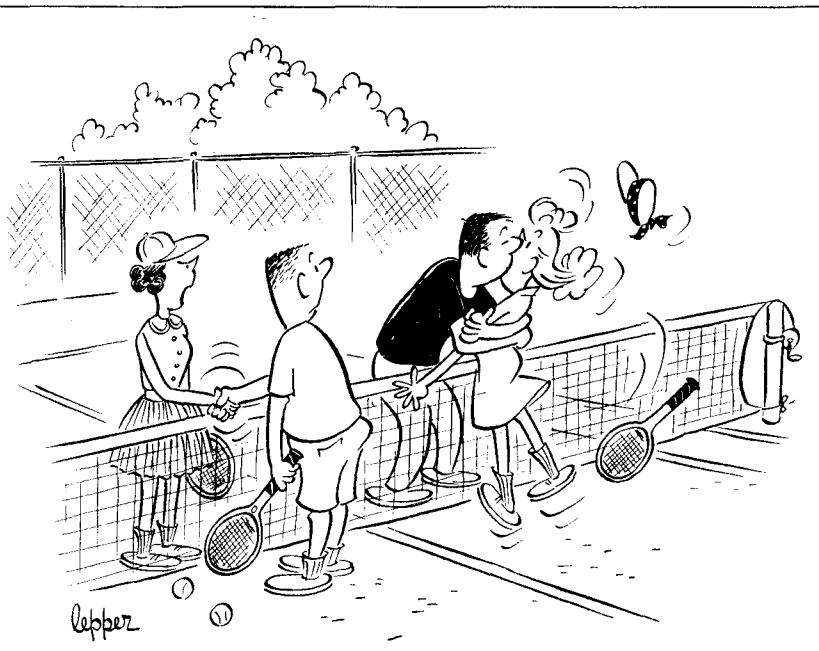
"Then don't, damn you, complain that we treat you as terrorists ought to be treated—like mad dogs."

Boyd lurched forward and clutched the edge of the table to save himself. "Temper, Master Richard, temper!"

"Do you think I'm losing my temper?"

"No, I don't. You haven't enough warmth in you to do it, you cold fish."

Turning, Ormston walked away from him to the window. "This room is suffocating," he muttered. He opened the window, dragging at the shutters, and leaned out. He heard a slithering noise and turned to see Boyd collapse at the foot of the bookcase. He reached him at a run, but Boyd was only asleep, his



"Roland's a very good loser."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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breath bubbling between parted lips. Ormston put his arms under the soiled body and pulled it up, shaking it; the breath from it nauseated him, and he pushed it roughly against the bookcase, watching the eyes open again, empty.

"Anthony, for God's sake," he said desperately, "come to your senses. I beg you, I beg you. Drop this filthy thing, help us, help me to stop the cruelty—useless—the horrible slime of fear everywhere. I beg you."

The look that came slowly into the emptiness of Boyd's eyes was purely and youthfully malicious. "Beg away," he said in a gay, hoarse voice. "I enjoy it."

A sour anger filled Ormston, rising in him until he could taste it. "We can force you to speak."

Boyd raised his eyebrows. "Just what do you mean?"

If he said, I have no idea what I mean, he would be telling as much of the truth as he knew. He made an effort and pushed past the confusion in his mind. "So far you've been handled with kid gloves ——" The stupidity of what he was saying sickened him, and he stopped.

"You're thinking of taking them off?" Boyd asked, grinning.

"You—I don't believe you even know why you like to pose as a savior of the oppressed. It flatters your shocking vanity. I called you a mad dog—you're not one, though you've been busy turning other men, younger than you are and malleable, into obscene animals—you're a man who, God knows why, has chosen to turn against his friends and to ——"

Boyd interrupted him. "You're the only friend I have," he said.

His simplicity caught Ormston across the throat; a hard knot of shame and pity rose in it, choking him. He forced himself to ignore it. "You've chosen"—he paused, and went on with a dry irony—"chosen to serve evil."

"I see. I begin to see," Boyd murmured. He lifted his hands and passed them over his face, grimacing when they touched the rough bristles. A muscle in his face twitched and kept on twitching. "Yes, I see. If I'm evil, you can do anything"—he pressed on the word—"anything to destroy me, because I'm a louse." With a flickering mischief he said, "Ricky the brave louse killer."

"You have only to tell us the truth," Ormston shouted. He heard himself shouting, and thought, *What's the matter with me? I'm making a fool of myself, I'm ill.* "I'll do my best for you—only tell me the truth, so that I can put an end to this squalid business before any more innocent people have been killed, any more bestial scenes like the one your friends staged three days ago in a decent little village. I give you my word I'll help you. I mean it, Anthony. I'll see you're not punished too harshly—I'll try ——"

"It wouldn't be the first time, would it?"

Ormston was silent.

"All I have to do is speak."

"Yes."

"And give away men who are relying on me. Don't try to drive me, Ricky."

"You're driving me," Ormston said with despair.

A pause, then Boyd said, "Have it your own way." He was smiling.

"Anthony, I beg you."

"Persistent devil you are," Boyd muttered. His voice trailed off. He was asleep.

For a minute Ormston stood looking down at him. His body had collapsed inward; a lock of hair, matted with sweat, lay over one cheek, his hands had fallen lifelessly one on top of the other, his face was that of a sick, aging man—yet with the shadow across it of a younger face with smooth, full mouth and long eyelashes. It would be no use trying to rouse him again.

Money can't buy happiness, but it makes a good down payment.

CHESTER L. MARKS

Ormston noted all this with some other faculty than thought; he did not touch the other man, but the darkness and vacancy of his mind somehow received the impression of his face and body, as if passing a blind hand over them. After a minute he moved and opened the door. The two guards were squatting, backs against the wall, at the other side of the landing. They jumped up.

"Take him away," the governor said.

They came in quickly and looked at Boyd. A glance passed between them. Without a word, with a sort of clumsy gentleness, instead of rousing him they picked him up and carried him away asleep.

Ormston was alone for a moment. His mind was still disordered, with a thread of anguish floating in the darkness behind his eyes. Frent's voice from the doorway fell across it like a clap of light. It blinded him. He turned slowly. "What did you say?"

Frent came into the room, closing the door. "Did you have any luck, sir?"

"No." He had a momentary feeling of annoyance, knowing that the police chief had expected him to fail.

There was a silence. He realized that he was stupefyingly tired. *I made a fool of myself; it was a mistake to come here*, he thought. He forced himself to attend to Frent, who was talking in a low voice which suddenly reminded the governor of the rats scraping about under the heaps of dry straw in one of the disused stables belonging to Boyd's father.

"Do you feel, sir, that there is any justification for letting the fellow hold us up in this way? He knows things that might—certainly would—allow us"—he made a curious gesture, thumb and index finger curved toward each other—"to pick out the eyes and nerve centers of the rebellion. Like that. From being an active growing body it would become a heap of *disjecta membra* we could deal with easily—oh, easily." He waited for the governor's comment; getting none, he said, "This being so, sir, I wonder whether we haven't already gone beyond reasonable limits of patience."

The governor was silent, not because he was trying to find a way out of the other's reasoning—there was no way out. He had a momentary sense that he was standing much too close to Frent, suf-

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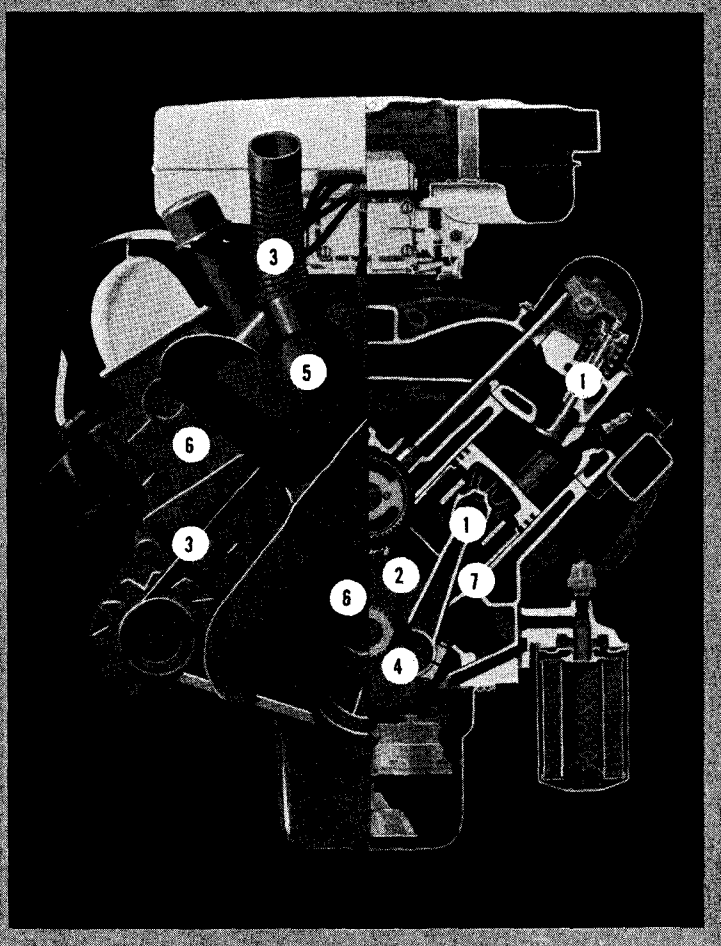

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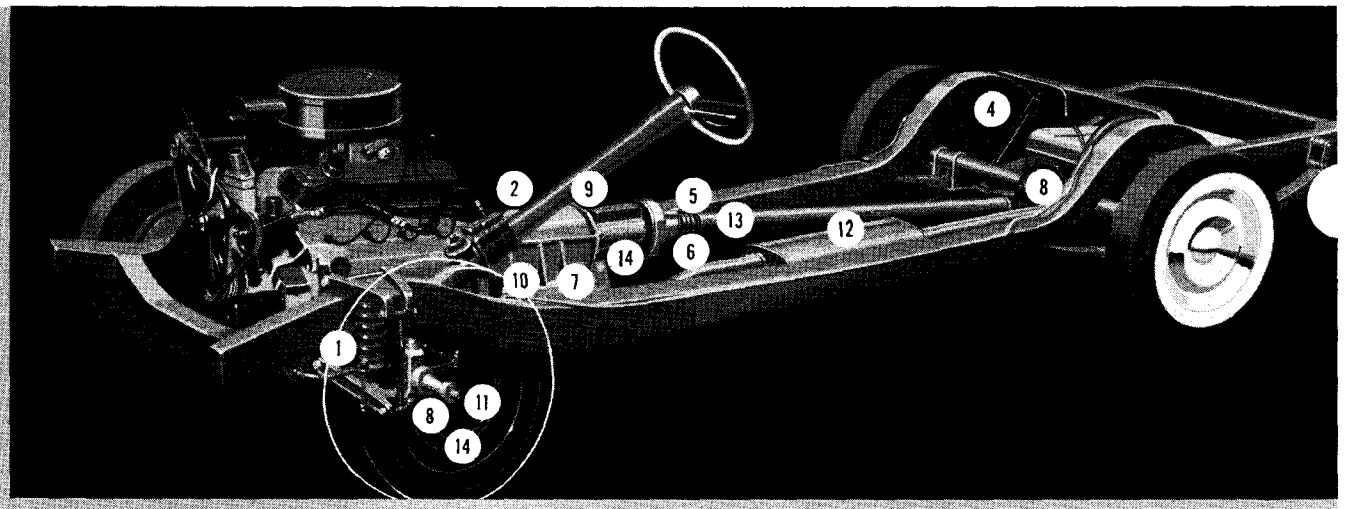

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focatingly close. Stepping back a little, he said, "He's in the last stages of exhaustion. You don't feel that further questioning ——"

With more than his usual deference, Frent said, "Do you yourself feel that another appeal to him would have any effect?"

A silence. Then, "No."

"Neither will exhaustion," Frent said.

An intolerable impatience seized the governor; he would have liked to push Frent bodily away. "You knew, didn't you, that I shouldn't do any good."

Something not quite a smile crossed Frent's thin mouth. "I'm afraid I did, sir." His voice rose and hardened. "A man wicked enough to join, not only to join but to train men to fight his own people—fight bestially—is not likely to be moved by an appeal to his decent instincts. In fact, I doubt if he has such instincts." He paused. "If I may say so, we're up against something purely evil."

Pure evil, the governor thought ironically; *what a phrase!* He felt a spasm of rage against Boyd—only because of his stubbornness. "We've been wasting time."

Frent did not speak.

"Well," the governor said, "what's your suggestion?"

Cocking his head back, Frent said briskly, "Sir, will you approve the use of other means to get the facts out of him?"

The question: *What other means?* rose in the governor's mind with extreme distinctness, in one piece, like an inscription on stone. Then the conviction that it was frantically urgent to get the information took possession of him suddenly—and gave him a feeling of relief and detachment, very pleasant. He said easily, "Yes."

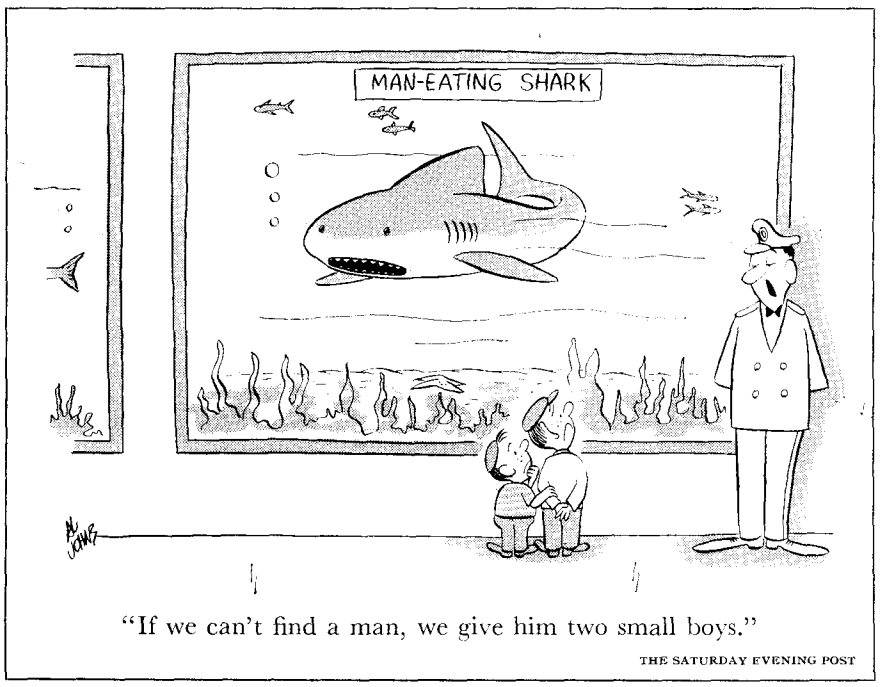
"Any means?" Frent repeated, with the barest perceptible stress.

"Yes." His fatigue rushed over him again, and he felt giddy. "Lord, I'm tired."

"You carry terrible burdens, sir," Frent said in a discreetly warm tone.

The governor glanced at him with indifference. Was there ever a worse bore? That was all he felt: boredom. He turned to go.

The windows of the dining room in the Astoria overlooked a strip of garden, dry, nearly unkempt, not more than a dozen feet of parched earth and shrubs between the windows and the low hedge which was all that separated the hotel from the street. Since the evening two years ago when a hand grenade lobbed into the room killed one customer and wounded three others, every window was protected by a steel screen. In spite of the screens, diners had a tendency to sit farther back, and what had been a coveted table, set in the recess formed by an angle of the wall, a window and two absurd and useless pillars, was rarely asked for. Partly because he had not lived here long—not long enough to have become cautious—Andrew had been in the habit of asking for it when he brought Sarah here; partly, too, because it gave them the illusion of sitting in a narrow room cut off from the rest. Fewer inquisitive eyes could watch the governor's son dining or lunching with Charles Cumberland's stepdaughter.



"If we can't find a man, we give him two small boys."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When, earlier that evening, he rang her up and asked her to see him, and after a moment, during which sweat broke out on him, she answered, "I could come to the Astoria about eight," without thinking at all he said, "Right. Our table then."

There was another silence. In an uncertain voice—was she laughing?—she stammered, "*Our* table? Very well."

Sarah was late. Suspense twisted the nerves at the center of his body into a tight knot.

She was there suddenly—walking across the room toward him with the quick, slouching step of a schoolgirl. Like the schoolgirl, too, she had, he noticed as she sat down, a streak of ink across the back of her hand. It gave him an absurd, piercing joy. "Ink on your hand," he said.

She glanced at it carelessly. "It wouldn't come off, it's indelible."

The waiter had come to the table. Andrew took the card from him.

"What would you like, Sarah?"

"I don't mind. Choose for me."

He chose almost at random. Pointing to it, he said, "I ordered a Martini for you. Was that right?"

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"Thank you."

For the first time since she came in she looked at him in the face. He thought she was going to speak, and he waited, but she said nothing; neither did he, and they looked at each other across the table in a silence Andrew felt no impulse to break. *Something*, he said to himself, *has been decided already*. Excitement and gaiety swelled in him, pressing against his ribs. They were making him lightheaded. *Whatever happens*, he thought, *whatever has happened, I am going to marry her*. He made an effort to think coolly, *Why?* There was only one answer to this grotesquely silly question: *Because she is who she is and what she is, and the one person I can live with for the rest of my life, forever, amen, even at the time when I detest her and she bores me. That's marriage*, he thought lightly.

"Shall we eat first—before we decide what to quarrel about?"

Color rose in her face. "Yes, all right."

She had not touched her Martini. Now she drank it in two gulps. The waiter filled her glass and Andrew's with the cheap blackish red wine he had chosen; she drank hers before beginning to talk quickly, her eyes widely open and gleaming, her cheeks flushed; she repeated gossip about the crisis and about his father, as though she were trying to provoke him, and made clumsily exaggerated gestures. Andrew listened without attending. He avoided touching her accidentally—with the half-conscious idea that if he did he would lose his wits altogether. Surprised, he found that he was ravenously hungry. He ate everything put in front of him, and it had no more taste than her chatter had meaning. *Now*, Andrew thought. He looked at Sarah. She was saying, "I'm certain it's true that Security has got hold of someone and is keeping him at headquarters, and I ——"

"I'm going away tomorrow," he said.

Her fingers tightened round her coffee cup. "Home? You're going home?"

"No. My father is sending me to Lante with the chief medical officer—to run errands for him."

"Oh—the epidemic—yes."

Andrew leaned toward her across the table. "We quarreled," he said quietly. "What about?"

It was obviously hard for her to speak. "You know what about," she muttered.

He had an atrocious moment. It came and went. "You'd better tell me everything. You needn't—but it would be simpler if you did."

"It's true," she said steadily, "Totty told you the truth." He forced himself to keep an expressionless face and nodded.

"He can't have told you anything worse than the truth," she went on, "but he doesn't know all of it." Her voice rose a little. "How could he? He doesn't know; he was a schoolboy when I went to live with them, but his brother, Julian, was a young man. He was as old as we are now—twenty-two. I—I admired him more than anyone in the world. He didn't notice me then—not for years. Four years. Not until I was sixteen. Then one day he did see me—and began telling me how pretty I was—and kissed me." She frowned and gave him a fierce glance. "You don't know how charming he was. He went on treating Totty as if he were still a child, but me—he treated me as if I had grown up, and that's why I fell in love with him."

"The louse," Andrew said.

Sarah looked at him with a startling directness and candor. "Oh, don't think I wasn't to blame. I knew what I was doing. I was sixteen."

"He was ten years older."

"Yes." She stopped, and went on in a humble voice, "I'm trying to be honest."

The most expensive perfume in the world is the one she is wearing when he asks her to marry him. DAVE MURRAY

He felt an agony of pity for her. He hardly knew what it was; he had never felt anything of the sort; it clawed him. "Why didn't you trust me about it?"

"I don't know." She blushed so deeply that she looked ugly. "Yes—I was ashamed."

"You needn't have been, my darling, it wasn't your fault, and it isn't important."

In her roughest voice she said, "After three years he dropped me—flat. I—I suffered. That's why I came out here; I'd been going to Oxford, but I said I'd changed my mind." A half-cynical smile came on her face. "I'd only been here a few weeks when I knew that the only thing that had been hurt was my conceit. I have to tell you that, too, because it shows that I'm not—that I'm a rather shallow character."

"My little love ——"

She interrupted him angrily. "You see? Your father was right about me."

He could not help smiling. "You don't believe that, Sarah."

"Don't you?" she asked, glaring at him.

"No. My father's too old to know what it's all about."

He wanted to protect her and he wanted to make violent love to her. The two needs tore at him together. "I love you as no other girl will ever be loved," he said quietly.

She was shaking, and he thought, *She too*. "You're all—all I want," she said.

"We can't stay here any longer. Where can we go?"

Sarah looked at her watch and said with dismay, "My goodness, I promised I'd be back in the office in an hour. It's after ten. I must go back there at once."

"No, you can't," he said.

"Oh, my darling, it's no use, there's nowhere we can go at this time. You can't come to the office, and I can't go home with you, can I?"

An unreasonable anger with his father seized him. Stifling it, he said, "No—very well, I'll take you back to the office."

The *Compatriot* office was not much more than two hundred yards from the hotel; he hurried her the short distance without speaking, in a fever of impatience. The door opened onto a small ill-lit lobby, with a porter's box, empty now, and a packing case full of old copies of

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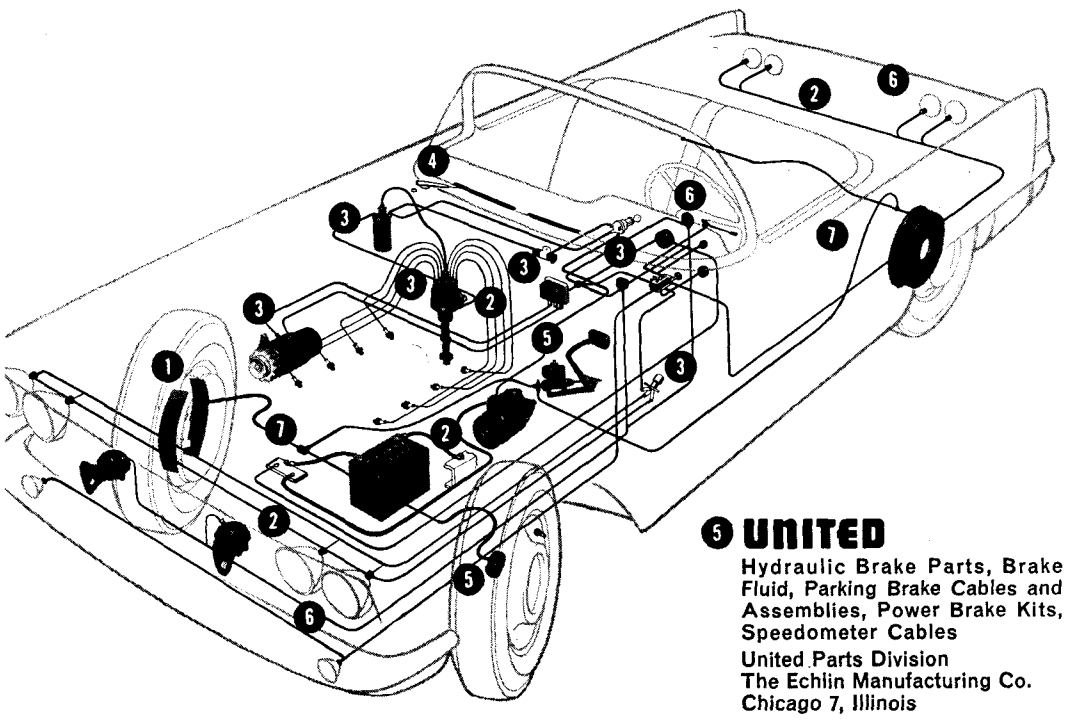

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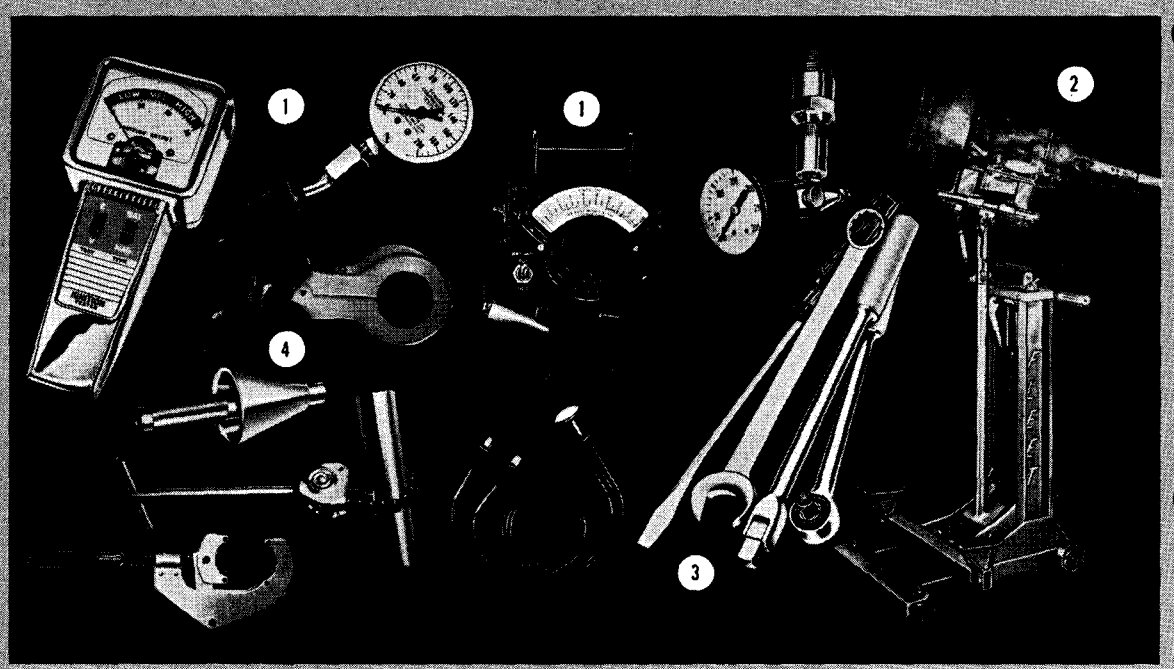

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the paper. Shutting the door, Andrew took her in his arms. They held each other with an equal fury and passion, like drowning swimmers, and he thought, *If there could only be something closer*. And in the same breath: *Making love is less than half of it*. He released her gently and said, "All right, my darling, go."

"When are you coming back?"

"Until I get to Lante I don't know. It depends what there is to do. Wait, I'll tell you where you can telephone to me. You might need me for something."

He caught her young, triumphant smile in the half-darkness. "But I shall always need you," she cried. "Always, always."

During Friday and Saturday the governor drove to all four of the larger towns in the colony, turning off his road to visit villages, a civilian hospital and an outpost in the low hills. He got home from the last of these after midnight on Saturday and slept late. His servant had orders to call him at nine o'clock; sometime before then, half awake, he heard Robin Hind's voice in the corridor; he was talking to the servant, and a minute later Robin knocked and came in.

The governor knew what it was about before the door opened; lifting himself on an elbow, he said, "You've had Colonel Frent on the telephone."

"Just this minute, sir. I thought I should tell you."

"Yes, of course. Well?"

"He said, 'Tell His Excellency that we've got through.' That was all."

"Run away," he said. "I'll get up."

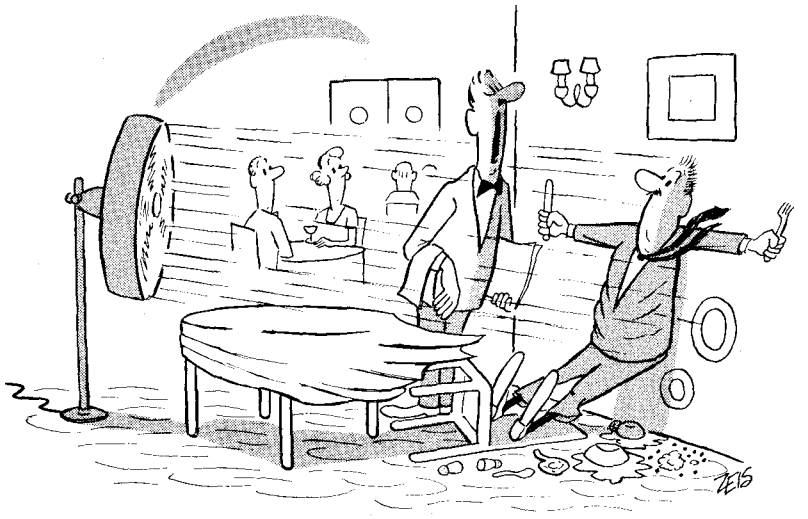
When he was dressing, he felt suddenly the effect of the tension he had been living with, his knees gave way, and he sat down, resting his face in his hands. Since the moment when he had watched Boyd being taken away by his guards, he had ceased to think about him—except as an obstacle, a dark, shapeless mass which had to be moved or dodged round.

The half-formed idea that he might need not a witness but a separate record occurred to him when he was drinking his coffee, and he decided to take Robin with him to police headquarters. The young man was pleased and showed it in the ingenuous smiling look with which he said, "When exactly was it they caught him? Sunday night, wasn't it, sir? That's nearly a week."

"A damned obstinate fellow," the governor said. "Always was."

He caught the flicker of curiosity on Robin's face, and reflected that he had given it away that the prisoner was a man he had known.

"Of course, when we release the story," he said easily, "we shall give his name. I'll tell it to you now—you may even have seen him. He is Anthony Boyd." With a foolish reluctance he added, "The husband of the Mrs. Boyd you do know."



"Let me know if that fan bothers you, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His secretary's air of surprise and stupefaction made him for a moment look so unfledged that the governor smiled. Pulling himself together, Robin said, "What will happen to him, sir?"

"Happen to him? What do you mean?"

"What does happen to traitors?" the young man asked quietly. "After all, we're practically at war here."

"Ah, we'll leave that to the lawyers," the governor said pleasantly.

He had no intention of doing it. Whatever he could do in London to help Anthony he would do. Not because of his half promise—which Anthony after all had jeered at—but out of kindness, out of memory. Out, yes, of an old affection.

Frent was waiting for them in his office. He looked sprucer even than usual; his uniform itself seemed to be new, fresh from the tailor, and his cheeks were faintly rosy. The smile with which he rose to greet the governor had a little, a very little, warmth behind formal politeness.

As the door shut he laid some papers on the table, between himself and the governor, with an air of contentment and gentle pride, very like an old maid showing off her geraniums.

"It's nearly all here, sir—not a great deal to come. The whole setup. Names, stores of arms, routes, agents, organizations and"—he hesitated briefly, glancing at Robin Hind—"immediate plans."

Robin looked at the governor, who nodded and said, "Go downstairs and wait for me." An idea sprang in him with startling suddenness, as though forced up from a depth. *One of us*, he thought, *should see Anthony. I needn't, if I send him to do it, go myself—or not yet.* "Is there

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any objection to his seeing the prisoner? Simply to take a look at him. Not to talk to him, of course."

This time Frent's hesitation was noticeable. He said coolly, "If you think it advisable." He looked at the young man. With something between amusement and contempt, he said, "If Mr. Hind would like to look at him, why not?"

He scribbled quickly on a memorandum slip. "Give this to Captain Berg."

"Come back here in a quarter of an hour," the governor said.

"Yes, sir."

As soon as he had gone, the governor asked Frent, "And the immediate plans?"

"Very much what I expected," Frent said, smiling. "But more thorough, better thought out—and better equipment. Roughly, two stages; in the first, more murders of settlers, people like the Durhams, taking care to include children, by their own servants where possible, with their servants if these didn't cooperate willingly. The country is divided into districts, and in each district one man is responsible for the killings—there is a list of proposed victims. The second stage was to be more—shall we say?—conventional: simultaneous raids on airfields, bridges, power stations, and more murders—district officials, police, more important settlers. Very neatly planned—with, if I may say so, imagination. What he called 'B' Day—his own initial, do you suppose?—would naturally not have been the success he expected, but it would have been unpleasant enough." Leaning forward, he tapped the papers gently with one finger. "You'll find it very interesting reading."

The governor glanced at him without moving his head. "He began to talk—when?"

"Early this morning, sir. About four o'clock." With a simple pleasure he went on, "It's very satisfactory. To tell you the truth, I didn't expect him to hold out for so long—fifty-three hours ten minutes is the figure, I think, the exact figure. He broke suddenly. We got everything in less than an hour."

The conviction that what had happened was atrocious came to the governor at this moment. He knew it in the way that a man admits to himself suddenly that the pain he has been ignoring is a cancer. Stretching his hand out, he said coldly, "Let me look at the report."

Frent pushed the papers toward him. "A copy of this draft is on its way to General Smith now." For the first time he allowed a thread of excitement to come into his voice, raising it a tone. "The whole situation is changed. If I were a religious man, I would say that we had had God on our side."

He envied Frent his single-mindedness, his conviction—complete, unshakable—that he was justified in doing anything he considered necessary. It was a moral and an emotional conviction, and it must have been the greatest help to him in his career of a soldier, a good soldier, turned policeman.

He sank himself in the report. For the first minute or so he was disturbed by an echo of Boyd's voice, rising through the lines like the ghost of a breeze in dry reeds. The obsession vanished as his mind took in the implications of the document under his eyes. *He hasn't held anything back, not a single item of importance*, he thought. A feeling of relief rose through him, drowning his uneasiness in a flood of cold, lucid thankfulness. He thought dryly, *If God hasn't been on our side, at least He didn't act against us.*

He read for something like five minutes, then said, "I'll take this away with me. Rather luckily, as it happens, General Smith is lunching with me. I needn't get hold of him before then. If you will ——"

As the door opened he looked up, frowning, and saw his secretary standing there, his face the color of a man who may be sick at any moment, gray and covered with a film of sweat. He closed the door noisily—his hands were shaking—and came in. He began speaking in a dull, frightened voice. "Do you know what they've done to him? They—I can't tell you—things no one would believe. Sir, I ——"

He sat down, and stood up again with ludicrous suddenness, roused by Frent's voice as sharply as if a cup of icy water had been thrown over him.

"What the devil do you mean by coming in in this state?" Frent said. He stopped as if he had remembered that Hind was not his subordinate, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir."

The governor's only sensation was one of faint disgust, as though a stuffed animal he was holding had begun to bleed over his fingers. "I'll talk to you later. You'd better go back now."

The young man opened his mouth, closed it without speaking, and went out.

"Ought he to be turned loose in this hysterical state?" Frent said.

The governor moved his hand, brushing this aside. In the same moment, using an energy that seemed to be stretching and tearing the nerves round his heart, he brushed Boyd himself out of the way. Pressing his hand down on the papers, he thought, *I can't attend to anything now except this.* A single point gave way in his mind, a light trickle of earth on the slope threatened by an avalanche. "I should like to be assured that Boyd . . ." A movement of his fingers completed the sentence.

Frent said quietly, "You can feel sure that the prison doctor—a most competent fellow—is looking after him properly and skillfully."

After a moment the governor said, "I'll see him myself later."

It was not a question, but Frent answered as if it had been. "Certainly."

TO BE CONCLUDED

... ...

Note to All Club Members

Not that I wish to intimate that
workers are commandeered,
But sit very still and don't wave
to your friends,
Or you'll find you've
volunteered!

Shirley Foster

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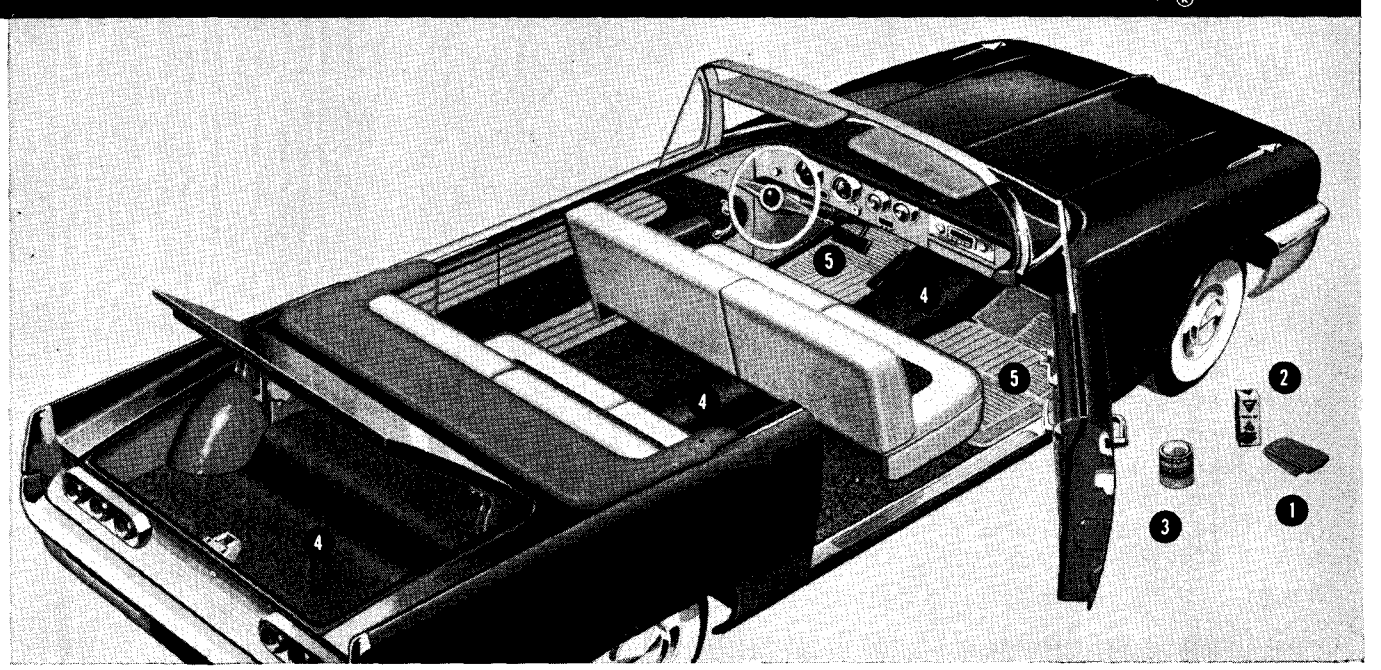

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If it has, your neighbors will probably let you know. But you can be proud of your car, after years of use and thousands and thousands of miles driving, with the help of the maintenance supplies and accessories which service-repair establishments either have ready for you, or can get almost instantaneously from their nearby N·A·P·A Jobber. The nationally-known companies listed here are leaders in the manufacture of products that will give your car new beauty and sparkle.

1 **B★K** Polishing Cloths, Brushes, Sponges, Chamois; (*more than 1600 other service and supply necessities*).
B★K Service Products • Indianapolis, Indiana

2 **MAC'S** Cleaner and Glaze protect your car's finish from scratches and weather oxidation for over a year. (Mac's Automotive Chemicals keep the inside clean, too.)
Mac's Super Gloss Co., Inc. • Los Angeles 42, California

3 **MARTIN-SENOUR** Automotive Colors, Undercoats, Thinners and Reducers, Specialties
The Martin-Senour Company • Chicago 8, Illinois

4 *Prospect* Contour Replacement Front, Rear and Trunk Mats, all built to original equipment standards.
Prospect Rubber Company • Cleveland 3, Ohio

5 **trophy** Floor Mats, Litter Baskets–harmonizing colors.
Rubbermaid, Inc. • Wooster, Ohio

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Why I Love Ireland (Continued from Page 20)

little they eat," he explained, "I wouldn't be without one." Or the story, told by the white-haired publican behind the bar, of the lady whose husband fell off a barge in the Liffey and drowned, leaving her a sizable insurance. "Isn't it fine that Shamus should provide for you so well," her neighbors consoled her, "and him not able to read or write." "Or swim either, glory be to God," the widow added devoutly.

And yet the laughter is blended with a strange ineffable sadness, as though the country were preoccupied with its tragic history, brooding on what Joyce called "a splendour that vanished long ago." Centuries of foreign oppression and civil wars and famine have resulted in a mass tide of emigration, and the number of inhabitants has dwindled steadily to the present total of less than 4,000,000. So heavy was the exodus during the last century, up to 1950, that the population dropped 50 per cent. Lately the trend has reversed, but westbound planes are still filled with emigrants who have earned enough money to go to the States, according to Liam Boyd, manager of Trans World Airlines in Dublin.

"No people love their country more," he remarked, "or leave it quicker." I asked him why, and he said with quick pride, "So they can earn enough money to come back to Ireland." Boyd paused and added, "The Irish are a wandering people, and even today, with the rapid economic expansion, they cannot resist following the old Irish proverb, 'Faraway cows have longer horns.'"

In Dublin we sought out J. R. Harris, noted outdoor writer and entomologist, to ask his advice on where to fish. Harris is not only one of the foremost angling authorities but also the finest fly tier in Ireland. One glance at our American lures and he brushed them aside with a snort of contempt. "Now what Irish trout would look at those Yankee flies?" he demanded, taking an envelope of assorted hackle feathers and some spools of silk thread and a small vise from the pockets of his voluminous tweed jacket and proceeding to tie us a whole new set of patterns as he laid out our trip. This was late summer, and the best fishing at this time of year, he suggested, was in western Ireland, where the sea trout and salmon were running in the streams of Connemara and County Mayo. On his recommendation we acquired sou'westers to protect us against the Atlantic storms, and a sturdy British Land Rover which could handle the bogs and boulders of the rough back country. We also acquired Dick Harris, who decided over a round of drinks to come along tomorrow to show us the way. "I never let work interfere with fishing," he assured us.

> The best gift for the girl who has everything is a police whistle.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

Ireland can be crossed from one coast to the other in half a day, including pub stops, and the landscape changes as swiftly as an Irishman's moods. The roar of Dublin traffic ceased abruptly at the city limits, fading away behind us like the sound of surf, and a moment later we were moving through a peaceful green countryside. Ireland's rich central plain, called the Midlands, produces most of its famous Thoroughbred horses; and now and then, through a gateway in the solid walls that lined the highway, we could catch a glimpse of lush velvet pastures and grazing cattle, with the crumbled walls of a medieval abbey silhouetted against the horizon. As we continued west, however, the fertile soil began to peter out, and more and more boulders appeared, until we entered a wasteland of bare ledges and rock-strewn hillsides, crisscrossed with stone walls piled up by the inhabitants to clear a few sparse acres for farming. This is Connacht Province. When Cromwell laid waste to Ireland, burning the cities and creating the ruins which are a permanent feature of the country, he seized the rich Midlands and divided them among his soldiers; and to the dispossessed Irish, he offered the grim alternative: "To hell or to Connacht."

Connacht comprises the five western counties of Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim and Roscommon. The largest city is Galway, whose ancient site has been identified as Magnata, mentioned by Ptolemy in the second century. Its early Anglo-Norman settlers guarded themselves by strict laws against any intercourse with their Gaelic neighbors, and an edict of 1518 stated that "neither O nor Mac shall strutte ne swagger thro' the streets of Galway." For centuries they traded with Spain, and traces of Moorish architecture are still visible in the old buildings of the city. On a nearby hill, Dick Harris found several specimens of the rare St.-Dabeoc's-heath, a giant heather found elsewhere in the world only in Spain.

In the mouth of Galway Bay are the three Aran Islands, celebrated in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, one of the most primitive spots in Europe. The everyday language is Gaelic, and the old customs and traditions of the Gael are preserved. The women wear huge shawls woven in geometric patterns, curiously similar to those of the Lapps, and they weave all their own clothing. Every Aran Island man has a white homespun coat called a *bawneen*, and the common footgear is a pampootie, a heelless shoe of hide. Even the soil of these windswept islands is created by hand, a mixture of sand and kelp, and is kept from blowing away by low retaining walls; and the fishermen still troll the sea in black currachs, small boats of laths and tarred canvas instead of hide—the only change since bygone days.

From Galway we followed the rugged coastline westward to Connemara, a vaguely defined region lying between Lough Corrib and the Atlantic, dominated by the majestic peaks of the Twelve Pins. Connemara is a Gaeltacht, or Gaelic-speaking area, and all the road signs were printed in the old Irish language, as difficult to pronounce as an oculist's eye chart. During their long occupation the British tried in vain to stamp out Gaelic, and the people took the precaution of giving their dogs English names, so they would not be overheard calling to them in the forbidden tongue. To this day the dogs of Connemara bear such un-Irish names as Rover or Prince. Now a knowledge of Gaelic is required in the schools, and with characteristic perverseness the people grumble at being forced to learn it. "An Irishman is at his best when he feels he is being imposed on," Dick Harris observed. "He's always better at fighting against something than he is at fighting for it."

Connemara is another Ireland, whose character changes with every shower and sudden sun. When the clouds hang low, it

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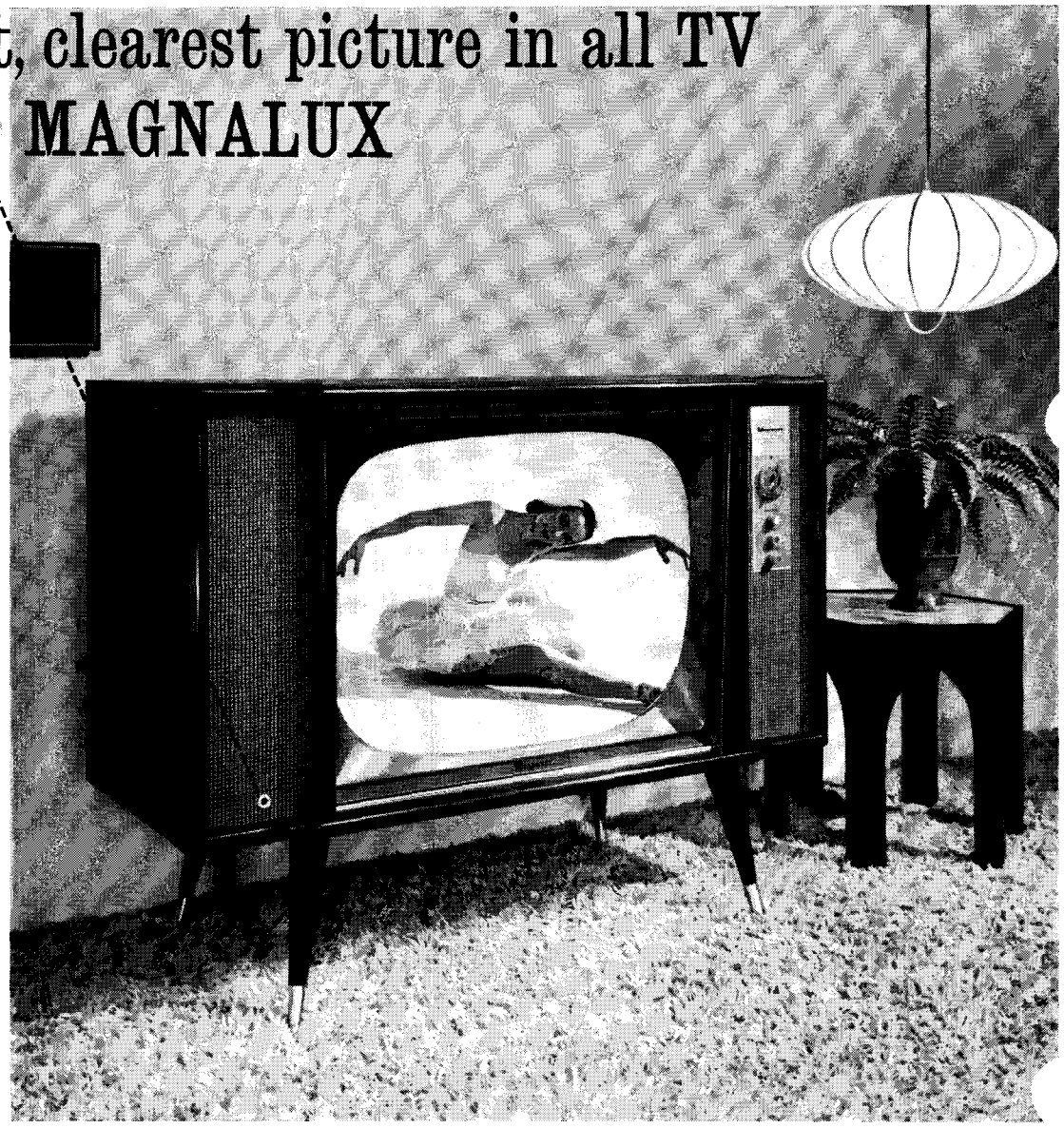

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is a desolate gray monotone of sea and rock and rain. The few trees are stunted, bent inland by the constant buffeting of the wind, and even the hillsides seem to have been blown bare. But the lifting clouds reveal a scene of fantastic color. The hills are alive with heather and gorse, reflecting their purple and yellow images in the deep blue lagoons. Every stone wall is covered with trailing fuchsia shrubs in brilliant scarlet bloom, and the sunlight glitters on beaches of pure white coral. Here and there a hidden lane leads off the highway to an exotic private estate, an oasis in the rocky desert, where palm trees and cane bamboo and tropical shrubs flourish in the Gulf Stream air, and golden pheasant wander freely over the grounds because there is no place to which they can escape in the surrounding moors.

The people of Connemara are as unpredictable as the country. They are distinct in appearance from the rest of the Irish, tall and gaunt as they stalk in their greatcoats through the rain. Their houses are plain oblongs of whitewashed rock, roofed with overlapping bundles of straw. The only fuel is peat, chopped in square blocks from the bog and piled beside the road to dry, and seaweed is hauled up from the beach to fertilize the meager garden patches. Yet there is a look of fierce pride in their sharp angular faces, a self-reliance that refuses sympathy or charity. A Connemara man will give you the shirt off his back, but don't try to take it from him by force. He has a quick temper that shifts as quickly to a grin, and a deep-seated and sometimes obdurate independence. We had arranged for a boatman in Costello and, when he failed to appear, we looked him up in the village pub. "I'm not working today," he told us amiably. "I'm drinking today."

It was at Costello that we found our sea-trout fishing, in a series of small loughs, shallow basins in the treeless tundra, connecting with the Casla River, which flows into the nearby Atlantic. A steady gale was blowing off the ocean, and the gillie held our boat sideways with an oar and let the wind drift us down the white-capped lake, while Mike Murphy and I crouched in bow and stern, casting ahead and then stripping line in rapidly as we rode up on our flies. It was not easy to keep a taut line and strike a trout; but I worked diligently to fill my creel, for I could feel the gillie's dour eye on me, criticizing every move. There is nothing like the single-mindedness of an Irish gillie. Several months before in this same lake, Dick Harris warned us, a portly British colonel had hooked into a large salmon, and in his excitement he lost his balance and toppled out of the boat. With quick presence of mind the gillie grabbed the rod, as the colonel hit the water with a splash, and played the salmon skillfully for twenty minutes until he brought it alongside and netted it; then, and then only, he turned his attention to his slightly waterlogged employer, clinging to the gunwales.

But there is still another Ireland, secret and unknown. We found it when we traveled north to Bangor Erris to fish a private stretch of the Owenduff River, a fine salmon stream formerly owned by Clive of India. Bangor Erris is in westernmost County Mayo, a vast area of heather bog at the base of the Nephin Mountains, one of the wildest and least inhabited parts of Ireland. Sheep bells tinkled eerily in the mist, and now and then our fun-loving Rover was halted by a flock clattering down the empty road, driven by a lone shepherd dog. We passed only an occasional dwelling, small and lacking any modern improvements like telephones or plumbing or refrigeration. When we stopped for refreshments at a crossroads inn, I asked the waitress for ice in my drink. "Faith an' where would ye ever be finding ice in the middle of August?" she asked incredulously.

Maybe it's the isolation, maybe it's the constant fog and rain that shroud the moors, but there are endless tales of dark magic. They tell you in whispers that Druid worship still persists back in the hills, and sheepherders claim they have seen fresh sacrifices left on a flat rock. Outside the lodge of John Craigie, our host, a huge boulder stood on the lawn, blocking the view from his window, but none of the local people would move it; years ago, they insisted, someone had struck it with a hammer, and blood had gushed forth. You are warned to carry sandwiches in your pocket when you cross the bog, for fear you may trespass on the Hungry Grass. This is a spot where a traveler died of starvation once, and henceforth anyone who sets foot on it will be seized with agonizing pangs of hunger. Superstition? Maybe; but everyone carries a crucifix when he ventures across the moors at night, and no countryman would be without a set of elf stones.

Frank McMenimen, John Craigie's veteran gillie, brought his elf stones around to the lodge that night, wrapped carefully in a white flannel cloth. He was small and wiry, with a hawk nose and gray hair as wild as the moors; and his eyes glittered behind steel-rimmed spectacles as he described the occult powers of the stones. He could not recall how long they had been in his family, he said; his ancestors had discovered them somewhere in the (*Continued on Page 85*)

FAST SERVICE FROM FARMERS

"I was hopping mad! It was not only the inconvenience of the accident, but the delay. I'm a busy man and I don't have time to waste. I'd always heard you got fast service from Farmers, but I didn't know HOW fast till then. When he got the call the Farmers man dropped everything and rushed over!

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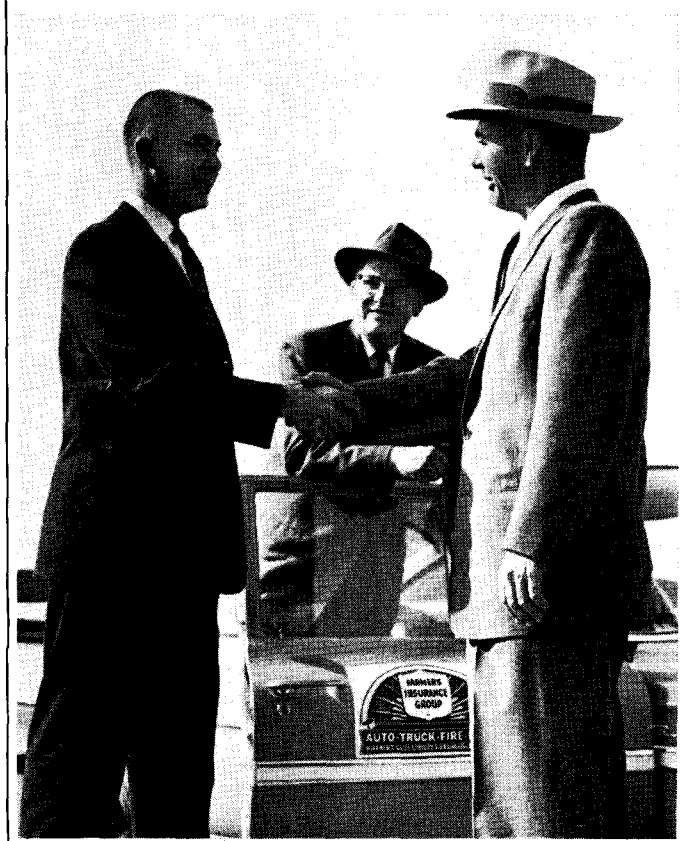

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The case for keeping your eggs in one basket

Your financial affairs are a good example. When you keep them together, they're easier to handle–easier to keep straight. That's why it makes sense to keep your savings where you can open a checking account, get a personal loan, or simply talk over your money matters. Only your *bank* can work for you in so many ways.

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(*Continued from Page 83*) mountains, and they had been used for generations to cure the cattle of elf sickness.

"When a cow is down in her stall," Frank explained, "you measure her three times from the tail to the tip of the nose and, if the third measurement is three inches shorter than the first, you know she is elf shot. Then you heat a quart of water in an iron caldron, and drop in the elf stones, along with three ha'pennies and a British ten-shilling piece with the cross on it. When the mixture has cooled, you hold the cow's head and give her three long drinks, and pour the remainder across her stomach in the shape of a cross. The last three drops are placed one by one in the nostrils of the cow, and with the third drop she coughs and rises to her feet, cured."

Frank unwrapped the flannel and placed the stones in my hand, and I saw why they had caught the eyes of his ancestors. One was an arrowhead of chipped flint and the other the blade of a flint scraping knife—relics of a Stone Age even older than the Druids.

A word to fellow anglers who may plan a trip to Ireland. Most of the salmon waters, such as the Owenduff, are privately owned, but pools can be leased by the visitor, and there is unrestricted salmon fishing in the upper reaches of many larger rivers. Trout waters are mainly free, with no license required. The salmon season starts on a few rivers the first of January, the earliest of any country in Europe, and continues until October; and trout fishing is generally good from March on. Details on local regulations and accommodations can be obtained by writing the Irish Tourist Bureau at 14 Upper O'Connell Street in Dublin.

There's fine fishing everywhere in Ireland. Owing to the lack of heavy manufacturing, the streams are not polluted with industrial waste, and flow sweet and gin-clear; and the innumerable ponds and loughs—there are over 950 square miles of fresh-water lakes—offer browns up to five or six pounds.

Ireland is a fly-fisherman's country; fishing is looked on here as a sport, rather than a source of food, and the feathered barb is the accepted lure. So strong is the feeling against bait, in fact, that when a farmer snags a trophy on "garden" hackle, he carefully removes the evidence and hooks a dry fly in its jaw before he displays it in the village pub.

But fine as the fishing is, the Stateside angler will find something finer. He will halt his casting to gaze at the matchless scenery, the shimmering lakes cradled in the folds of the Twelve Pins, the shy meadow streams that gush full-size out of the limestone formation to flow for twenty miles and then abruptly duck underground again. He will breathe the sweet smell of turf smoke and hear the soft Irish voices and the quick Irish laughter, and everywhere he will encounter the hospitality of a simple and unspoiled land, perpetually green and young.

How long will it remain unspoiled? All the major airlines have installed jet service to Shannon, Liam Boyd informed me, and this lovely island is now only a few hours from New York. More and more Americans each year are crowding local hotels and creating a brisk real-estate market in old castles. Will the growing tourist boom change Ireland? Liam Boyd was not concerned. "Any country which has withstood British rule and the potato famine," he said confidently, "should be able to survive prosperity."

There is an old Gaelic toast which tells the story of Ireland. I heard it one sentimental afternoon when my companion, Michael Murphy, visited his family birthplace in County Mayo. Mike was the first member of his clan to return to Ireland since his grandmother left for the States at the turn of the century; and he had a great-aunt, Delia Caulfield, still living in the ancestral town of Ballyhaunis. We made our way to the small quiet village and inquired at the butcher shop and garage and guard-office; and a friendly parish priest said he knew where Delia Caulfield lived and would be glad to lead us to her house. We followed him up a steep cobblestone hill, and Mike hammered the brass knocker of a white cottage, and an elderly lady opened the door. One long look, and she murmured, "You're Michael" and grasped one of his hands in both of hers. "So you've come home," she said.

That afternoon we sat in the kitchen, and there was high tea with the best china, and all the friends and neighbors dropped in to see the relative from overseas. But first the wine was brought out, and Delia Caulfield lifted her glass in the traditional toast:

"Health and long life to you,
The woman of your choice to you,
A house without rent to you,
A child every year to you—
And death in Ireland."

For every Irishman may want to go to the States, but every Irishman in the States dreams of returning to Ireland. "Come back to Erin," the old ballad urges, "come back again to the land of thy birth." It ran through my mind when we landed at the airport in New York, and a customs man glanced at the tag on my luggage and grinned. "Would ye be after meeting me old folks in Dublin, I wonder?" he asked, and a faraway look came over his face. "I'm saving the money to go home meself one day surely."

THE END

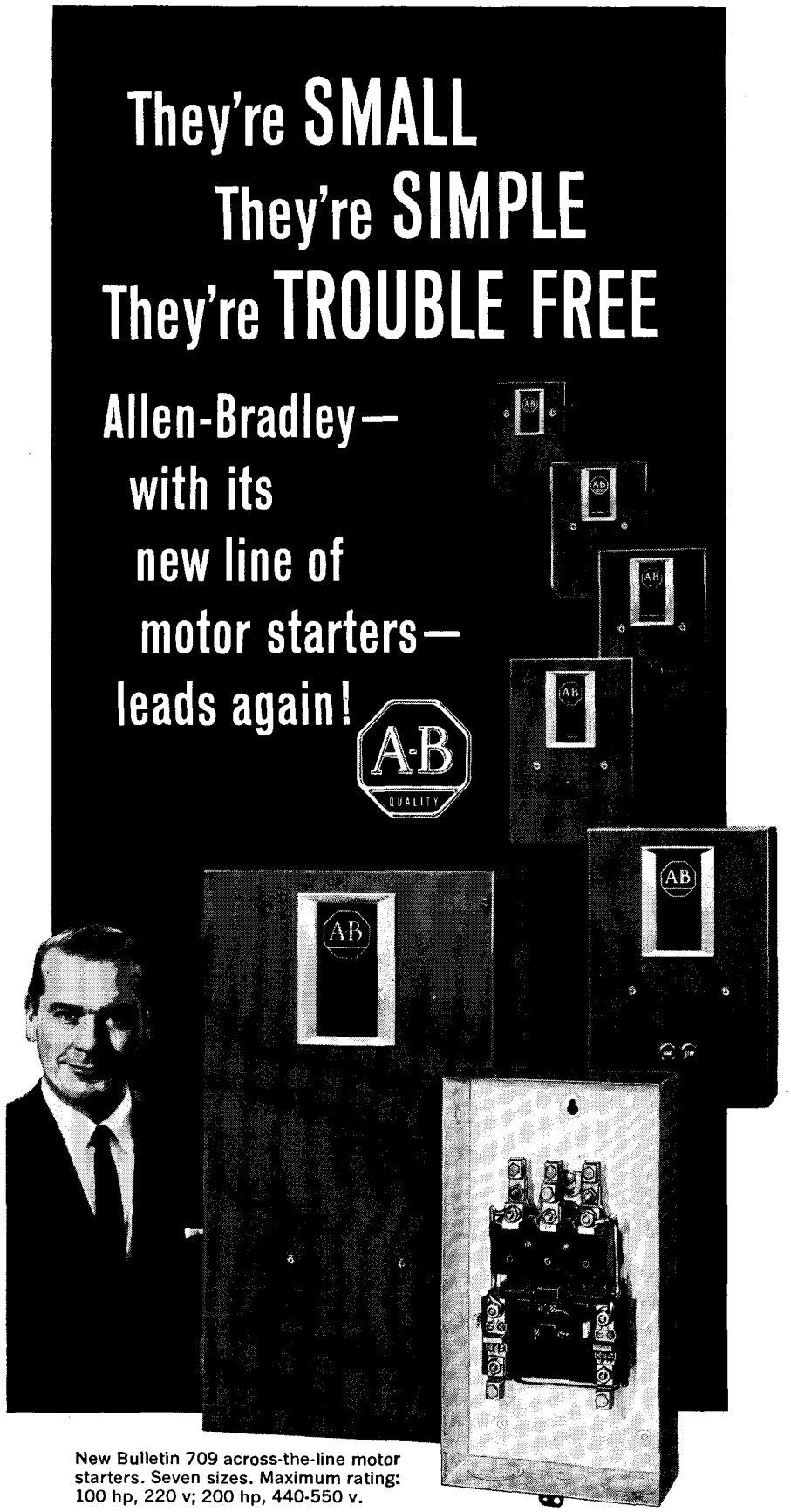
From Grandmother

By LoVerne Brown

My gifts to my grandchild
Are few and spare,
A rocking horse
And a rocking chair,
A handful of songs
That her mother knew,
And stories about
How her mother grew.

"Once, on the farm,
When the weather was
cold,
We sawed big logs
That your mother
rolled."
Earnestly staring,
Linda sees
A towhead mother
With skinned-up knees.

"She braided the horse's
Mane and tail—
Kept pet green frogs
In a shiny pail."
Linda, through such a
Telescope,
Looks back with wonder,
Ahead with hope.



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Don't Leave Me, Darling

(Continued from Page 30)

fire power and all her inner workings hidden by armor plate. Like, take yesterday afternoon.

I lay there planning my future. With the money I'd saved and the pigeons' donations, I'd get me that gas station on the highway just over the Arizona border. With a liquor license, I'd have the front I'd need for the gambling tables out back. The suckers would beat a path to my door. Benson—in the bed next to mine—was reading, his glasses halfway down his long nose; on the other side D'Arrigo rattled the windows with his snoring. Across the aisle Taylor sat on his bed picking his feet; next to him Mitchell was trying to kill flies with a rubber band. A real peaceful scene, when Brumley busts in under a full head of steam and throws back the blankets on the empty bed next to Taylor.

"Greetings, all!" she said, and you'd've thought she was announcing the admiral the way those guys got on the ball. Even D'Arrigo woke up. It burned me, like each guy figured she'd come in to see him personally.

"Got a new chicken for the coop," she said. "You'll like him, Legakis. He swallowed a fishhook."

While the pill rollers lifted him onto the bed, I tried to figure that crack, but I couldn't make anything out of it. She fussed over him—he was still groggy—grinned at me and left. I thought of several bright remarks I could've hit her with, but as usual it was too late. Never could seem to get my tongue in gear with her around. Then the old brain clicked: *swallowed a fishhook!*

"One'll get you four he's due to ship out," I said.

Mitchell leaped like a bass for a bug. "You're on!" he said. "Lend me a dollar." Good old Mitch, never missed a bet. He was good for the loan; he wasn't going anywhere soon. Besides, I was loaning him back his own money.

"Benson? How about it?" I asked, knowing what the answer would be.

"My dear Legakis," Benson said, closing his book and peering at me over his glasses, "why will you not desist? You know my opinion of gambling. How often have I explained to you the theory of probability?"

"Dig the professor," said Taylor, examining his big toe. "Make it five to one, and I'll go. Get your money out; this time you've had it, Greek."

"How do you figure?" I asked. This guy Taylor was no stupid.

"Simple," he said. "Any guy that's been through boot camp knows the Navy is not going to let a guy miss his shipping date for a little old thing like a fishhook in the gut. If he bleeds internally and doesn't dirty the decks, he goes."

"Yeah, that's right!" exclaimed Mitchell. "Give me two dollars. I got to get even."

"Anybody else?" I said. But there were no more takers. The new guy was beginning to look alive.

He groaned, moved his head—he had the wildest red hair I ever see—and opened a foggy eye. We watched him like a drunk watches the jigger being filled.

"Daisy," he groaned, and closed his eyes again.

"I'll shake him," said Mitchell. "I can't stand the suspense."

"That won't do any good," I said. "He's full of Pentothal. Ask him his name; sometimes they talk in their sleep."

Mitchell pulled his blue robe around him, went over and sat on the floor beside the new guy. "Hey! Mac," he said, "what's your name?"

The patient opened blank eyes to the ceiling and said, "Andrew Murchison."

"You really swallow a fishhook?" Mitchell asked.

"I don't remember," Murchison answered.

"Whatcha mean, you don't remember? How could a guy forget swallowing a fishhook?"

"Come on!" said Taylor. "Stop batting the breeze and ask him."

"Wait a minute," I butted in. "Let him tell it."

"What *do* you remember?" Mitchell asked.

"I was late," said Murchison, beginning to look around. "Only had time to scoff one stack of Daisy's banana pancakes. I grabbed my hat and started for the door when it felt like someone hit me in the gut with a marlinespike. I was laying on the floor thinking I must have one hell of an ulcer and that I'd never make the shipping date if ——"

"Aw, hell!" said Mitchell, and went back to his bed.

"Don't you want to hear the rest?" Murchison asked.

"Who cares?" said Mitchell, the picture of despair.

The modern woman is one who dresses to kill and drives the same way.

SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN

Taylor tossed a wadded-up dollar bill at me. I marked Mitchell's page in the little black book and said, "Sure, we want to hear it."

Murchison opened his mouth, looked surprised and said, "I guess that's all. All I rememember, anyway."

I figured he was playing it cool. Watching his big, ugly face, I said, "How'd you know it was a fishhook instead of an ulcer?"

I could see the wheels going around in his head.

"I don't know," he said. "They must have told me in surgery."

"I told you," said Mitchell, "while you were still out."

Something about this deal was beginning to bug me. "When you due to ship, Murchison?"

"Next month, I think."

"What you on, and where you going?"

"Destroyer. Pacific. Japan, I hope."

"Who's Daisy?"

"Daisy is my wife," he said. His eyes softened when he spoke her name. I guessed he was nineteen or twenty. Him with a face only a mother could love—squinty brown eyes, ears like radar antennae, and a lopsided grin—this Daisy must be something. Had a face, no doubt, to jolt a man out of a three-day drunk.

"Ever been to Japan?" I asked.

"Yeah!" he said, and his eyes lighted up like the neon sign on a Japanese night club. I had a hunch what he was remembering; somewhere in the bottom of my sea bag were some pictures I'd saved from a shore leave in those islands. I smelled Troublesville.

Brumley walked in, and I forgot what it was I was trying to figure out. She stopped by Murchison's bed. "Feel all right?" she asked.

"I guess so, miss," he answered.

"You have a visitor."

(*Continued on Page 88*)

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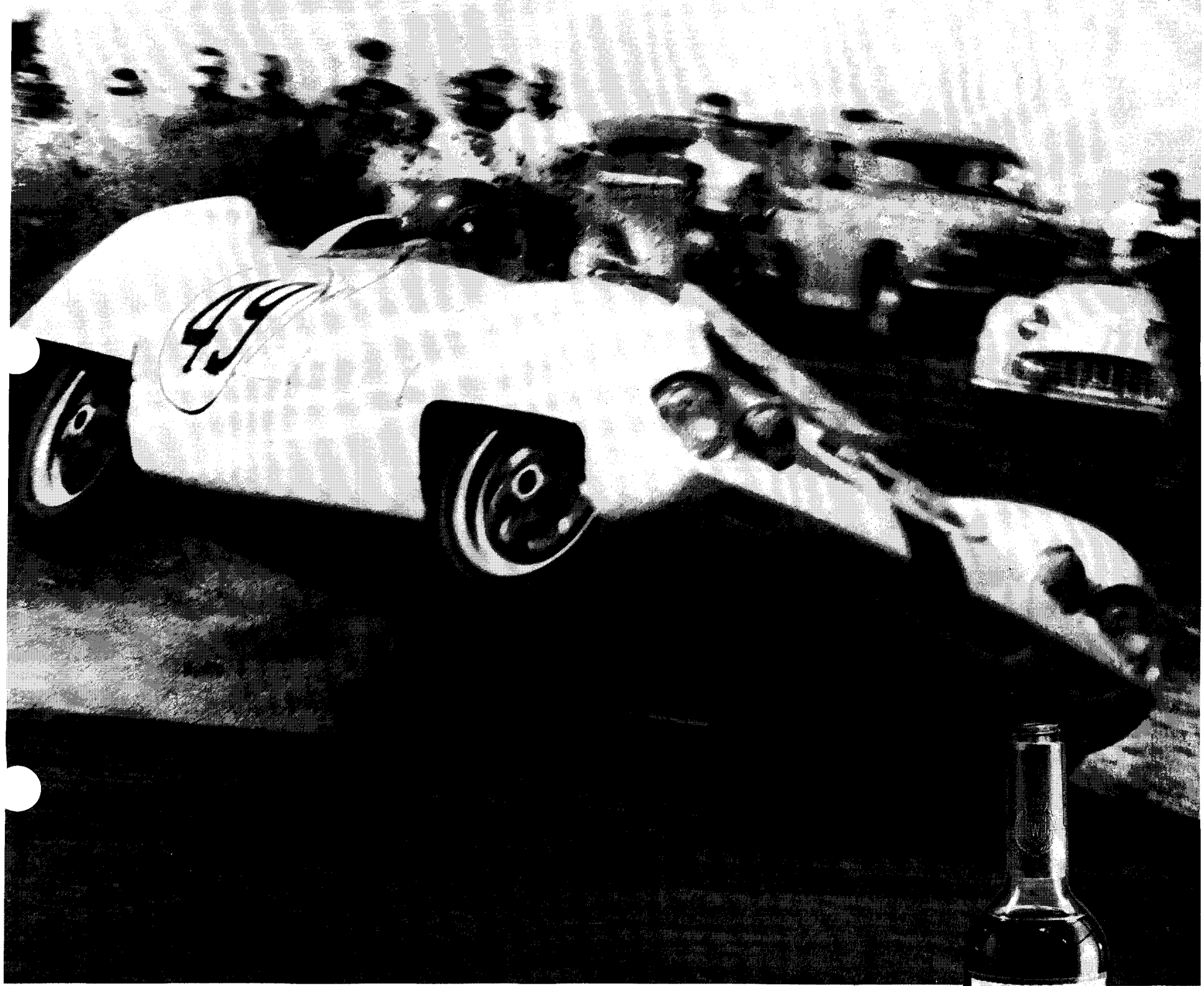

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(*Continued from Page 86*) "Daisy?" He beamed the way Mitchell would have if I'd burned the little black book. He stretched his neck to see down the long aisle.

I stretched my neck to see if Brumley had lost any weight.

She turned around. "Beast!" she said, but there wasn't her usual sting in it.

Then I see this living doll come mincing down the aisle. She was tiny and slim with big, brown eyes, black hair that floated around her face like smoke from an ack-ack burst and a shy air about her like as if she didn't want to disturb anybody. She had ankles I could've reached my thumb and finger around.

Murchison yelled, "Daisy!"

She gave him kind of a sick smile and slipped in beside his bed. "Oh, Andrew!" she said, "I've been so worried."

"Aw, honey, I'm O.K. No little fishhook can keep me down."

When he said, "fishhook," she never even blinked. This deal looked more like Griefsburg every minute. Quietly I dragged that picture album from my sea bag.

"Oh, nurse," Daisy said, "will he be all right?"

"Sure, honey," said Brumley, patting her shoulder, "be good as new in no time. You don't have a thing to worry about."

Daisy watched Brumley walk out. Her face was as long as if Brumley'd whispered that she'd better go out and make the final arrangements. Then she worked up a smile and turned back to her husband. The guys lost interest, and while the Murchisons whispered together, I looked through my art gallery.

I finally decided on a big colored picture signed, To Big Jim With Love, Mary Yamaguchi. I won't describe it except to say it wasn't something you'd be likely to send home to mother. And you couldn't have told that Mary Yamaguchi was Japanese from more than forty feet away. I set the picture on the bedside table.

Pretty quick, Daisy got ready to leave. Murchison hiked himself up onto one elbow, his face dopey with love.

"Before you go, honey," he said, "I want you to meet my buddies." He looked around at his buddies. "You'll have to introduce yourselves. This is Daisy, my wife."

Dying of embarrassment and edging her way toward the door, she nodded as each one recited his name. Finally I said, "Pleased to meet you, ma'am. My name is James Legakis."

Her eyes wandered to the picture, and she flushed as red as Miss Yamaguchi's lips. Then she covered her face with her hands, busted out crying and ran out of the ward. I knew I was on to something.

Brumley was on to something too. While Murchison explained Daisy was all shook up by his accident, Brumley headed for my co-ordinates at flank speed. I tried to sneak the picture into my sea bag, but she snatched it out of my hand. That dame was no stupid; she looked at that smiling Japanese girl, at Murchison and then at me. She added two and two and got a great big four.

"I've a mind," she said, handing me the picture, "to call a corpsman and give you a triple-H!" Her eyes were snapping and as blue as the Molokai channel.

Now, a triple-H is mostly hot, soapy water and is awful hard on a man's dignity. I tried to say something friendly. "Lootenant," I said, "I love you."

It didn't sound like I wanted, and my face got as red as Daisy's. Brumley was shook herself. She actually seemed embarrassed. I'd made money betting that nothing could embarrass Brumley.

"Someday," she said, "Big Jim will get his!"

It wasn't up to her usual exits, but things were happening too fast anyway. I needed a few facts and time for some high-class figuring. "Oh, nurse!" I called, noting by the wall clock that Brumley's shift was over.

She turned around, skeptical. "Another picture you want to show me?"

"A guy needs something to keep up his morale," I said, glad we were back on the old basis.

"And what is your pleasure, sir?" she asked.

"On your way to the laughter and sunshine of the outside world, would you be kind enough to tell corpsman Bradley I wish to speak to him?"

"Of course," she said, sweet as ant poison. "Shall I drop everything and run?"

"Suit yourself, lootenant," I said. "Don't bother to salute."

She spun on her heel and went back to her desk at the end of the ward. I felt good; I was doing better.

Murchison lay there staring at the ceiling. "How'd you ever snag a beautiful girl like that?" I asked.

"Just lucky, I guess," he said, looking over at me.

"With that kind of luck, you should be a betting man."

He tried to laugh, but his stomach hurt him.

"Where'd you meet her?" I asked.

His eyes got dreamy; he sort of mumbled, "At the perfume counter. That big store on Broadway." The others were listening, but he'd forgotten us. "I wanted to send something to this girl I met in Japan. Daisy was so helpful, offering to mail the perfume, I asked her to take a ride around the harbor in that excursion boat. After, we stopped for pizza in that little place off Market Street, and then it was late, and I said I better take her home before her folks got mad. She said she didn't have any family, lived alone at the Y, and it wasn't really so late anyway. One thing led to another. All of a sudden I said, 'Let's take the bus to Tijuana and get married!' She thought about that for a while. Finally she said, 'How about the Japanese girl?' I said, 'Aw, Daisy, honey, she was just being nice to a lonely sailor.' 'I'll bet!' Daisy said. 'And quick as I marry you, you'll ship out to Japan where that friendly girl can be nice to you all over again!' Then she started to cry. Well, it took me a couple of hours to convince her, but I did it. The smartest thing I ever did in my life!" He looked around and grinned self-consciously. "We're going to have a baby about Christmas."

I saw the other guys felt as embarrassed as I did, like we'd got a peek at something private we hadn't ought to have seen. He was so simple it made you sick. Just then corpsman Bradley walked in: a little guy with mousy eyes, rimless glasses and black hair cut flattop. He looked worried. "I told you, Legakis," he said in a desperate whisper, "I won't have the money till payday!"

"Relax, friend," I said. "I'm not pressuring you—yet. I require information which I got no way of getting. Knowing how you lie awake worrying about us wounded heroes, I'm asking for your help. Besides, you get around."

While Bradley watched me like a parrot watches a cat, I wrote on an old envelope: Andrew Murchison, Shipping Date?

Bradley read the note. "I'll do what I can," he said.

"Yeah, you do that. And don't hurry about paying me off; five minutes after you get the money will be soon enough."

As I watched him walk out, I see something that really tees me off.

There, hanging over Brumley's desk, and grinning like an Arizona jackass eating prickly pears, was a three-striper in sun tans. I couldn't hear what was being said, but I could see Brumley liked it. She was laughing, and her face was flushed right to the roots of those soft blond curls. Not that I cared if she wanted to associate with commanders, but she didn't have to act like a high-school girl in front of the inmates. I turned my back on such stupidity.

Murchison must have seen them too, because, in a whisper that echoed all over the ward, he said, "Hey, that's my skipper!"

The brass heard him, and he and Brumley came down the aisle. I buried my nose in my little black book. At least I could count on that.

"Hello, sailor," the commander said. He was—naturally—tall, broad-shouldered and looked like Cary Grant. "How are you making out?"

"Just fine, sir," said Murchison, as tickled as a yearling Hereford in tall alfalfa. "Be back to duty in no time."

"Is that right?" the commander asked Brumley.

"A couple of weeks, I would guess," Brumley answered.

"Good! Plenty of time. Glad you're doing so well." Then he and Brumley walked out with their heads together. She hadn't even glanced in my direction.

The hell with her! The hell with her boy friend! The hell with the whole United States Navy! I'd be out of this squirrel cage before long. Leave it to suckers like Murchison.

"Great guy!" Murchison said. "Makes you kind of proud serving with a skipper like Commander Donaldson."

The other guys were laughing and groaning; but I saw their eyes—they felt the same way Murchison did. Made me sick. All right, suckers, I thought. have it your way. Guys like you make i easier for guys like me.

It wasn't until Thursday Bradley showed up: Murchison's outfit was due to ship in three weeks. Daisy had been in every day; the better her husband looked, the sadder she got. I was ready to take the suckers for the last big score.

That night after chow I noticed Mitchell was a little service nervous. He wrote part of a letter, read a page or two of a sexy murder mystery and finally lay staring at the ceiling.

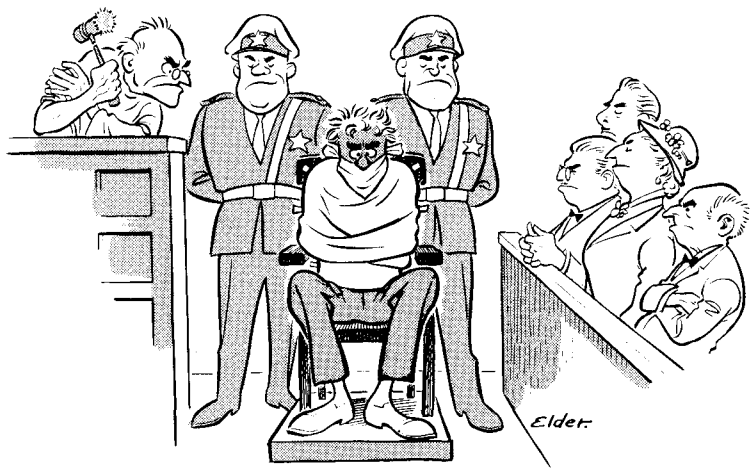
"I feel like giving you suckers a break," I said to him.

He was interested. "What's the pitch?"

"Well, for something to do, I'll take even money Murchison makes his shipping date."

Such a howling and moaning went up all over the ward that Quigle came down the aisle and give us hell. After she'd gone, Mitchell said, "When'll you learn, Legakis, that I ain't quite as stupid as I look?"

"Jeepers!" I said. "Give the suckers an even break, and all you hear is gripe He's due to go in just three weeks; wit. that hole in his gut he'll never make it. Ask Quigle." (*Continued on Page 90*)



You be the Judge

By José Schorr

While the jury was being selected, the prisoner interrupted constantly to cry out that he was being "framed." Finally the judge ordered him gagged. When he agreed to keep quiet, the gag was removed. But after the jury found him guilty, he appealed on grounds that the judge had behaved outrageously.

"The law gives the court civilized means of maintaining order, like jail terms or fines for contempt," the prisoner's lawyer argued. "Instead the judge in this case resorted to such drastic and unusual steps that the jury was bound to believe anyone requiring such treatment was guilty."

"The prisoner deliberately disregarded all requests and normal measures to quiet him," the prosecutor replied. "Furthermore, his presence was necessary in the courtroom then and there to proceed with the trial, so he could not be jailed elsewhere for contempt. The judge was forced to gag him as a last resort."

If you were the judge, would you say the trial was a fair one?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Yes. The conviction was upheld. "Although the measure was drastic, yet it was no more than called for by the duty of the trial judge to maintain order in the courtroom," the higher court ruled. "The methods are commensurate with the necessities of each case."

Based upon a 1958 Arizona decision.

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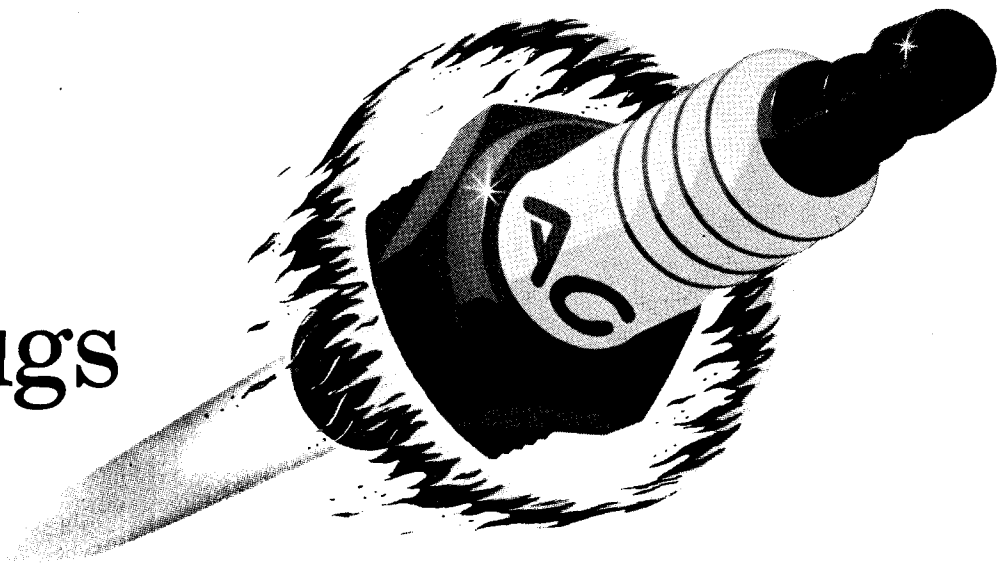

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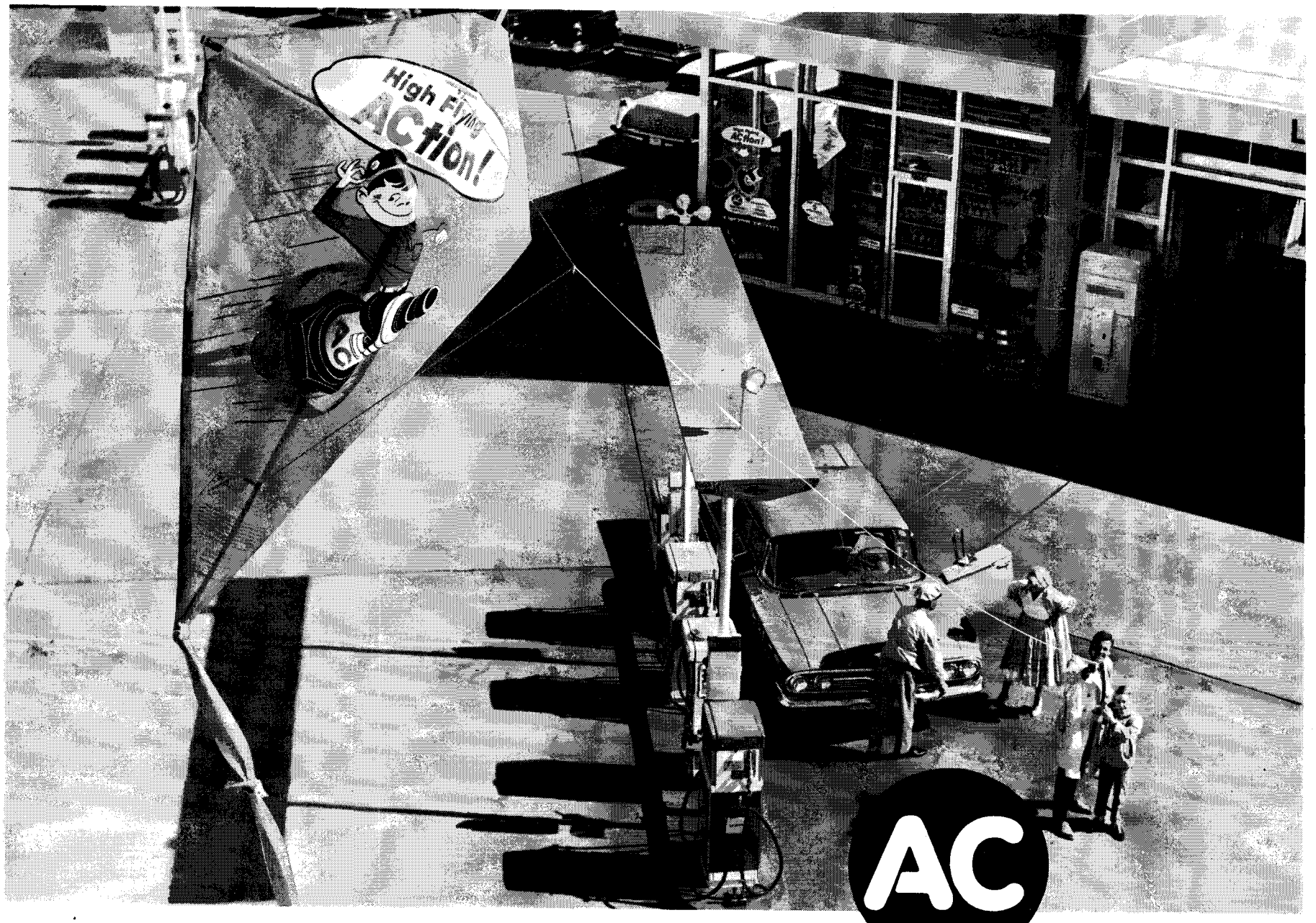

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(*Continued from Page 88*) "Oh, come off it," said Benson. "You heard Brumley say he'd be all right in two weeks. What do you take us for?"

"That was just smoke for the commander's benefit," I said.

D'Arrigo was awake for once. "Let's find out," he said.

When Quigle came back into the ward, he called her. "We got this here bet, lieutenant," he started, but Benson interrupted.

"What my inarticulate friend means," he said to the impatient nurse, "is that because of a natural concern for our friend Murchison's health, we were wondering if he will be sufficiently recovered to make his shipping date, some three weeks away." He gave her his most winning smile—one superior being to another.

"I'll ask the doctor," she said.

When she returned and said Murchison would without doubt be discharged in less than three weeks, they all waited until she'd disappeared to give me the royal raspberry.

"All right, wise guys," I said. "I was only trying to relieve the boredom. Forget it!"

Benson had an evil gleam in his sharp eyes. "If you were the sporting man you claim," he said, "you wouldn't care which way you bet. After all, it's not the money. It's the sporting spirit."

"Yeah, that's right," echoed Mitchell.

D'Arrigo grinned at me. "How about it, Legakis? We'll give you even money, but the other way around. Won't we, fellows?"

"Sure," they agreed sarcastically.

"You better not," Murchison said to me. "I really am set on making that shipping date. You'll only lose your money."

"Butt out, sailor!" Mitchell rasped at him. "This ain't got nothing to do with you!"

"What's the matter, Legakis?" Benson asked. "You chicken?"

"No," I said, "but I want five to one."

"Listen to the man," D'Arrigo exclaimed. "Offers us even money, but he wants five to one!"

"It just shows you," Benson said disgustedly, "what you fools have been dealing with."

"All right!" I yelled. "Even money! But I can limit the betting."

"You see!" Benson said, excited. "He's chicken!"

The guy was getting to me. "Put your money where your mouth is, Big Talk!" I said.

He could see I was mad. He got out his money, and that started the betting. The play made the track at Del Mar look deader than Monday night in La Jolla. By the time the word got around to the other wards, I had book on better than five G's; I was plenty scared. If Murchison made that shipping date, I was ruined!

The more I thought about it, the worse it looked. It boiled down to Daisy Murchison—Daisy with the slender ankles and the shy eyes—against the United States Navy. I was betting everything I owned on a little girl that weighed no more than Commander Donaldson's sea bag. I shouldn't have let Benson make me mad.

Then, on Saturday, Brumley must have got the word. She grinned at me on her way through. "It happened sooner than I hoped," she said.

"Happy?" I asked.

"Delirious!" she answered.

Brumley figuring Jim Legakis for a sucker really bugged me. Instead of leaving bad enough alone, I goofed. I give her a big wink like as if I had all the angles figured. She stared at me while the smile left her face. Then she bit her lip and hurried out.

I'd almost forgotten it when who do I see, tossing his scrambled-egg hat on Brumley's desk, but old Handsome Harry the commander. I've a terrible sinking feeling when I see Brumley briefing him. I know I'm getting the business, because they keep looking down the ward at me. I felt like the ugly puppy in the petshop window. But that's not bad enough; here they come with the doctor—a young lieutenant—in tow.

The doc examines Murchison while the brass and Brumley whisper together, and I'm wishing the building would catch fire. Then Commander Donaldson puts a high-ranking hand on the doc's shoulder and says, "I know you'll get this man in shape to ship with me."

While I'm wondering where I can get my hand on an overdose of phenobarbs, the three of them walk out together.

"Sure is great," said Benson, grinning fit to split his head, "how the United States Navy worries about its men."

... ...

For the Spring

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

Say this for the spring,
When it finally comes,
And trees are all fingers
And tulips all thumbs,

When daffodils strike
Those listening poses,
And nobody's lips
Are red as the roses,

A man of my age,
Once he really relaxes,
Can almost say whimsical
Things about taxes.

... ...

"Yeah, great!" sighs Murchison, hovering about three feet above the bed.

All but Murchison knew Brumley was in on the big double cross; which fact didn't quiet them down any. They had me by the short hair. The way they waited hand and foot on the redheaded clown was revolting, him telling Daisy—every time she came—what great buddies they were. He's so sure of making it, and so charged up over the attention the brass gave him, he'd forgotten the bet and figured they're falling over him because they liked him so good. It looks like the only guy stupider than Murchison is me. And his kind of stupidity wasn't costing him.

That afternoon Brumley came by.

"Oh, *miss*!" I called.

"Yes," she said, smiling real sweet.

"Something's wrong with my back," I said. "It feels like there's a knife sticking in it."

"There is," she said. "But don't worry about it. We pride ourselves on knowing what is best for the patient." And she bounced out. How do you like that?

Such monkeyshines went on for the next two weeks, me getting lower the friskier Murchison acted. He is a big, important man now; the Navy needs him. The only bright spot was them chopping my leg again and telling me it'll be like new. If I could have got my bank roll out of there in as good shape, everything would have been fine. Then, it happened.

Brumley brought Murchison his uniform and told him to put it on. The commander showed up, and so did Daisy Murchison introduced them, and the commander was (*Continued on Page 92*)

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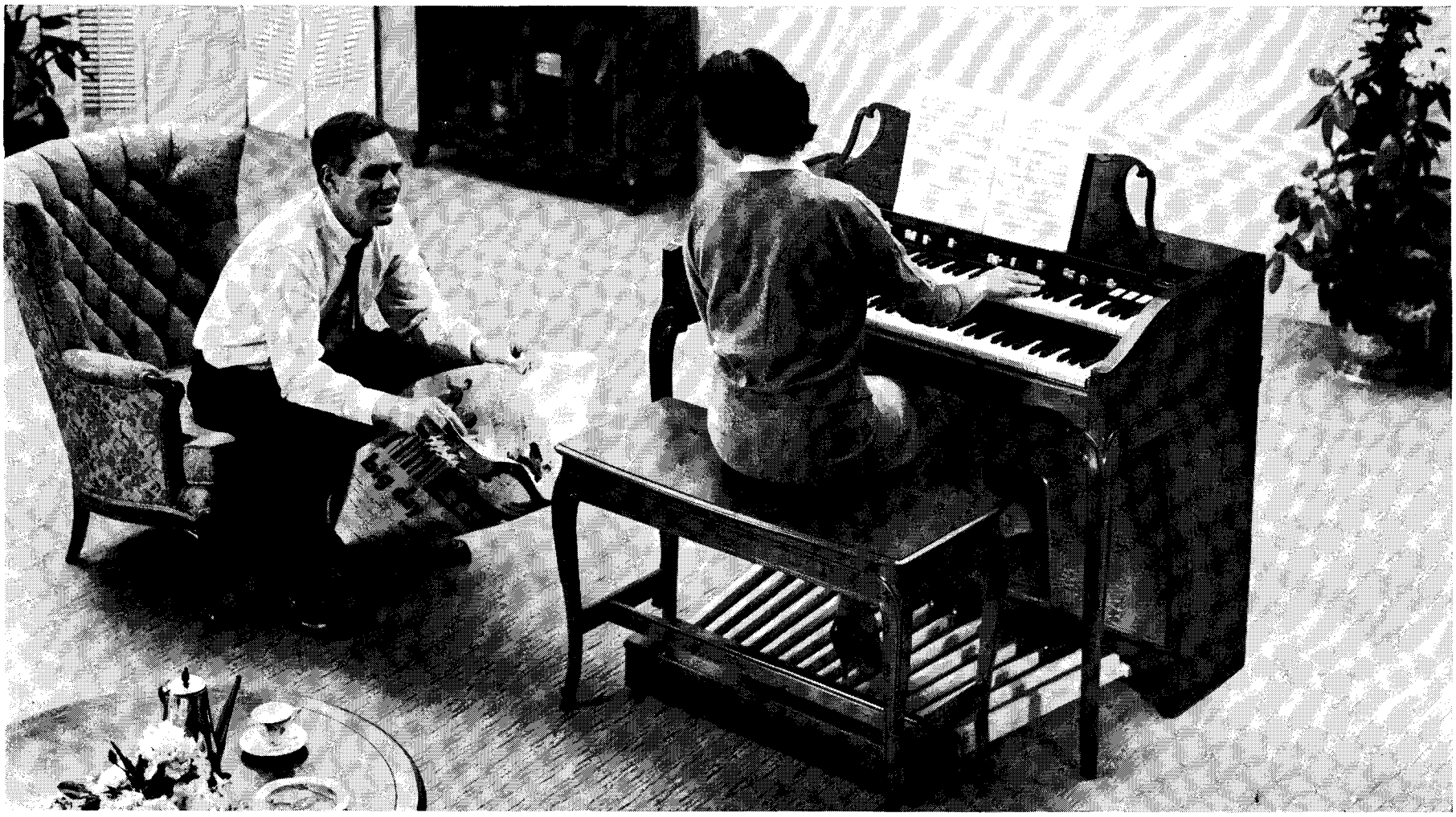

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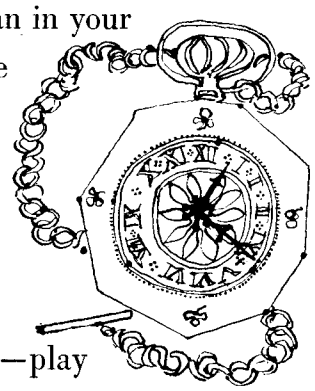

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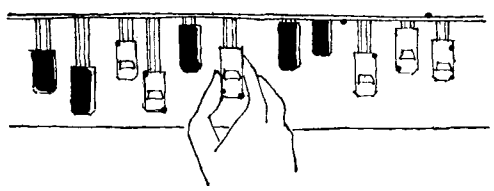

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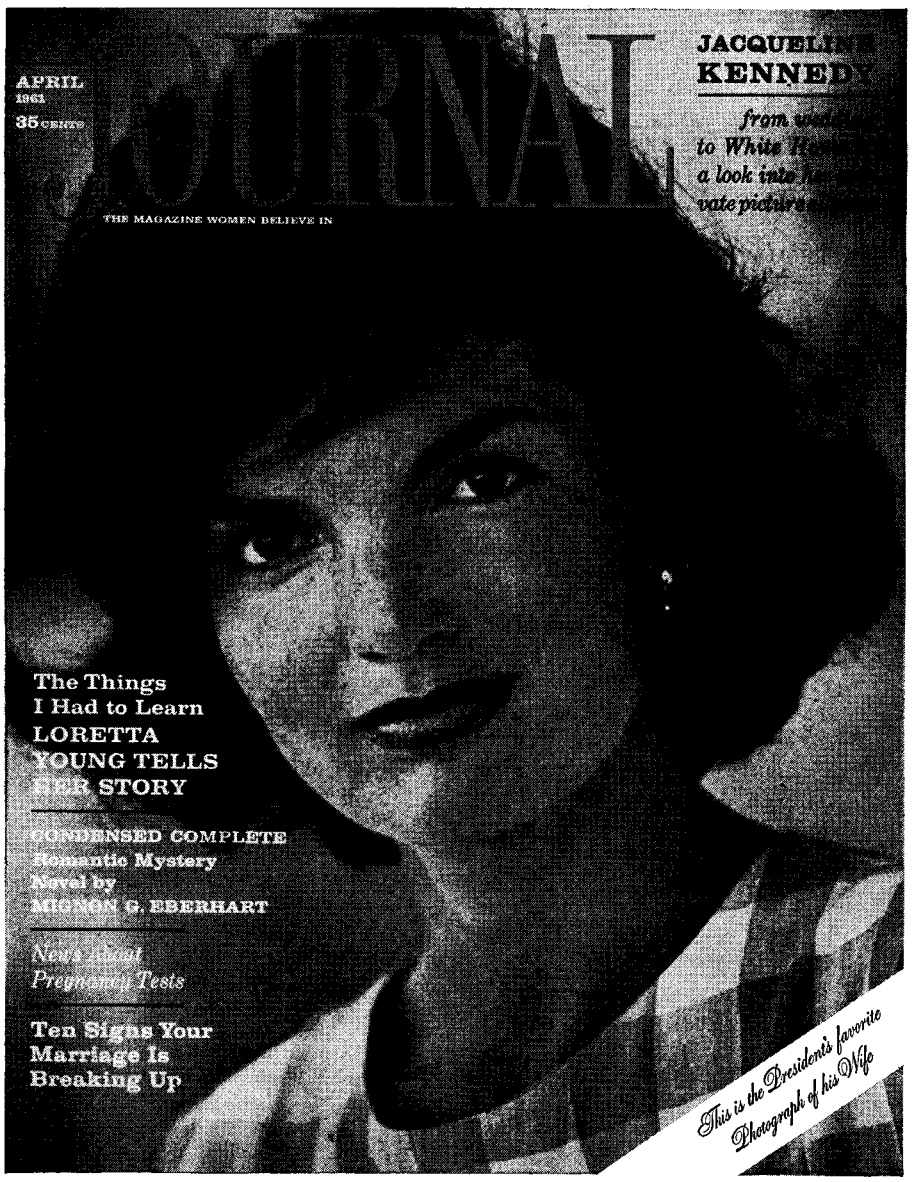

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

Her Own Story From Wedding to White House

When Jacqueline Bouvier was introduced to Congressman Jack Kennedy she knew instantly that he would have a profound, perhaps disturbing influence on her life. She also realized that here was a man who did not want to marry. But a year later when they became engaged Jack confided he had decided that night to marry her.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

(*Continued from Page 90*) all fatherly charm. With Brumley tagging along, they helped the big, dumb redhead out.

For a last desperate shot I hummed a couple lines of *Poor Butterfly* as the parade walked past my bed. I couldn't tell whether Daisy heard or not.

"Get him," said Mitchell. "Singing. Must be cracking up."

"I'll take mine in small bills," said Taylor.

"Yeah, Legak," said D'Arrigo, "might as well pay off."

"You guys drop dead," I said. "I pay when Murchison's ship weighs anchor with him aboard. Not a minute before."

"A hard nose, a poor loser," Benson said.

"Yeah, why wait," said Mitchell, trying to keep from slobbering on his chin at the thoughts of his winnings.

"You heard me; when the ship takes off and not before!"

"Maybe that is better," said Benson. "Bet-a-million Legakis can spend the next four days contemplating the futility of human endeavor."

"Huh?" asked Mitchell.

"Let him sweat," Benson explained.

"I don't trust him," mumbled Mitchell. "He'll go A.W.O.L."

"If it will ease that cute little mind of yours," said Benson, "we'll set a guard."

Damned if they didn't; took turns staying awake. My buddies. After all the money I'd lent them to bet with. How do you like that? That was on Saturday.

Monday morning around seven Brumley came in and got Murchison's old bed ready. "Who is it this time, lover?" I asked.

She ignored me, a mean look on her face. Handsome Harry must've brushed her off. Goody! She'd ought to have stuck with guys like me that understood her weird sense of humor. They stretchered the new guy in. As he passed the foot of my bed I got a look at him.

Damn me! If it wasn't Murchison, out cold, with his left leg in a big white cast! You could've heard a dollar bill drop in that ward. Daisy stumbled in right behind, wringing her hands and crying like a baby.

While we all stared, she knelt down beside his bed and kept calling him, and him limper than a dead barracuda. Brumley must have called the commander, because he showed then with shaving soap in one ear. The two of them stood there looking down at the hysterical Daisy. The rest of us might as well have been at sea, for all the attention we got. When Murchison opened his eyes, Daisy grabbed him around the neck. "Oh, Andrew," she sobbed. "Will you ever forgive me?"

One of Andrew's eyes looked at her, the other at the ceiling. He was just a little groggier than the guys around him. "Uh," he said.

"I just had to, darling," Daisy cried. "You understand."

"Uh," he said, but now both eyes were focused on her.

"I just couldn't stand to think of you going back to that Japanese girl, Andrew. I just couldn't!"

"But, Daisy!" he mumbled, "a baseball bat!"

"Oh, darling," she wailed, "I was desperate. You were going away and leaving me and the baby, and I saw the bat in the store window. . . . Oh, Andrew, will you ever forgive me?"

"A baseball bat!" he said to no one in particular.

Commander Donaldson looked at Brumley. Brumley looked at him. He shrugged, bent over and helped Daisy to her feet. She wasn't kidding about the baby; I could see that. Just like Navy brass to threaten a poor defenseless woman; probably going to arrest her for assault.

"Young woman," the commander said, "you win. First a fishhook, then a baseball bat. I dread to think what you would try next. I'd like your husband with my ship, but he's no good to the Navy dead. Tell you what I'll do. If you'll promise to let up on him, I'll see he gets transferred ashore. Is it a bargain?"

In that instant Daisy fell in love with the United States Navy. She nodded her head vigorously and tried to kiss his hand. He patted her shoulder and looked at Brumley helplessly.

"This is ridiculous!" he said suddenly, and turned and marched out, grabbing his hat off the desk on the way.

Brumley was looking at me like I had six legs and clicked.

"Nurse," I said, "I need some fresh water, please."

She was so distracted she thought I meant it. As she set the pitcher on the table I grabbed her arm, pulled her down and planted a kiss on her warm lips. She must've been too shocked to defend herself, because she didn't pull away near as quick as I expected. When she did, her face was a bright pink, and I figured to be wearing that pitcher any second. But she just walked out. That was the second mistake I'd made in the last few minutes. The first was never figuring the Navy'd give a man a break like the commander gave Murchison. He must've known he'd be the laugh of the fleet. It just didn't figure. Or maybe it did, and I had the Navy wrong. That idea shook me almost as much as the memory of Brumley's lips.

That afternoon the guys started bringing in their contributions, and I don't know if it was the money I'd won or that I'd kissed Brumley without getting seriously injured, but they looked at me as if they'd heard Marilyn Monroe was sending *me* fan letters. It set me to doing some hard thinking.

The more I thought, the better those clowns and the Navy looked compared to that gambling setup on the border. Maybe it was better to believe in something and get taken once in a while than to all the time have to be figuring the angles.

Anyway, my thinking must've put a leak in my bean bag, or Brumley's kiss had fried my brain, because that night I stuffed all that beautiful folding into a paper bag.

In the morning I called Brumley over. She stood well out of reach. I grinned and handed her the bag and a note instructing her to get the money to Daisy and tell her Murchison's buddies wanted her to buy a house for that new baby. The note also said that if Brumley breathed a word of it to the guys, I'd start a rumor she was peddling morphine out of the narcotics locker.

"Put this in the safe," I said loud enough for the guys to hear. "It might start an epidemic of sleepwalking."

She gave me a funny look—as if she's as mixed up as I am—and left. The next time I saw her I knew I really had her going. She eyes me like I'm charcoal-broiled and garnished with French fries. I decided to push my luck.

"Not that you care," I said, "but I'm putting in for another hitch. Japan looks awful good to me."

"That's nice," she said, bending over me and making with the blankets. "The Navy's made men out of some terrible deadbeats. Given time, they might even make something out of you; but if you ever so much as *think* of going to Japan, I'll buy myself a baseball bat, and I won't waste it on your leg. I'll go for your head!"

Then her face turned a real pretty pink. How do you like that? A declaration of love if ever I heard one. THE END

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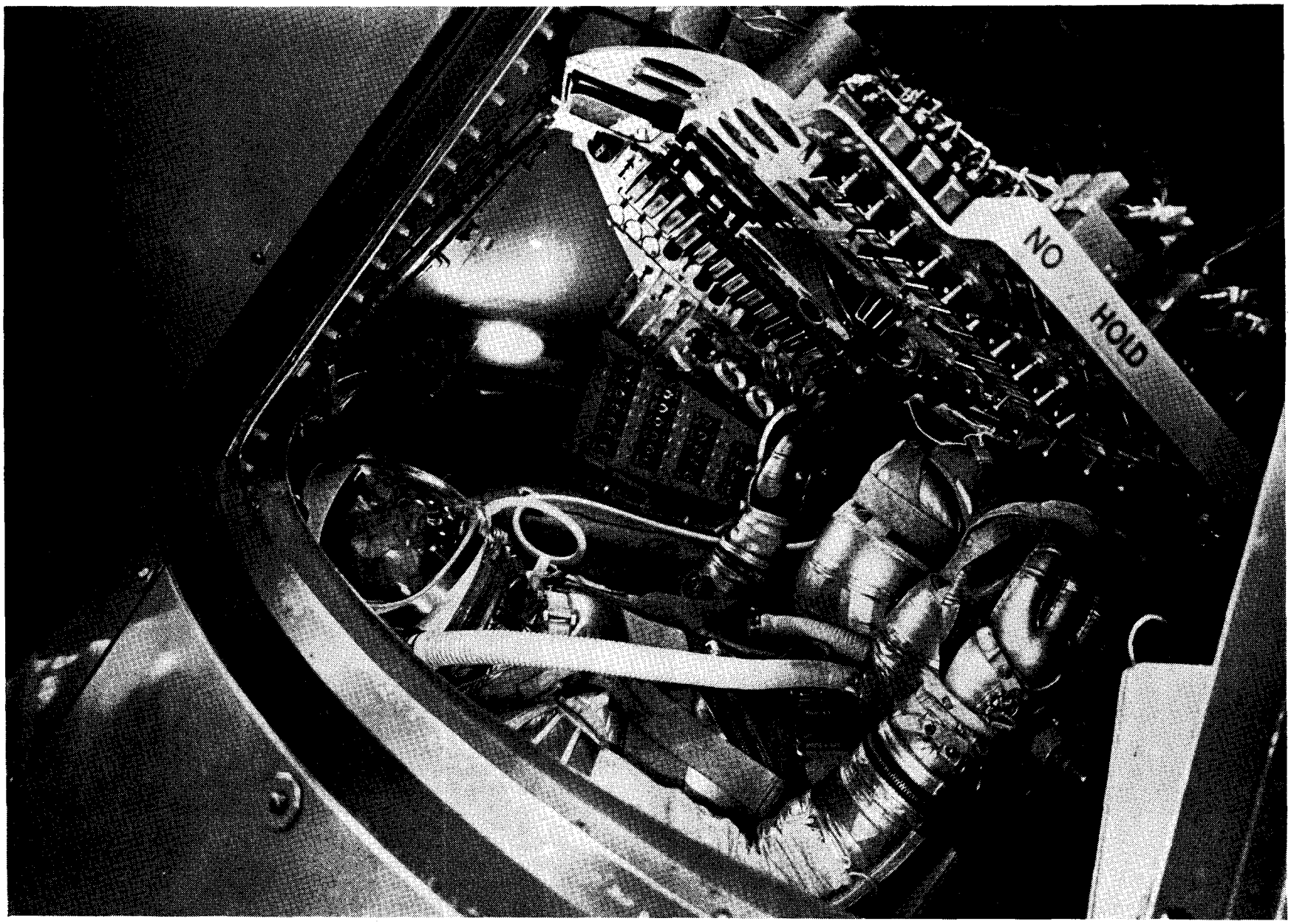

Langley Field, Virginia: Astronaut Walter Schirra, strapped in flight position inside a Mercury training capsule much like the one to be launched soon.

Can the Astronaut Come Back Alive?

(Continued from Page 35)

an hour, went up to 156 miles altitude and landed 417 miles downrange, far from the recovery ships. On impact the heat shield broke loose and hit the bottom of the capsule, cracking a bolt and spring-ing a leak. When a helicopter picked up ıe capsule more than two hours later, .vater was sloshing at the base of Ham's cocoon.

Several earlier Mercury tests also were badgered by unforeseen mishaps, at least one of which might have been disastrous had a man been aboard. On a test last November using a special NASA-de-signed rocket known as Little Joe, a small switch failed to operate, preventing capsule separation. Rocket and capsule stuck together throughout the entire flight, finally smashing to bits in the Atlantic.

Then there was the occasion last No-vember when the press and VIP's gathered at Cape Canaveral to watch the first firing of a Redstone rocket carrying the bell-shaped, nine-by-six-foot Mercury cap-sule. On top of the capsule was its un-gainly-looking, sixteen-foot-high escape tower mounting three small but powerful rockets designed to lift the capsule away from the booster rocket in the event of a catastrophic failure. When the count-down reached zero, the rocket neither roared nor soared. Instead, the escape tower flew off the capsule, followed by ree parachutes and assorted pyrotech-s. The culprit was later found to be a ɔtray electrical current that had sent out a false signal because a ground plug for the Redstone was one eighth of an inch shorter than its mate! The test is now jokingly referred to as "the day they launched the escape tower."

The operation of Murphy's Law during an Atlas firing last July, however, was no joking matter. The test, called Mercury-Atlas 1, had been scheduled for the pur-pose of determining how the spacecraft would stand up under re-entry stresses and heat conditions during the most extreme circumstances that *could* occur in an emergency. There might be only a million-to-one chance that these condi-tions would ever occur during manned flight. But Bob Gilruth insisted that the astronauts' chances of survival be tested even under such remote circumstances. The test was a disaster. The Atlas mys-teriously blew itself to pieces at 37,000 feet. Engineers still do not know what happened.

The seriousness of Mercury-Atlas 1's failure was underscored a short time later when another Atlas exploded in the same mysterious way on a NASA moon-probe experiment, and engineering de-tective work again failed to yield the exact cause of the mishap. The wisdom of using the Atlas as a booster for the Mercury program was questioned by a number of scientists, including President Kennedy's scientific adviser, Jerome Wiesner. If denied the use of the Atlas, the Mercury program would be delayed a year or more until another type of booster became available. The smaller Redstone, while valuable for short, ballistic manned flight, is not powerful enough to send man into orbit and achieve the main pur-pose of the Mercury program—finding out how well man can live and work in space for periods up to twenty-four hours.

When a second Mercury-Atlas test was scheduled early this year, for launching on the same flight plan and trajectory as its ill-fated predecessor, Mercury director Gilruth had to fight down Air Force op-ponents who urged that the test be post-poned until more definite assurance of success could be given. The Air Force generals argued that another failure in a program for which their Atlas had not been originally designed might discredit the rocket for its already proved military capabilities. Gilruth insisted that the Mercury-Atlas booster, which had been modified and strengthened, should now be tested. With the backing of new NASA administrator James Webb, Gilruth won the fight. But the issue was in doubt until five days before the scheduled firing.

The tension of the situation was clearly evident to me at Cape Canaveral on the morning of February twenty-first, as I waited outside the Mercury Control Cen-ter during the final hour of countdown. Two miles away, Mercury-Atlas 2 was poised on the launch pad like a ninety-foot-high bullet. Those not actively en-gaged in the launching mingled around a mobile canteen, sipping coffee, looking at their watches and nervously discussing the threatening weather downrange. Wiry little Maxime Faget, one of the chief de-signers of the Mercury capsule, talked animatedly with his colleagues. In about an hour Faget would know whether his capsule could withstand the most severe buffeting, scorching and aerodynamic squeezing it would ever receive. Astro-naut John Glenn, who many observers believe is the most likely of the seven to be America's first man in space, emerged from the control center for a minute to get a fried-egg sandwich. Glenn told me he was observing flight-control operations as part of his thorough Mercury training. If this flight came off as planned, he knew that the day when he would sit atop a rocket, waiting for the countdown, would come much sooner.

I noticed Bob Gilruth, the man who had most to win or lose in this test, frown-ing as he listened to a fellow engineer and occasionally glancing over his shoulder at the launch site. Gilruth had just been told that if the Atlas blew up again, the Air Force would release an already mimeo-graphed statement explaining that the test had been conducted over its protest and warning. If anything went wrong now, the Gilruth bald pate would be on the chop-ping block.

Eleven minutes before scheduled firing, the recovery ship *U.S.S. Donner*, 1450 miles downrange, reported blinding squalls in the area where the space cap-sule was supposed to land. The count-down stopped to wait out the capricious weather. Engineers eyed their gauges. During the delay, valves or controls might freeze from the frigid liquid oxygen sup-ply which was rapidly evaporating.

After twenty minutes, the weather cleared downrange. "T minus eleven min-utes and counting," blared the loud-speakers. Gilruth and his staff were now inside the control center in the VIP room,

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watching a close-up view of the rocket on closed-circuit television.

At exactly 9:10 A.M., the countdown reached zero, and the tremendous Atlas main engines burst into flame. For four long seconds the Atlas surged against huge metal restraining clamps while the engines gained their full thrust.

"Let it go, let it go," shouted the excitable Max Faget.

The restraining arms flew back, and the Atlas thrust upward. Outside the control center a lone figure stood in the parking lot, following the flight through field glasses. It was Gilruth, who had rushed outside to watch the precious "bird" perform. As it passed safely through the fateful 37,000-foot-altitude area, the weight of seven months of anxiety lifted almost visibly from his shoulders.

Just eighteen minutes after lift-off, the capsule parachuted to a soft landing in the Atlantic 1425 miles downrange. It had hit a peak speed of 12,850 miles an hour and an altitude of 107 miles. Within an hour after leaving Cape Canaveral, the spacecraft had been retrieved by helicopter and was on the deck of the *Donner*. There was no indication of structural damage after this most severe of all tests. And instruments which had telemetered in-flight data from the capsule told an exciting story. The capsule's vital systems had performed perfectly, and despite external re-entry temperatures exceeding 3000 degrees Fahrenheit, cabin temperature had never been higher than ninety-five degrees.

Within minutes after receiving word of the capsule recovery, Bob Gilruth held an on-the-spot press conference. Obviously pleased, Gilruth announced the results of the test. He answered a newsman's question: Yes, a man could have survived the flight. Then he sent the reporters scurrying for the nearest phones with the statement that Lt. Col. John Glenn USMC, Capt. Virgil (Gus) Grissom USAF, and Cmdr. Alan Shepard USN had been selected to begin concentrated training for the first Redstone manned flight.

Gilruth's elation was short-lived, however. Three weeks later, in a test of the escape system, several new puzzles emerged. For the first time in any test, two large parachutes opened instead of only one and then failed to disengage when the capsule hit the water. The spacecraft was also slightly damaged, apparently having been struck in flight by the escape tower. And a firing-sequence mishap caused the escape rocket to fire a few seconds too soon.

Although on the surface it may appear that Project Mercury has had more than its share of bad breaks, Gilruth and his Space Task Group staff are not dissatisfied with the progress to date. They admit that the unexpected difficulties have delayed the first manned flights. For the most part, however, the engineers have welcomed their problems as opportunities to work out the flaws in the system before committing a man to space and back.

Throughout almost three years of planning for astronaut safety, the question "What will happen if . . . ?" has given Mercury's 400 engineers, technicians and space medics a continuous challenge. They try to anticipate every possible failure and then develop equipment and systems to prevent it or compensate for it. Not only are there secondary or backup systems for every conceivable breakdown, but in most cases, backup devices are provided for the backups.

For instance, the escape tower had been devised so that in the event of an emergency at launch or during early stages of flight, the capsule would be shot away from the booster rocket and then be lowered back to earth by parachute. But that was not enough. A complicated sensing system was created to give warning seconds before an impending explosion or major breakdown in the rocket. When the warning flashes, the "chicken switch"—as the astronauts call it—can be hit by the astronaut himself, or an escape button can be pushed by one of three ground controllers. If all these fail, the sensing system itself will fire the escape tower.

When the booster has pushed the capsule to desired speed, small rockets automatically fire to separate capsule from booster. What if the automatic system fails? The astronaut has both electrical and mechanical backup systems for separating the capsule.

An autopilot, controlling small hydrogen-peroxide jets, then turns the capsule around and stabilizes it in flight. If it fails, there are two alternate hand-control systems available to the astronaut. One of them can even be worked without electrical power.

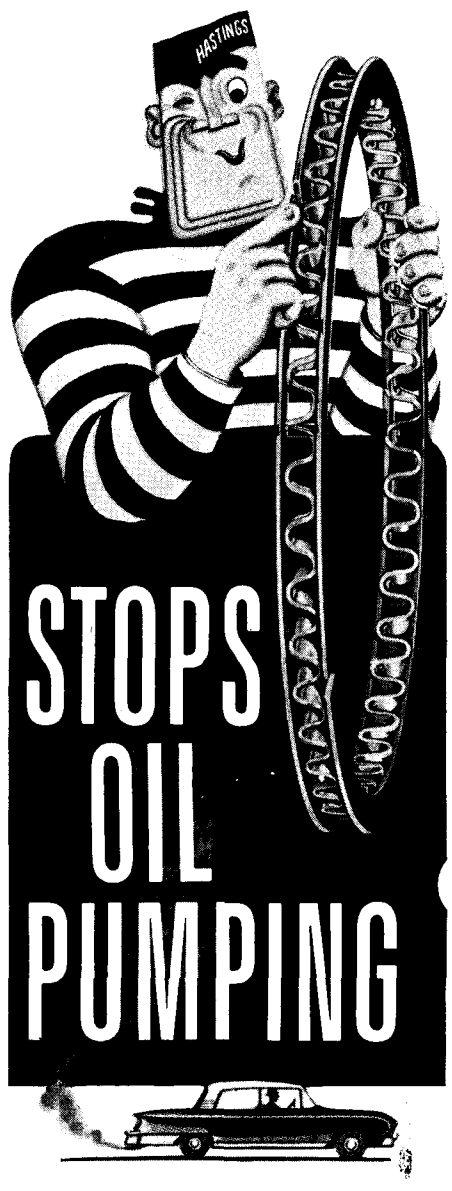
The astronaut has a self-contained atmosphere which furnishes a continuous supply of oxygen within his double-walled, pressurized cabin. What if the capsule wall is pierced by a meteorite, or what if something happens to the life-support system? The astronaut's pressure suit automatically inflates—if that fails, he can inflate it himself—and he is fed oxygen through an entirely separate emergency system. Even that system has a backup. There is still another emergency supply of oxygen, which can sustain him for ninety minutes.

To return the 18,000-mile-an-hour capsule from orbital flight, three retrorockets are fired to slow it by about 350 miles an hour, enough to allow the earth's gravity to take effect and pull the spacecraft back into the atmosphere. The retrorockets can be fired by the astronaut, either electrically or mechanically. They can also be fired by any one of six Project Mercury stations in the United States, Bermuda, Australia and Mexico. And if two of the retros fail, the third is enough to bring the capsule out of orbit.

During re-entry, a heat shield wards off the tremendous external temperatures which build up due to air friction, and a cooling system keeps the astronaut comfortable in his pressure suit. A specially designed contour couch cushions the astronaut from gravity forces as much as eight to twenty times his own weight on acceleration and deceleration. After the capsule has been slowed by the atmosphere and a small drogue parachute, a huge cargo-type parachute opens automatically at 10,000 feet. If the parachute fails, another one the same size automatically pops out. Both chutes also can be released manually by the astronaut.

There are hundreds of other safeguards. The capsule has an emergency battery to operate the electrical systems. If the astronaut's voice link to the ground fails, a second high-frequency channel is available. If his microphone goes out, he has a second; if that fails, he has a trusty, if antiquated, Morse-code key. To pinpoint its position, the capsule drops radar chaff just before landing, sends off radio signals, shoots an underwater bomb, flashes a beacon light and releases bright green dye on the water. If necessary, the astronaut can escape from the capsule through the top or by releasing an emergency hatch on the side.

So complete is the Project Mercury planning for emergencies that if Murphy's Law does operate on a manned mission, the probability is good that it will be offset by what might be called Gilruth's Law: Anything that can go wrong is backed up by at least one emergency system.



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The men who should be most concerned about the question of coming back safely are the astronauts themselves. All of them acknowledge the risks and give searching thought to each new problem in the project. But they are inclined to scoff at the alarm sometimes expressed about the likelihood of disaster.

"I think of flying in space about the same way I do about test flying," says Gus Grissom, who, like all of his colleagues, is an experienced engineering test pilot. "It's just another means of transportation. Maybe it's a little faster, a little higher, a little farther. But to me it's just an extension of the work I've been doing."

"Day-to-day testwork in new model aircraft can be more hazardous than our work, because the planes aren't checked out as well as our capsule," comments Lt. Cmdr. Walter (Wally) Schirra USN. "Two of my very close friends have been killed in test flying since I've been with Project Mercury," he adds. Al Shepard agrees, saying, "We have a better chance of coming back from space missions than many of us had in our routine test-flight duties."

John Glenn, who once lost twenty square feet of wing while testing an F8U Crusader, then brought the plane back for a landing, disagrees. He thinks the risks are not comparable.

"It's like trying to compare apples with oranges," says Glenn. "Airplanes have been here for a long time, and at least you have some basis for knowing what to expect."

Astronaut Donald K. (Deke) Slayton, an Air Force major, believes the first flights will be almost a sure thing. "I can't say for sure it will come out all right, but I also can't say for sure I'll walk down the stairs safely," said Slayton. "It is an engineering effort and it will go when it is ready."

The astronauts have great confidence in the capsule and its systems. But their conviction that they will return safely from space missions is not shared by insurance companies.

"None of us has been able to get any added private insurance since entering the Mercury program," Lt. Cmdr. Scott Carpenter USN told me. Lt. Col. John Powers, who guides the astronauts in their press and public-affairs activities, added that several insurance companies had made offers to cover the astronauts for their space flights, but always had wanted publicity and advertising tie-ins. These offers were all declined on grounds of bad taste.

The astronauts told me that their confidence in the space missions has been gradually increasing over the past two years. Each has had engineering responsibilities in the project. The more they learn about the system, the more respect they have for it.

Wally Schirra says that when he was called to Washington early in 1959 for the first briefing on Project Mercury, his reaction was, "Where do I go to say no?" An Annapolis graduate, he was at first lukewarm about interrupting a promising Navy career for this new project. Today he is disappointed at not being one of the three selected for the first space ride.

During the past two years, the astronauts have gone through fascinating but sometimes punishing training. They have practiced getting out of a capsule under rough sea conditions and have baked on the Nevada desert in survival training. They have spent hours on exhausting technical studies and have worked with various machines which simulate most of the conditions they will experience while in space. In the Navy's giant centrifuge at Johnsville, Pennsylvania, they have taken forces up to sixteen G's. And in high-speed jets they have practiced eating and drinking during one-minute periods of weightlessness, the most that now can be simulated. The effects of prolonged weightlessness on a human is one of the unknowns of space flight, but Ham's experience already has indicated that it will not be a problem during the upcoming short Redstone flight.

The physical demands of the first flights are considered by space medics to be well within human tolerances. No organized physical training has been required of the astronauts. Contrary to publicity sometimes given them, they are not supermen, but merely specially bright, though otherwise normal, young test pilots between the ages of thirty-four and thirty-nine. I was told by one military medical officer that any average young man in sound physical condition should be able to make flights, at least as a passenger, similar to those planned for Project Mercury.

Waiting for two years without being able to make a space flight, and seeing the target dates gradually shoved back by Murphy's Law, have produced some moments of impatience among the astronauts. On one occasion, Scott Carpenter volunteered to ride in a capsule on a Little Joe rocket, insisting to Project Mercury bosses that he was willing to take extra risks in order that the United States might beat Russia into space. Astronaut Gordon Cooper, an Air Force captain, at one point requested permission to sit in a capsule on top of a Redstone booster during a static test, so that the vibration, noise and general atmosphere of a rocket launch could be experienced before the real flight occurred. Apparently out of frustration during a dull point in the training program, six of the seven formally requested permission to visit Soviet Russia, meet their Russian counterparts and emphasize the peaceful and noncompetitive nature of the man-in-space program. Like the other proposals, this one was quickly squelched.

Another little-known fact about the seven astronauts is that they have two other fully trained colleagues. Soon after the original seven were selected by Mercury associate director Charles Donlan, it was decided that NASA engineer Warren North, a former test pilot, and Lt. Col. William K. Douglas, an Air Force flight surgeon, would take the training with them. But neither is presently scheduled to go into space. Douglas, as the astronauts' personal physician, wanted to experience everything his patients felt so that he would better understand their problems. North, sometimes called "the mystery astronaut," took the training in order to give NASA headquarters in Washington a more intimate view of the men who are "writing" the manual on space training.

With the day of the first manned shot rapidly approaching, the training emphasis has now shifted to the operations division of Project Mercury. After the decision has been made that rocket, capsule and astronauts are ready, the problem of getting the first astronaut out to space and back is in the hands of Mercury associate director Walter C. Williams, a field-hardened, quick-decision aeronautical engineer with fifteen years' experience supervising tests of high-speed aircraft from the X-1 to the X-15.

Williams's problem, co-ordinating the actions of the astronaut and the operations control teams, is a tough one. A mistake in setting a computer or a button punched at the wrong time could be more costly than a failure in the rocket or capsule. The men at the consoles in the Mercury Control Center must be as iron-nerved as the man in the capsule. Decisions often must be made in a split second and must be right the first time. If something goes wrong and the flight must be ended in the critical moments just before going into orbit, a few seconds' delay may mean the difference between the astronaut's landing safely in the ocean near a recovery ship or landing in the Sahara.

The exact degree of danger in any emergency situation must be assessed instantly by both astronaut and ground controller. Can the signal lights or electronic gauges be trusted? Should the mission be allowed to continue, or should it be cut short? Again, it is a matter of asking all the possible "what if's" and then setting up procedures and ground rules to cover every problem or combination of problems. Walt Williams admits he loses sleep these nights, wondering if there is some emergency situation he has not considered. When he does think up a possible problem, it is soon put to a test during one of the flight simulations, now being held daily at the Mercury Control Center.

Not long ago Williams decided to test his controllers and an astronaut on a remote possibility he had just thought about. What happens, he asked, if the capsule loses pressure and the astronaut's emergency systems fail just when the rocket is approaching an altitude where the man cannot live without oxygen? When the simulated emergency began, John Glenn slipped into a mock space capsule located in the control center next to the operations room. This capsule trainer has all the same lights, control switches and instruments of the real spacecraft and is tied in electronically with the operations room.

"Lift-off . . . clock operating," announced Glenn as his instrument panel indicated the Redstone booster had just started up off the launch pad.

A few feet away in the operations room, lights flashed on consoles in front of key members of the launch, tracking and recovery teams who were following the astronaut's actions and the performance data being telemetered from the rocket and capsule. Astronaut Carpenter at the capsule-communicator position talked with Glenn in the spacecraft, checking the altitude, pressure and G forces. At another console, men watched instruments which measured the rocket's trajectory, capsule communications system, cabin environment and even the astronaut's heart and pulse rate.

Supervising the operation from a console directly in front of Walt Williams was flight director Christopher (Chris) Kraft, who assumes the absolute decision-making power for each operation from the final two minutes of countdown until the capsule has returned to earth.

Up through 10,000 feet, then 20,000 feet, the mock flight progressed normally. Suddenly a warning light flashed yellow on Kraft's console. From the position of the light, he knew something was amiss inside the capsule.

"Environment to flight director," called capsule-environment monitor Mort Schler over the intercom as he watched the needle drop on one of his meters. "We're losing cabin pressure."

Seconds later Schler called, "Suit failing."

Kraft did not hesitate an instant. He triggered the escape-rocket mechanism. Any delay, he knew, might kill an astronaut. Green lights on his console showed that the mock escape was successful.

By the day of the first flight, astronauts Glenn, Grissom and Shepard will each have run at least fifty such simulations; and Walt Williams believes that the astronauts and the Space Task Group operations crews will be so thoroughly drilled in procedures that they will be able to meet any emergency without hesitation.

On the first real flight, the astronaut can sit impassively as little more than a systems manager and an observer. It is possible for the entire mission to be carried out with preset automatic controls, just as it was with Ham the chimpanzee. But it is hard to imagine a trained test pilot complacently hitchhiking on such an exciting flight. Under present plans he will cut off the autopilot during at least part of the flight and control the capsule himself. If he feels confident enough, he may turn his capsule over or around and take advantage of a view of the heavens and earth never before available to man.

All the astronauts look forward to subsequent flights in which they will take a greater part. They even dream hopefully of more sophisticated space flight after Project Mercury.

"We will not always be power-limited as we are now," says Glenn. "One day we will reach the stage where we will be able to make intelligent manned decisions in space and have the power plant available to go where we want to go and do what we want to do, just as we do now in aircraft."

The dream is still remote, however, and many critics complain that with our rate of progress in manned space flight, dogged by Murphy's Law, we will fall far behind the Russians. Mercury director Gilruth concedes that a manned spacecraft could have been sent off earlier in a nonorbital flight if all that was desired was a political stunt to beat the Russians, and if we did not care too much about survival of the astronaut. In answering these critics, Gilruth points to the objective of Project Mercury, which is to lay a solid groundwork for future manned space exploration.

"I think it is unfortunate," says Gilruth, "that after all of these thousands of years, when man is finally getting to the point where he can get out of his earthly environment, that it has to be cast in the form of a terrific race of a few months or a few years as to who is first."

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A woman in slacks is usually one who won't take advice.

If you think nothing is done right unless you do it yourself, there's probably something different about your haircut.

The easiest way to get your wife's attention is by looking comfortable.

Of course the times aren't normal. Things aren't that bad.

He who hesitates is rammed.

There's no substitute for money—unless, perhaps, it's your take-home pay.

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Beware the Killers in the Home

(Continued from Page 36)

aerosols have added a new dimension to the poison problem. Take time to read the labels."

Some of the new chemicals put on the market recently have had unexpected effects. A new polystyrene plastic cement, developed for the aviation industry, was converted to a totally different purpose in the exclusive residential section of Chevy Chase, Maryland, where a dozen teen-agers responsible for a series of burglaries, thefts and acts of vandalism were rounded up. Some of the leaders of the gang, police discovered, had been "sniffing" this plastic glue for kicks.

The glue comes in a collapsible tube and, when squeezed into a handkerchief, liberates trichlorethylene as it dries. Inhaling the fumes, the sniffer experiences extreme excitement, which often prompts screaming and destructive behavior. Then he falls into a profound sleep. Waking, he cannot remember what happened. "Sniffing this plastic cement is dangerous," Doctor von Oettingen warns, "because the liver and the bone marrow, which replenishes the body's blood supply, may be permanently damaged."

Apart from his other duties, Doctor von Oettingen often consults with the Advisory Center on Toxicology, set up by the National Academy of Sciences to serve the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission. Much of the advisory center's work is classified, but among its assignments that may be mentioned are problems arising from atomic-submarine operations. "Having Doctor von Oettingen around," says Dr. Harry Hays, director of the center, "is a little like having a toxicological encyclopedia that can walk and talk and be good company for lunch."

The Navy has studied for decades the special medical problems arising from submarine operations. But the advent of atomic power has posed other problems besides the obvious one—radiation.

"In the conventional submarine propelled on the surface by diesel engines and by electric motors when submerged," Doctor von Oettingen explained, "the principal hazard was carbon dioxide exhaled in the breath of crew members. There were many other toxic substances aboard, but the submarine usually surfaced at least once every twelve hours to recharge the batteries. Surfacing refreshed the air, too, so that toxic substances never accumulated in harmful quantities.

"Atomic-powered submarines, however, can stay submerged for sixty days or more. In that time even minute quantities of toxic substances may accumulate dangerously. So practically everything taken aboard an atomic submarine today must be analyzed anew, regardless of past experience, to guard against poisonous materials in any form."

We meet again the plastic airplane glue and its toxic possibilities. This glue was adopted by a Midwest manufacturer for use in a model-airplane kit because it dried fast. But when the Navy ordered some of the airplane kits for recreation during the long underwater cruises of atomic-powered subs, the specialists in submarine medicine required the manufacturer to supply a safe glue. The amount of trichlorethylene in the kits, assuming that all of them were assembled during a sixty-day voyage, might not have been harmful alone; but, added to insignificant amounts of other irritants in the sub's atmosphere, it might have become a toxic threat.

These threats pop up in the most surprising places, as Doctor von Oettingen points out, and sometimes one leads to another. A liquid deck wax, certain paints and a brass polish the Navy had been using for years were banned because they contain toxic hydrocarbons. So do cigarette lighters that use gasoline as a fluid. Tobacco smoke contains a quantity of poisonous carbon monoxide; but rather than create a morale problem by prohibiting smoking, the Navy devised a carbon-monoxide burner to oxidize the CO, creating CO_2, which was then eliminated in the air-conditioning system.

But the burners functioned at temperatures high enough to oxidize partially the methanol in duplicating-machine ink, creating formaldehyde, which in evaporating irritates the lungs. The ink had to be replaced by a safer formula, even though it took longer to dry. The burners also posed a threat if any wisps of Freon gas escaped. Freon is not toxic itself, but when heated, it breaks down into phosgene and hydrochloric and hydrofluoric acids, all highly irritant. The refrigeration and air-conditioning systems which use Freon have leakproof piping and fittings, but the submarine medicos are considering a ban against Freon-powered aerosol containers for shaving lather and insecticides.

Practically everybody has heard of DDT, but Doctor von Oettingen's role in introducing it to general use is as little known as the chemical name of the substance itself: dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane. The world's most widely used bug killer first came into use in the early part of World War II. Expecting to encounter all kinds of vermin in the North African invasion, principally typhus-bearing lice, the Army had to know whether use of DDT would harm troops. The men chosen to find the answer to this question were Doctor von Oettingen and the late Dr. Paul Neal, who was then head of the NIH laboratory of physical biology.

Laboratory tests with animals showed them that DDT was certainly toxic. But they showed also that it was insoluble in water or such body fluids as perspiration, saliva or the digestive juices of the stomach, and hence was unlikely to harm humans in ordinary use. But before they could be sure, they had to make tests on men. Who, then? A tradition of long standing requires that a toxicologist try a concoction on himself before certifying that it's safe for others.

Following this tradition, Doctors Neal and von Oettingen became the human guinea pigs for testing DDT. The invasion of North Africa was scheduled for the fall of 1942. In the middle of July, with the temperature hovering in the 90's, the two doctors spent their working hours wearing—under their regular clothing—long G.I. underwear of heavy wool, impregnated with DDT. They conducted the tests in sealed rooms where walls and ceiling had been saturated with DDT, and a mist of DDT hung in the air. To cap the climax they each ate about 700 milligrams of DDT dissolved in olive oil. They suffered no ill effects, which convinced the Army it was safe enough; DDT went to war.

The toxicological custom of trying your treatment on yourself has not always treated Doctor von Oettingen so kindly and once almost cost him his life. Doctor Von is a native of Germany, and while completing his undergraduate work there during World War I he did experimental research for the German Army in the prevention and treatment of phosgene-gas poisoning. Phosgene gas, he learned, thickens the blood and causes fluids to accumulate in the lungs, reducing the amount of lung space available for absorbing oxygen. Death, when it occurs, is due to an overworked heart. The treatment he evolved was threefold—absolute rest to minimize the heart's burden, bloodletting to lighten the pumping strain, and administration of oxygen. While working on these experiments one day, the neutralizer in his gas mask became exhausted. Before he could do anything about it, he had inhaled several whiffs of highly toxic phosgene.

"I went right home and got in bed," he said, "and hardly moved a muscle for days. I did have some edema in my lungs, but I hadn't inhaled enough gas to do any serious harm. I was just glad I had worked out the treatment before I had occasion to need it."

Doctor von Oettingen was born in Marburg, a university town in Hesse, where his father was a professor of history and art. But his uncle, grandfather and great-grandfather were all doctors, and he decided to follow in their footsteps. He received his doctor's degree in chemistry from the University of Göttingen in 1913, and his degree in medicine from the University of Heidelberg three years later.

At the outbreak of World War I he joined the German Red Cross, and for several months was overwhelmed by the vast number of battle casualties arriving in rear areas with badly infected wounds. Recalling that an ophthalmologist, Dr. J. Stilling of Strasburg, had used gentian violet, a purplish stain, for controlling eye infections, Von Oettingen, after trying it on himself, started using it on the wounded.

"I can still remember the first man I treated," Dr. von Oettingen told me, a faraway look in his blue eyes, "a man with a bullet wound through the fleshy part of his upper arm. It was so infected that amputation seemed indicated.

"As a last resort I tried Pyoktanin, as the antiseptic was known commercially, and within forty-eight hours the decayed tissue had sloughed off, and the cleansed wound started to heal. I hadn't even received my medical degree at the time. But nothing I have done before or since gave me such a feeling of elation."

Upon graduation in 1916, Doctor von Oettingen married Helene Maria Bauer, the daughter of a Heidelberg University professor. After the war, they moved to a small town near Mannheim, where he practiced medicine for several years. But research became his main interest, and because there was little of it being done in Germany then, he decided to come to the United States. Through correspondence he arranged to do experimental work for a manufacturer in Chicago. But shortly

(Continued on Page 98)

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

I CALL ON
SHIRLEY MacLAINE
By Pete Martin

SECRETS OF A
BATTING CHAMPION
By Pete Runnels of the Boston Red Sox

WAITING ROOM
FOR TRAVELING ANIMALS:
NOAH'S ARK IN NEW YORK
By Robert Christie

SMASHING A $400,000
BOGUS-CHECK RACKET:
MASTER FORGER AT WORK
By John Reese

HOW ENGLAND CARES
FOR THE AGED
By Milton and Margaret Silverman

WILL YOUR RETURN BE CHALLENGED?
WHAT TO DO
IF THE TAX MAN CALLS
By Ross M. Robertson

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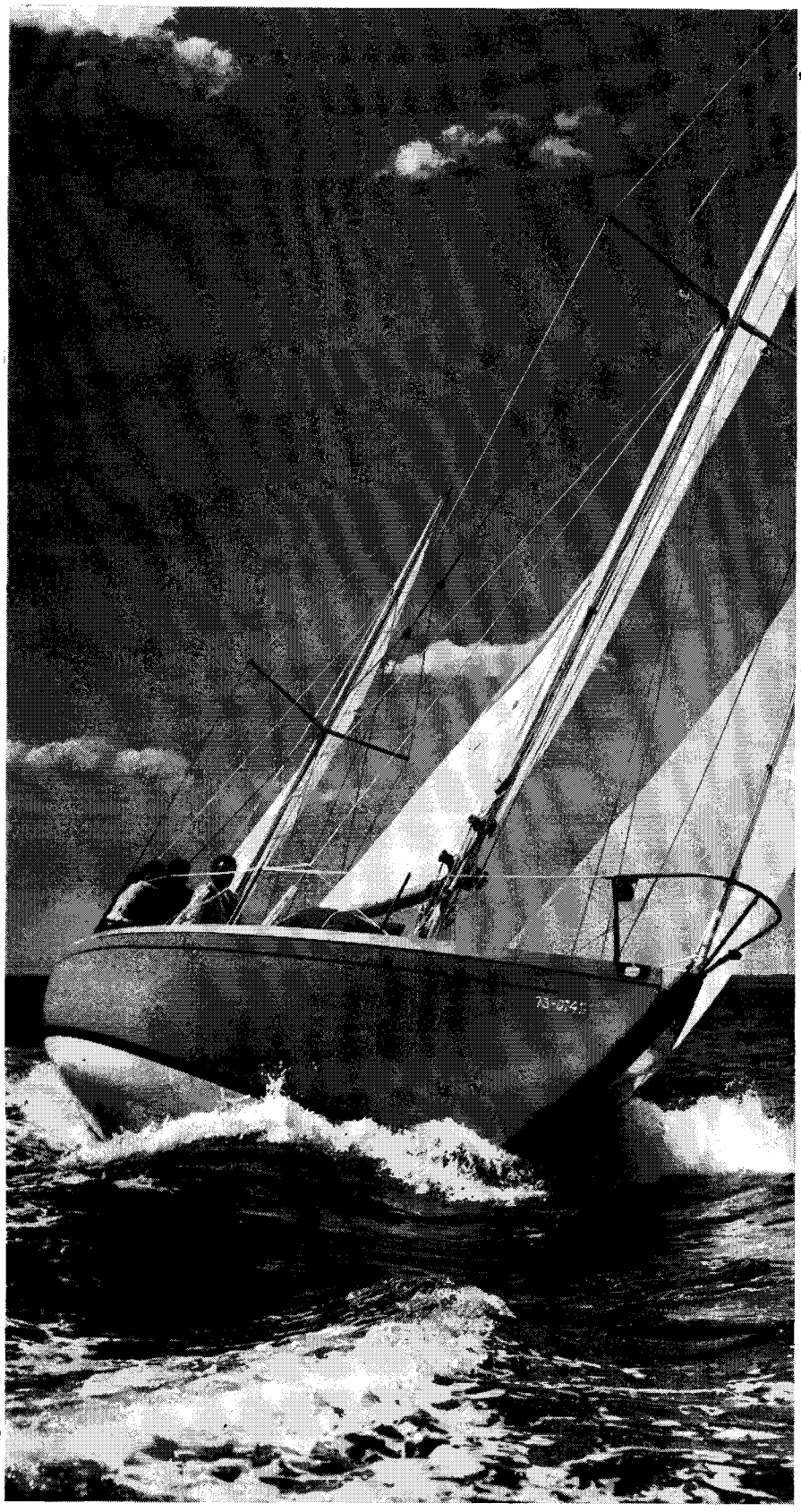

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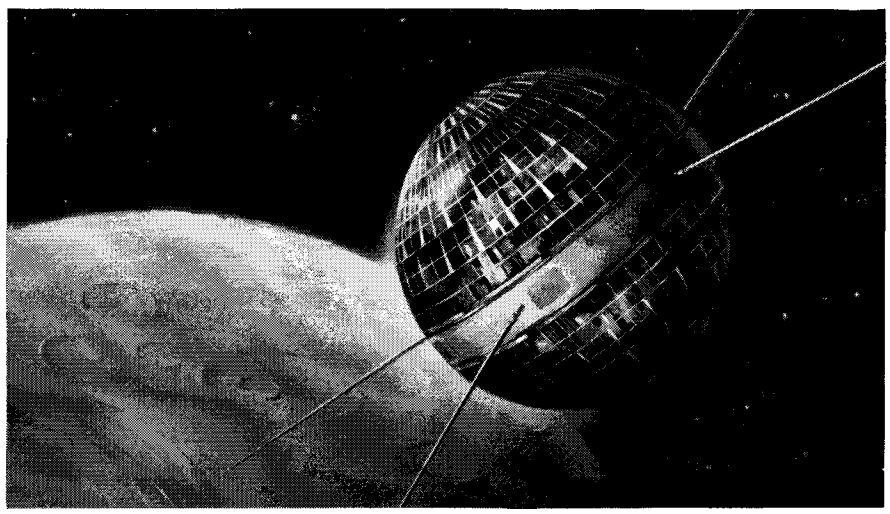

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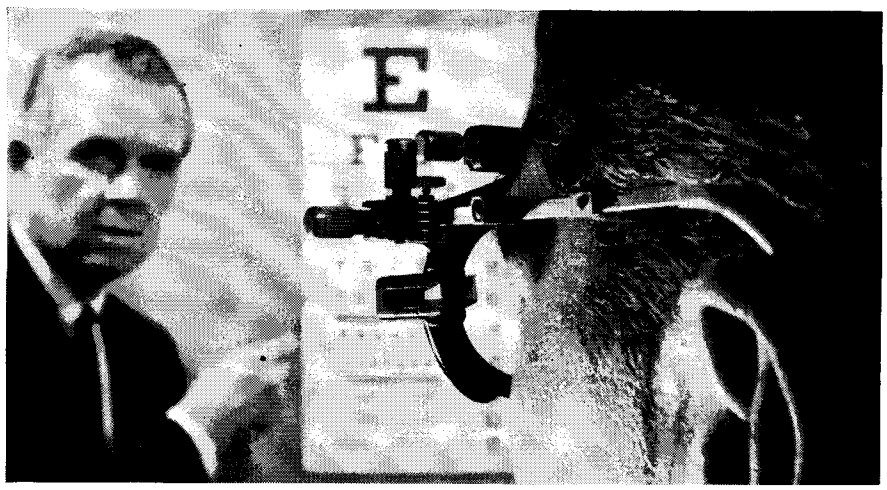

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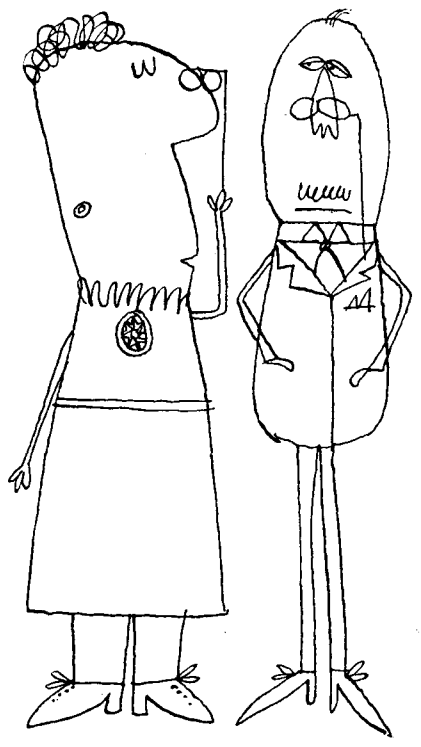

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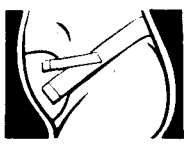

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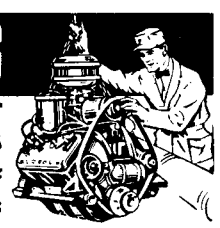

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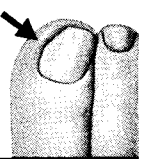

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Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

(*Continued from Page 96*) after he reached there, the company abandoned the project, and Doctor von Oettingen was out of a job.

"I was very sad," he recalls. "I was all alone, thousands of miles from home, with no job and practically broke. But when I wrote to my wife and suggested that perhaps I had better return home, she wrote back not to be discouraged. She said she had so much confidence in me and the future, that she would join me right away."

Join him she did, with their two children—Elizabeth, then six, and Ursula, four. Doctor von Oettingen's luck began to change. Dr. W. F. Petersen, of the University of Illinois College of Medicine, was able to arrange a temporary position in the school's Chicago research laboratory. One of the reports Doctor Von wrote there so impressed Dr. Torald Sollmann of Western Reserve University's medical school that he got Von Oettingen a post on the pharmacology faculty. After nine years at Western Reserve, doing research in industrial chemistry as well as teaching, he was chosen to head a new research laboratory which E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company planned to establish at Wilmington, Delaware.

Du Pont's Haskell Laboratory of Industrial Toxicology was the first of its kind in this country, and Doctor von Oettingen supervised the plans and purchase of equipment. During the four years he spent there he directed and carried out many research projects concerned with the expanding dye industry and other new chemical fields. But an opportunity to direct research on a broader scale induced him to leave in 1938 for the post of industrial toxicologist at the National Institutes of Health, where he has been ever since.

In more than twenty years of service at NIH, Doctor von Oettingen has made notable contributions in the fields of toxicity and the health hazards of solvents used in the chemical industry. Many of his studies of the toxicity of new compounds have served as guides for tolerance levels maintained in industrial plants. Possibly his most noteworthy paper was *The Untoward Effects From Indiscriminate Use of Antibiotics*, which he presented at the Second Annual Symposium on Antibiotics in October, 1954.

In the early 1950's the first warnings were heard that antibiotics, chiefly penicillin, were frequently being given without sufficient consideration of all medical factors in a case. Some persons allergic to antibiotics suffered severe reactions and, on occasion, were permanently affected. Some even died. Doctor von Oettingen had not been a practicing physician for thirty years, but he had built up a reference file—it now includes more than 75,000 cards—listing reports on toxicological subjects in medical literature throughout the world. In the process of keeping these files up to date, he noticed the increasing frequency and diversity of reports of harmful effects of antibiotics. Collecting these reports, he presented his review of the literature, with more than 300 citations from medical publications. His review was one of the factors that won him the Superior Service Award, presented by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in April, 1955, for "notable contributions to the field of toxicology, industrial hygiene and public health."

Since retiring to consultant status two years ago, Doctor von Oettingen has not spent as much time in the laboratory as he used to, nor has he poisoned himself lately. He believes that the number of people who do, unintentionally at least, will diminish under the new Hazardous Substances Labeling Act, some provisions of which became enforceable in February.

"An important provision of the new law," Doctor von Oettingen said, "is the requirement for listing all the toxic components of the product. For example, children who have swallowed furniture polish are among the victims most commonly brought to poison-control centers. But some brands contain petroleum and some don't. Both kinds are toxic, but each calls for a different treatment. Even though first-aid measures are on the label, it is usually best to call a physician. The listing of ingredients will save him valuable time in prescribing a remedy."

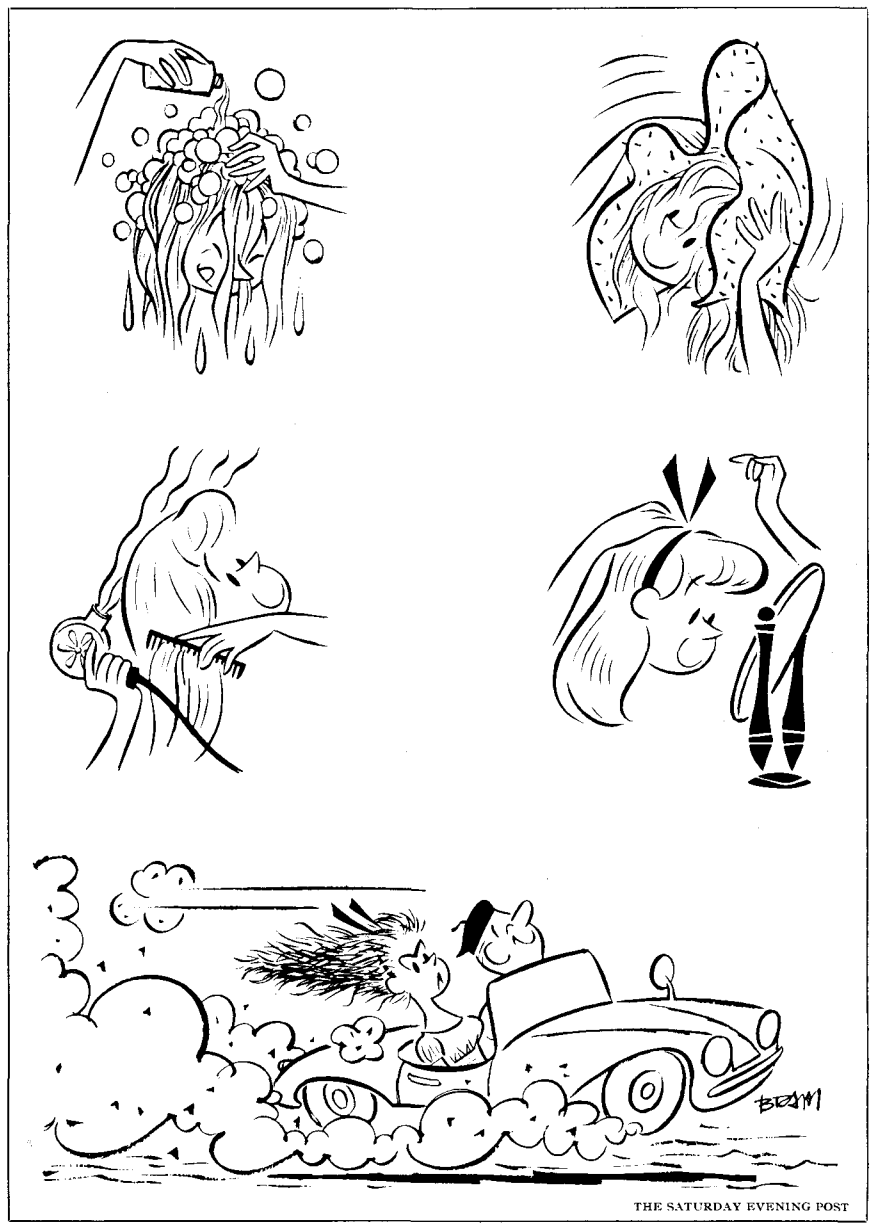
When it comes to poison-control centers—there are more than 400 in this country—Doctor von Oettingen knows whereof he speaks. He is not only a one-man answering service for poison queries at NIH by day; he is also adviser to the poison-control center at Suburban Hospital a mile or so from his home, and is thus open to calls at any hour of the night. A few of these emergency calls stand out in his mind—the man who took 500 aspirin pills and was saved only by use of an artificial kidney. But they are not all such serious cases, and one he will never forget concerned a busload of school children from West Virginia with fifty-two simultaneous stomach-aches.

One spring evening, shortly after he had retired, Doctor von Oettingen was awakened by a telephone call from the Suburban Hospital poison-control center, where the children had been brought in varying degrees of misery. They were believed to be suffering from food poisoning. Visiting the nation's capital for a sight-seeing tour, the youngsters had been taken ill at an amusement park. Questioning had failed to reveal a common denominator among the variety of foods they had eaten. If Doctor von Oettingen could come to the hospital to offer his advice, said a nurse on the phone, transportation would be furnished.

Half asleep, Doctor von Oettingen dressed in careless haste and stumbled downstairs and out his front gate. An ambulance from one of the county's volunteer rescue squads careened around the nearest corner and skidded to a stop. In a trice two men jumped out, took Doctor von Oettingen by the arms and whisked him inside. Instantly they were off—in a direction exactly opposite to that of Suburban Hospital.

The doctor tried to explain that he was not an emergency case, as his impromptu costume might indicate, but a physician expected at Suburban Hospital, which they were leaving farther and farther behind. His captors, not trained to cope with a German accent, soothingly replied that they had orders to take him with all possible speed to a hospital in downtown Washington. Not until they reached the wrong hospital was Doctor von Oettingen able to identify himself and convince his abductors of their mistake. They whisked him back into their ambulance and treated him to another breath-taking ride to Suburban Hospital.

What about the children? "As it turned out," he recalls, "they weren't suffering from poisoning at all, and had been put to bed by the time I showed up. It became clear that one of the children, partly because of the uninhibited diet and partly from the excitement of the trip, got sick to her stomach. That set off the others. Maybe you could call it poisoning by autosuggestion." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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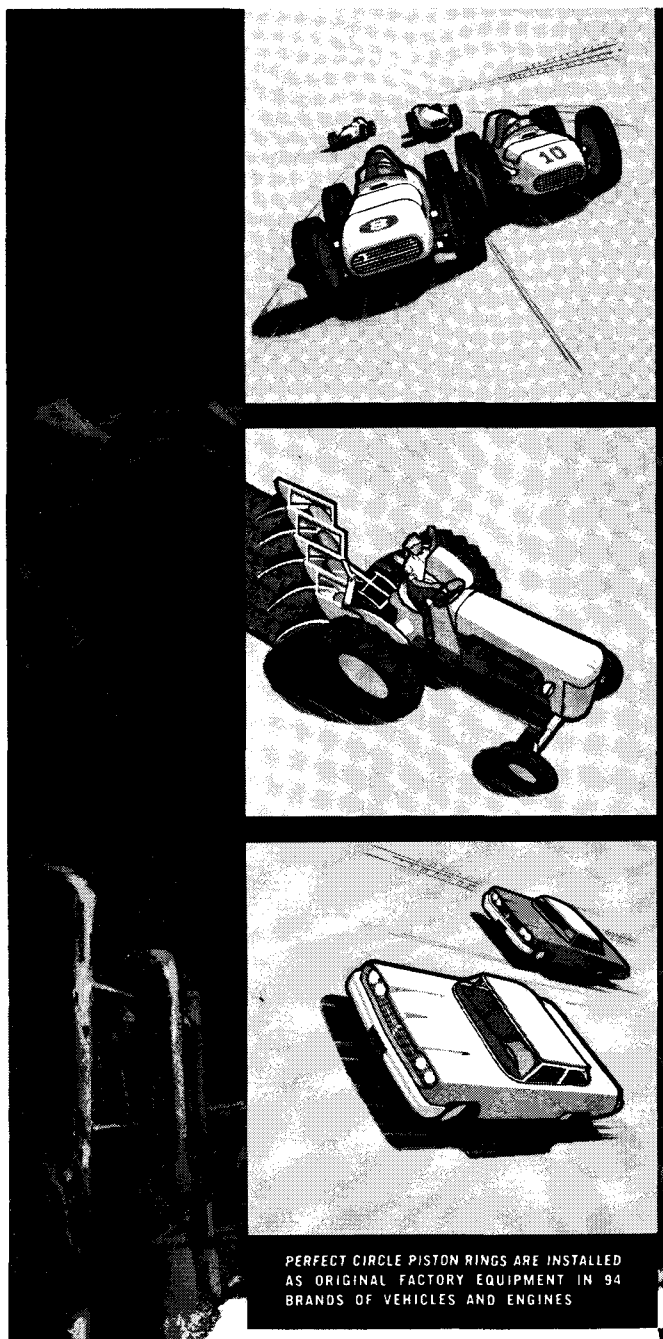
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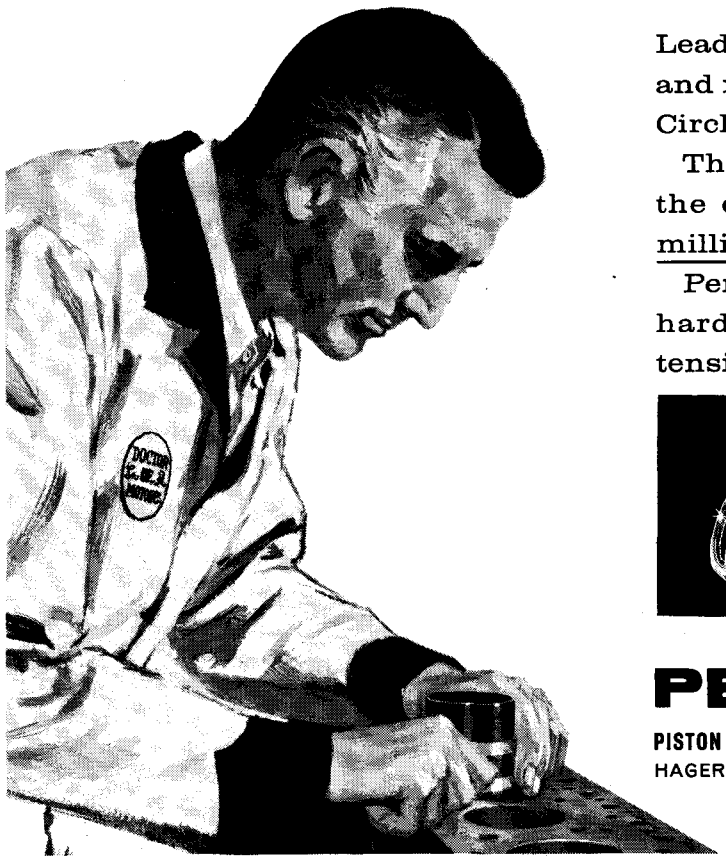

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Brother Against Brother

(Continued from Page 39)

Fifteen circled between the forts, shelling both in a cannonade which could be heard seventy miles away. The Confederates hit back. Soon there were eight killed and twenty-one wounded aboard ship, and the sand-covered decks ran with blood.

The sixteenth ship, the gunboat *Pocahontas*, hung back out of range. The gunboat's captain began to be darkly suspected. Then, with a mighty belch of smoke, the *Pocahontas* darted close to the flank of Fort Walker with all guns blazing. In short order the Confederates abandoned the fort, and Hilton Head fell. General Drayton reported that the gunboat's flanking attack "annoyed and damaged us excessively. . . ."

Any who doubted the loyalty of the gunboat's captain had a conclusive answer. Only engine trouble had held him back. Lean, black-bearded Percival Drayton was Unionist enough to bombard his own kin and put shells through his brother's roof. As chance had it, no Draytons were killed. There were enough of them around. Thomas had as his aide his son John, while a sixteen-year-old son, William, ran messages. Percival opposed not only his brother and nephews but a distinguished naval cousin, Commodore Josiah Tatnall, who commanded the tiny Confederate "mosquito fleet" at Port Royal.

"To think of my pitching here right into such a nest of my relations, my brother, nephews, Tatnall and others," Percival confided soon afterward to a New York friend. "It is very hard, but I cannot exactly see the difference between their fighting against me and I against them, except that their cause is as unholy a one as the world has ever seen, and mine just the reverse."

Percival minced no words. Detesting slavery from firsthand observation, he asserted that to insure a Union victory for the sake of "human progress and world civilization, I feel quite ready to sacrifice every relation that I have got in the world, painful as it would be." He predicted accurately in 1862 that in the course of the war, "my own brother will probably, like so many others, lose everything, but although sorry, I think he richly deserves it, even more than others, because he has not the excuse of utter darkness and ignorance of right. . . ." Nevertheless, Percival willed $27,000 to brother Thomas. And sure enough, Thomas was almost penniless when he received the bequest after the war.

Percival Drayton rose high in the naval service. In 1863 he commanded the new U.S.S. *Passaic*, one of the seven Ericsson-built monitors which bombarded Fort Sumter with two other ironclads in a vain attack on his native Charleston. Ericsson and the Northern public appeared to expect miracles, he commented later, "but I for one have serious doubts that the few ironclads at our disposal can do much toward the reduction of my native city." Angered that a native South Carolinian would assail his own home, the state legislature discussed proscribing or outlawing him. He was denounced, along with other South Carolinians who sided with the Union, as "infamous" and a "falsehearted traitor."

Drayton, meanwhile, harried the Southern coast and became fleet captain under Adm. D. G. Farragut. In the daring Federal attack at Mobile through floating mines, then called torpedoes, it was Drayton to whom Farragut is said to have issued his famous order: "Damn the torpedoes! . . . ahead . . . full speed!"

The first communication that Drayton received from his Southern relatives after the war came from nephew William, then in Texas, in the form of a boyish letter—"*Dear Uncle Percy:* If I recall correctly, my first fight was against you when you gave us such a thrashing at Port Royal...." Before the year 1865 was out, Percy Drayton died, exhausted by his war service. He was buried in Philadelphia.

Drayton was by no means the only naval officer whose sense of brotherhood suffered a bitter test under fire. One of the most famous naval engagements of the Civil War opened with each of two brothers shelling the other's ship. This was the battle in which the ironclad C.S.S. *Virginia*, ex-U.S.S. *Merrimack*, destroyed the wooden frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* in Hampton Roads before the epochal clash with the *Monitor*.

The captain of the *Merrimack* was white-haired, eagle-faced Commodore Franklin Buchanan. From an early start as a midshipman at fourteen, he had served as a United States Navy officer for forty-seven of his sixty-one years. He fought heroically in the Mexican War,

... ...

Finders Keepers

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The moon above I leave to
man and rocket.
But here in a rain pool, glitter
all around it,
Is a moon no bigger than a
silver apple.
If I fish it out and put it in
my pocket,
Who'll ever know? And after
all, I found it.

... ...

founded the Naval Academy at Annapolis and finally became a ranking Confederate naval officer by a freak of fate. Peppery "Old Buck," as he was called, resigned as a high United States Navy officer because he expected his native Maryland to secede. When it did not, he humbly sought to withdraw his resignation. Coldly the Washington bureaucrats refused. Feeling cast out, Buchanan joined the Confederate service, but deplored the conflict as "the most unnatural, useless, fratricidal war ever known." He prophesied almost better than he realized.

As the awesome *Merrimack* steamed toward the outclassed U.S.S. *Congress*, the sixty-two-year-old purser, or paymaster, of the Union ship, who ranked as a commander, requested the captain to assign him to battle duty. In reply to a question from the captain, purser McKean Buchanan replied evenly, yes, he knew who commanded the rebel ram—his younger brother. Apparently Commodore Buchanan knew that his older brother was on the *Congress* also. It did not deter him.

Ordering his Confederates to battle stations, Old Buck exhorted, "Do more than your duty! Those ships must be taken!"

At point-blank range of 300 yards, the *Merrimack* fired a broadside which tore through the wooden *Congress* and sent her reeling. Then the ironclad sank the *Cumberland* in quick order and opened fire again on the hapless *Congress*.

McKean Buchanan, given command on the berth deck, saw shell after shell rip completely through his ship and strew dead and wounded like jackstraws. The *Congress* became ablaze almost from stem to stern. One hundred and thirty-six of her crew of 434 were killed, wounded or drowned. Up went the white flag.

Instantly—could he have been thinking of his brother?—Old Buck ordered small craft to rescue the survivors. From the nearby shore Union troops opened a hail of musket and cannon fire on the rescuers. The loaded broadside guns of the *Congress*, set off by the heat of flames, apparently joined in. A number of Confederate rescuers fell dead or wounded.

Hot-tempered Old Buck roared "Vile treachery!" to his second-in-command, Lt. Catesby ap Roger Jones, and ordered, "Burn that damned ship, Mr. Jones. She is firing upon our boats under her flag of surrender!" Then he seized a carbine and began shooting from an exposed position on the bridge. A Minié bullet from the shore tore into his thigh. He fell, so seriously wounded that he had to yield command of the *Merrimack* in her historic fight with the *Monitor* next day to Jones.

Brother McKean emerged from the slaughter alive, although he had a close call. He abandoned ship with the others and was struggling in the water when a small boat picked him up. Old Buck, on recuperating from his gunshot wound, proved himself as fiery a Confederate as ever. At Mobile Bay, in command of the lone Confederate ironclad *Tennessee*, he tackled an entire Union fleet, including three monitors, and wreaked widespread damage before being forced to surrender. He and his brother McKean both lived past the age of seventy, friends to the end. Theirs was a brotherhood that not even the stress of war could break.

Not all of the brotherly strife took place between high commanders. We know more about wartime clashes of the ranking officers simply because privates, as a rule, leave fewer memoirs. The story of two rank-and-file soldiers named Culp survives, however, because of the strange circumstances under which one died.

Wesley and William Culp, of Pennsylvania German stock, grew up on the edge of a sleepy small town in south-central Pennsylvania, on the family farm with its rich bottom land and sprawling central hill. The swell of land known as Culp's Hill is one of the ageless hills. Leafy paths wind amid the dogwood and underbrush. Tall trees shade the inviting greenery. Gray stones, verdant with moss, outcrop in many places. A boy can race along the paths, hide under stone shelves or stretch out on top of a slab of rock and dream.

Wesley Culp was not the type to dream. He raced the paths, climbed rocks and trees, captured and held his own little world. The hill in his youth was, to him, *Wesley* Culp's hill. In time, while brother William remained at home, Wes moved away. The blue distance of other hills beckoned. Wes headed southwest along the valleys to Shepherdstown, in what was then Virginia and is now West Virginia. It was a fatal move.

Wes worked uneventfully in a carriage factory until war broke out. Then he enlisted in Company B, Second Virginia Infantry, in a brigade headed by a strange sort of professor general named T. J. Jackson. After First Manassas, the general and brigade became better known as Stonewall's Brigade. Wes marched, camped and fought and received mighty few letters from home. At mail call he was one of the forlorn.

Brother William, meanwhile, joined the 87th Pennsylvania Volunteers. The 87th headed south over almost the route that Wes had traveled in peacetime. In June of 1863 it held the valley town of Winchester, Virginia. Up the valley surged a wave of

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gray, Stonewall Brigade to the fore. Enveloped by Ewell's Confederate corps, a third of the Union garrison of Winchester surrendered, and the rest departed in haste. Brother Wes didn't see brother Bill, but he met a boyhood chum from the same company, Cpl. Johnston, or Jack, Skelly, Company F of the 87th. Skelly lay critically wounded. Wes bent over him. Skelly whispered a message to be delivered to his sweetheart back home if and when the circumstances of war permitted. Wes listened faithfully, but he didn't have much time to think about it.

A few days later Wes and his comrades waded across the shallow Potomac at Shepherdstown in a great invasion of the North. Late in June he found himself in increasingly familiar country, around Greencastle, Chambersburg, Carlisle. Then the Confederate march swung to the right, and the countryside grew even more familiar.

At one P.M., on July 1, 1863, Wes experienced a strange home-coming to his native Gettysburg. He fought his way straight down the main street as an "invader." With his fellow Confederates he drove a disorderly rout of bluecoats through the rows of tidy red-brick homes and neat stores. In a final burst of fury the Confederates forced the Federal troops out of town.

Before nightfall the Federal forces rallied to the south and southeast of Gettysburg on two hilltops. One was Cemetery Hill, with its sign, ironical at the moment, prohibiting the discharge of firearms among the graves. The other slope needed no introduction to Private Culp of the Second Virginia. It was Culp's Hill—Wes Culp's Hill.

In the July heat the battle raged on. Wes, staring up Culp's Hill, automatically loaded and fired, aiming wherever he saw a Union musket flash. Then the darkness enforced a lull. Wes obtained permission from his captain to slip back into Gettysburg under cover of night and visit a sister, Anna Culp, living on West Middle Street. She greeted him warmly, but warned that some relatives had threatened to "shoot the rebel on the spot" if they saw him. Wes smiled, ate his dinner and told her of Jack Skelly's message for his sweetheart, a girl named Jennie Wade. Anna offered to deliver it. Wes said no, he had promised to do so himself and would get around to it after the fighting ended. He ducked out and rejoined his command before daybreak.

The next day, July second, the Confederates made a determined drive to capture Culp's Hill. Unknown to them, however, Federal reinforcements had arrived. Wes charged up the familiar slope. An enemy gun crashed almost in his face. The shot proved fatal. A comrade paused long enough to pull his body under a tree broken over by shell fire. The gray charge spent itself in vain against the hillside.

Fate next day relieved Wes Culp of his unfulfilled promise to give his wounded friend's message to Jennie Wade. Near the close of the battle, Confederates volleyed at Union snipers sheltered behind Jennie's home. Five bullets tore through the door. One killed Jennie as she stood kneading dough in the midst of battle. She was Gettysburg's only civilian fatality.

After the battle, captured Confederates sent word of Wes Culp's death to his relatives. Uncles and cousins searched Culp's Hill in vain for his body. There were 7000 dead strewn around Gettysburg. As one cousin later explained, "We found dozens of broken-over trees and dozens of bodies under them—but we never found Wes."

William E. Culp, Wesley's brother in blue, meanwhile, was reported "missing in action" following the engagement at Winchester, Virginia. Four days after the battle of Gettysburg, however, William rejoined the Federal Army at Frederick, Maryland, and served out the war.

While Wes and William Culp were spared the ordeal of shooting directly at each other in battle, a distinguished Union general and the youngest of his three Confederate brothers many times commanded their men to fire into each other's ranks.

Maj. Gen. John Gibbon, a Philadelphian by birth, grew up in Charlotte, North Carolina, after his physician father moved South. Entering West Point from North Carolina in 1842, he became a professional soldier. As such, he put his war views in a sentence: "Secession is rebellion and must be put down as such." His three Southern-bred brothers, Robert, Lardner and Nicholas, disagreed. All three became Confederate officers.

In a succession of major battles—Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania—John Gibbon's divisions tangled directly with Lane's North Carolina brigade, in which young Nick Gibbon led a hard-fighting company. On the foggy morning of December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Gibbon's bluecoats looked up the fatal heights to see the hill crest held by Lane's brigade. Their lines veered, but exchanged fire. At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, Nick's unit swept forward with Pickett's great, forlorn charge which smashed in vain at an adamant Union line commanded by brother John. At Spotsylvania, turning the tables, Nick's gray brigade blazed away at the flank of John's attacking troops so furiously that it broke their nearly triumphant charge at the Bloody Angle "with severe loss."

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During the long siege of Petersburg, John Gibbon yielded to an impulsive wish to see his younger brother once more. A flag-of-truce steamship ran regularly up the James from City Point, Grant's headquarters, to Richmond. John wrote to "my dear brother" Nick, suggesting an unusual wartime meeting aboard the steamer and adding that he had Grant's permission. Nick's reply to "brother John"—no "dear" about it—is a penned study in scorn. He said that while General Lee no doubt would consent to the meeting, "it is not agreeable that I meet you under the circumstances. . . ." John responded in older-brother fashion: "Under no circumstances could a meeting with one of my brothers prove disagreeable to me. Should we ever meet hereafter, you will find me, as ever, Your affectionate brother. . . ." Nick, after encountering John's unaffectionate troops in battle, apparently did not care to sample John's fondness for him. Although the brothers survived the war, family tradition has it that Nick never again spoke to John.

A curious form of conflict occurred between John and another brother, Dr. Robert Gibbon. Robert, a medical-corps officer, served as brigade surgeon of the same North Carolina unit in which Nick fought. Many of the Confederate casualties treated by Robert were inflicted by John's bluecoats. At Gettysburg 348 wounded trickled back to the brigade surgeon's field hospital. There were times when John, too, could have used a doctor like Robert. John was hit by a bullet at Fredericksburg and was badly wounded at Gettysburg. He survived both wounds and became a famous Indian fighter after the Civil War.

Another bitter split occurred between the brothers James M. and John B. McIntosh, who eventually became cavalry generals on opposing sides. Both were born at Tampa, Florida, sons of a Regular Army colonel who fell in battle in the Mexican War. James, the older, was graduated from West Point and served on the frontier. John, after graduation from Annapolis, fought in the Mexican War as a midshipman. He left the Navy in 1850 to marry and go into business in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

James jarred John in 1861 by resigning from the United States Army and becoming a Confederate officer. John, denouncing the act as "a blot on the family honor," took a Union commission and reputedly swore never to speak to his rebel brother again. He never had the opportunity. James, rising rapidly to brigadier general, was fatally shot through the heart while leading Southern cavalry at the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 7, 1862. John meanwhile served in the East. He lost his right leg in Virginia at the Battle of Winchester, in 1864, and later became a major general.

No state was more painfully divided by the war than borderline Kentucky. Out of its boiling controversy there emerged two notable sets of Union-versus-Confederate brothers, the Crittendens and the Breckinridges.

United States Sen. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky opposed secession and used all his influence to keep his state in the Union—but could not keep his son George out of the Confederate army. George, a West Pointer, became a Confederate major general. He resigned his commission, however, after losing the battle of Logan's Crossroads in his home state early in 1862. His lawyer-businessman brother, Thomas L. Crittenden, succeeded better as an amateur soldier than George had done as a professional. Thomas commanded Union divisions at Shiloh, Stone's River and Chickamauga, ended up a major general and made the United States Army his postwar career.

Most of the Breckinridges of Kentucky were strongly pro-Southern. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States when the South seceded and an unsuccessful Presidential candidate against Lincoln, became a major general and later Secretary of War of the Confederacy. But his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, a noted Presbyterian clergyman, ardently supported the Union. The clergyman's own family, however, was badly split. Four of his sons served as officers—two on each side. Robert Jr., and W.C.P.—"Willie" to friends—wore gray, while Joseph and Charles, a young West Pointer, served the Union.

Willie, colonel of the hard-riding 9th Kentucky Cavalry of John Morgan's command, and Joseph, a young artillery lieutenant, narrowly missed meeting in battle in the bitter fighting around Atlanta. When a Southern onslaught captured Joseph and his battery, Willie was only a few miles away. Joseph protested loudly that nobody could send him to prison camp—his second cousin was a Confederate general and his brother a Confederate colonel. His captors released him in Willie's custody, and the brothers spent the night in a friendly reunion. Willie tried unsuccessfully to have Joseph exchanged for a captured Confederate officer. That failing, Joseph was politely led off to imprisonment, first at Macon and later at Charleston.

The fate of the heroic Terrill brothers, Virginians who served as generals on opposite sides, proved far sadder. They first parted ways in college. William R. Terrill went to West Point, was graduated in 1853 and made the army his career. James B. Terrill, almost four years younger, was graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1858, then studied and practiced law.

From 1861 on, both Terrills excelled as battlefield leaders. William rose to brigadier general by 1862. He was killed while rallying a wavering brigade of Union troops at the Battle of Perryville, Kentucky, and lies interred at West Point. James, the V.M.I. graduate, commanded the crack 13th Virginia Infantry in many battles, although so nearsighted that the enemy often had to be pointed out to him. In a desperate charge at Bethesda Church, Virginia, in 1864, he stumbled with an awful bullet wound. Informed that his brigade commander was killed, he staggered ahead, waved his sword and commanded, "Forward!" A second bullet tore through his brain. He died at almost the moment that the Confederate Congress confirmed his appointment as brigadier general.

Sadly, old Col. W. H. Terrill took home the body of his second heroic son. The grave, in a small country cemetery, has long been lost. So has a monument, if it ever existed, which the grieving father is said to have erected to both his sons—Brig. Gen. W. R. Terrill, U.S.A., and Brig. Gen. J. B. Terrill, C.S.A.—with this inscription:

GOD ALONE KNOWS WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT.

THE END

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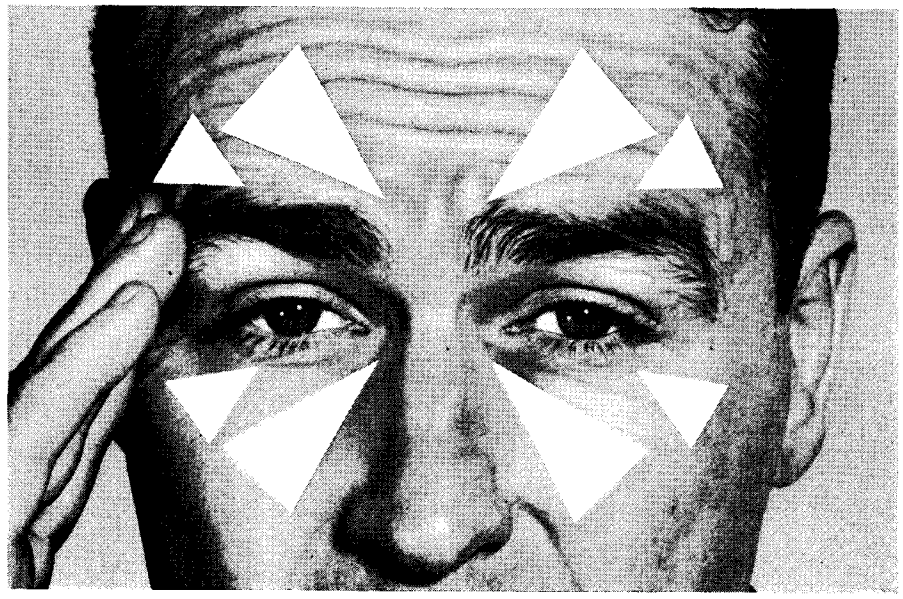
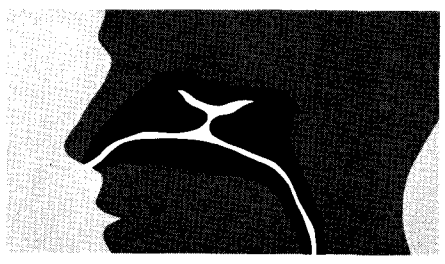
Exclusive 3-layer DRISTAN® Tablet brings relief in minutes from

SINUS CONGESTION and its PAIN, PRESSURE ...COLDS MISERIES

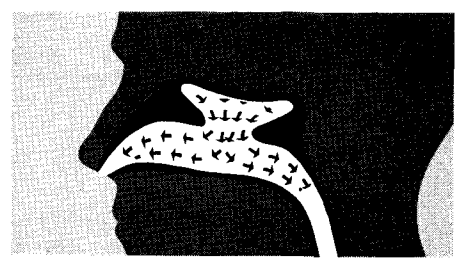


DRISTAN HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of pressure and pain)



BEFORE: Nasal-sinus passages are swollen, clogged with infectious germ-laden mucus. This congestion causes headache, painful pressure over temples and cheekbones . . . is responsible for much colds suffering, difficult breathing and postnasal drip.



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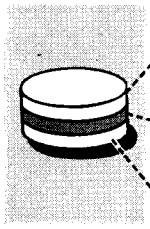

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The Messages of Life (Continued from Page 29)

Watson of Harvard University and Francis Crick of Cambridge University, is a concept of great significance. It suggests the basic operation by which a living organism reproduces itself. And it appears that of all the substances in the organism, only DNA possesses this power of replication. All other substances are directly or indirectly made by the DNA. The DNA might be likened to a queen bee, hatching out workers who cannot leave descendants. Only the queen bee can proliferate—only the queen can produce the infertile workers and, from time to time, a new queen bee.

The DNA is then a set of self-replicating instructions, constituting the genetic material within the nucleus of the cell. But whence do the instructions come? How are they carried out? To answer these questions, the biologist leaves the central nucleus and he prospects in the surrounding cytoplasm of the cell.

A cell contains of course a multitude of parts. In addition to its nucleus, for instance, a plant cell possesses chloroplasts. These contain not only the chlorophyll which makes plants green but also the machinery for photosynthesis, which converts carbon dioxide and the energy of light into the plant material all of us onplants use for food. All cells also contain units of a smaller order called mitochondria—the cellular powerhouses which burn the food and supply the energy for our muscular work, the operation of our nervous system and the process of chemical synthesis within the body.

All these cellular units are small, but they are large enough to be seen through a microscope, and biologists have been observing them for a generation or more. To find the direct linkage between the units in the cellular chain of command, biologists have had to descend into a still smaller world—a world observable only after the introduction of the electron microscope in the 1940's. On this minute stage—an area where the common unit of measurement is the angstrom, or the fractional part of one hundred millionth of an inch—the most interesting objects are the cellular enzymes and the microsomes.

One of the triumphs of modern biology has been the demonstration that each of the cell's chemical reactions is speeded on its course by a specific kind of enzyme with the sole duty of hastening that particular reaction. Because the cell carries on several thousand kinds of chemical reactions, it contains several thousand kinds of enzyme molecules. We know that the enzymes a cell produces are genetically controlled—that for each enzyme there is a gene in the nucleus which orders the cell to make that particular enzyme. Since there are about 10,000 kinds of enzyme molecules in a typical cell, there must be at least an equal number of genes in the nucleus of the same cell.

A striking example of this one-for-one relationship is an enzyme found in victims of the hereditary disease called sickle cell anemia, characterized by abnormal hemoglobin of red blood cells. We now recognize the cause of this enzymatic abnormality as a hemoglobin-determining gene different from the normal.

Among the many things we know about enzymes is that each consists of a unique chemical material. All enzymes are protein, that complex material which forms so large a part of all living matter, and all are made up of the same twenty kinds of amino-acid building blocks. An enzyme molecule consists of several hundred of these building blocks linked together in a long chain. What makes a particular kind of enzyme a unique material is the sequence of the building blocks. We may say, therefore, that an enzyme molecule is, like DNA, a message, but a message written in a twenty-letter alphabet—the alphabet of the twenty naturally occurring amino acids.

The cellular enzymes perform various essential tasks in the transformation of food into cell substance. But before an enzyme molecule can perform its task, it must first be assembled by the cell from the amino-acid building blocks. One of the exciting discoveries of the new biology is how the cell makes its enzyme molecules. It is a most logical arrangement. The cell contains superenzymes, called microsomes, for making ordinary enzymes. Though the microsome is about 100 times larger than the enzyme molecule, it is still so small that we can see it only with the electron microscope.

The functioning of a microsome depends upon a full set of built-in instructions. To make one particular enzyme—the hemoglobin molecule, for example—600 building blocks of twenty different kinds must be properly stapled together in the correct sequence. The building instructions are written in the microsome in coded form. The essential portion of the microsome is thus a coded directive about what kind of enzyme to make and how to make it. The building blocks of which the microsome is made are much like those of DNA, with the addition of a single chemical group essential to enzyme synthesis. The nucleic acid of the microsome, ribonucleic acid, or RNA, is more specific than the DNA of the genetic material in one respect—RNA can make enzymes; DNA cannot. But DNA can replicate itself, and RNA cannot.

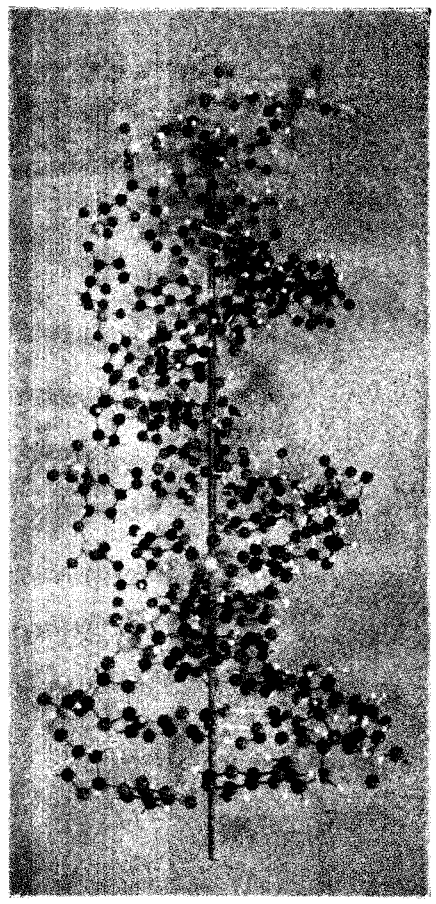
Microsomes, then, make enzyme molecules. But we also know that the DNA of the genetic material is the original source of the cell's information about what kinds of enzyme molecules to make. Clearly the genes somehow determine the kind of information contained in the microsome. Microsomes, in fact, are apparently made in the nucleus and then distributed throughout the rest of the cell. Further, it appears that the formation of microsomal RNA in the nucleus takes place only in the presence of the DNA, for if the DNA is removed, the cell loses its power to make microsomal RNA.

We do not know exactly how the genetic DNA makes the microsomal RNA. Obviously the next great step is to find out. We could, for example, put some DNA in a test tube and ascertain what else has to be added to cause RNA to be made. For the present we can say that the genetic material has two functions—(a) it can replicate itself or (b) it can synthesize RNA. This RNA is packaged as microsomes which go out into the cell and make enzymes.

The amount of information contained in the RNA of a single microsome is quite small compared to that contained in all of the DNA of the nucleus. We think, in fact, that it just about equals the information contained in a single gene. If this is true, a single microsome probably contains the message of but a single gene. One gene, therefore, would contain the information necessary to make one kind of enzyme. To get this information acted upon, the gene produces its special kind of microsome within the nucleus; the microsome then sifts through the nuclear membrane and out into the cell, where it manufactures the specified enzyme. Since the genetic material of the cell consists of several thousand genes, it follows that the cell contains several thousand kinds of needed enzymes.

The success of any organism is measured by the number of descendants it leaves. The cell that leaves the most descendants wins out and populates the earth. But the division of cells to make more cells requires the multiplication of the genetic material, the replication of the DNA. Each unit of genetic information, each gene, each chromosome, must double before cell division can take place. The two daughter cells, products of the cell division, each contain genetic information characteristic of the original parent cell—characteristic in amount and kind.

In terms of the cell, multiplication is the goal of life, and multiplication means replication of DNA. And now we can sense the logic which requires the presence in the cell of the varied things which it contains. The genetic material of the nucleus contains information. This information is somehow transferred to microsomes. The microsomes go out into the cell and use this information to make enzymes. Some of these enzymes make building blocks for making more enzymes. Others make building blocks for making more RNA to make more microsomes. But—and most importantly—a portion of the enzymes are those which make building blocks for DNA, so that the genetic material may multiply, so that, in turn, the cell may produce more cells. A cell is a device arranged by the DNA to provide for its own welfare, to provide it with conditions suitable for its own replication. We might even say the same thing for the whole living creature.



Model of segment of a long, chainlike DNA molecule showing helical structure and linkage of four basic chemical compounds.

In the logic of the living cell, then, the RNA and the enzyme molecules all originate with DNA. The DNA originates from itself, using its own body as a model. Where did the first DNA come from? The question of the origin of DNA thus is the question of the origin of life.

No one has yet synthesized life. It should, however, be possible. One would have to make some DNA and then put it in a soup containing the *A*, *T*, *G* and *C* building blocks that DNA needs to reproduce itself. The DNA should then be able to reproduce and make more DNA. Ultimately the replicating DNA would use up one or another of the ingredients—say, *A*—and replication would cease. Thenceforth only the occasional DNA molecule which had acquired information on how to make *A* from some other precursor would be able to reproduce.

This acquisition of new information by a DNA molecule is known as mutation. Geneticists believe that mutation consists of little errors which occur from time to time in the replication of the DNA. Possibly a *G* is inserted where an *A* should be, or one letter is left out entirely, or an extra letter is put in. Once made, the error is ruthlessly replicated during the course of DNA multiplication—just as a printing press replicates all of the errors of the typesetter.

In any mutation, the altered DNA molecule will contain information slightly different from that of its parent. Often this new and randomly acquired information will serve no purpose. Occasionally, useful new information will be acquired. The properly mutated molecule will have a selective advantage over its nonmutated mates—it would be able, in our first example, to make *A* building blocks from some appropriate precursor and continue the production of the slightly different kind of DNA. This is natural selection at work. In time the system will run out of something else, such as the precursor of *A*. Only those DNA molecules will survive which have, by mutation, acquired the capacity of making the precursor of *A* from still another precursor.

Thus we can imagine that, as the DNA molecule reproduces and mutates in a soup containing all imaginable substances, mutation and selection will gradually enrich the soup with those DNA molecules which possess more and more sophisticated synthetic ability.

This is the kind of model most biologists today believe to be a reasonable one for the origin of life on our earth. [See How Life Began, by E. A. Evans, *The Saturday Evening Post*, November 26, 1960.] They conceive that aeons ago the oceans were a sort of primordial soup, containing an almost infinite variety of organic compounds which persisted because there were no creatures to feed upon them. The first living creature to appear in this soup must have been a simple organism, no more than a molecule constructed by random organic chemistry, yet a molecule capable of replication and mutation, so that it could adjust to changing circumstances. It must have been a molecule of DNA. And, over the ages, this aboriginal DNA molecule gained the ability, by mutation and selection, to house itself within membranes and to produce cells. From cells arose, likewise by mutation and selection, the wonderful array of living things.

A single cell is, of course, just the beginning of a complex creature such as man. Each of us, however, does develop from a single cell—the fertilized egg. The fertilized egg cell divides into two cells. Each of these divides into two, and so on. As the process continues, individual cells begin to differentiate into different types of cells—structural cells, glandular cells, secretory cells, reproductive cells, nerve cells. We know such differentiation consists basically of differentiation in enzymatic constitution—different kinds of cells containing different kinds of enzymes that, in turn, produce different structures and functions.

But this leads to a paradox. Each enzyme is apparently produced by a particular kind of microsome, derived from the DNA—quite possibly the DNA of a single gene. We know that all cells of a creature have (*Continued on Page 107*)

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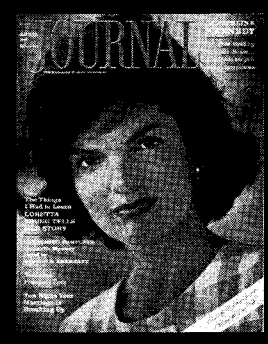

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(*Continued from Page 105*) the same total complement of DNA and thus have all of the genes characteristic of that creature. Accordingly we should expect all cells to contain the same enzymes and therefore the same characteristics. How do cells of a single creature develop into different types?

The inescapable conclusion is that all genes do not always make their characteristic microsomes, their characteristic RNA. As an extreme example, take the cells which produce hemoglobin. In these cells all genes except those concerned with the production of microsomes for the synthesis of hemoglobin are inert; they are inoperative. Conversely, in the adult organism the gene for making hemoglobin is inoperative in all of the cells except those in the bone marrow which are concerned with the making of red blood cells.

It would appear, then, that part of the cellular system controls the activity of the genes within the nucleus, determining whether a given gene may produce its characteristic microsomes. We do not yet understand the nature of this control. Perhaps certain genes are responsible for it. Perhaps part of the information in the DNA directs the use of the rest of the information. Perhaps a portion of the DNA sends out signals informing each gene when it should be operative and when inoperative.

If biologists can learn how to turn the genes off and on, they will have taken the first step toward controlling the development of the fertilized egg into an adult organism. With such knowledge we could remedy defects as they appear in the developing child, replace worn-out organs and perhaps even initiate embryonic development in cells removed from the adult body.

Many current medical problems will yield to our increasing knowledge of cellular activity. We already know that some kinds of viruses are essentially pieces of DNA which can enter a cell and there replicate, foraging on the host cell for nutrients as they make more viruses. This is true of the bacteriophages, the viruses which attack bacteria. Other kinds of viruses, including those of influenza and polio, are more complex and consist essentially of portions of RNA.

Though we do not yet know how these viruses multiply, we do know how to attack the problem. We must find out whether the host cell's DNA is necessary for the production of the RNA of the virus—as it is for the production of microsomal RNA—or whether the virus RNA, unlike the microsomal RNA, can multiply itself. Such knowledge might help us arrest the growth of disease viruses without harming the host cells.

As for cancer, though we can now describe the various forms of this disease and though we know there are many different agents, viruses and irritants which induce cancers, we still do not understand the basic mechanism which transforms a normal cell into a cancerous one. Possibly a cancerous cell is one in which a large number of genes are operative, genes which would remain inert in the normal course of development. Some part of the carcinogenic process may cause the cancerous cell to start producing microsomes for producing enzymes which that cell does not ordinarily produce. Perhaps, to use an exaggeration, a cancerous cell is a cell in which all the genes are operative. We do not yet know the answer—but we expect to find it.

The new biology I have described is largely concerned with the molecular facts of life. Our progress has enabled us to make more clearly the boundary between molecular biology and the biology of even more complex matters—human behavior, for example. A fertilized egg cell develops into a creature—a human being, for instance—in response to instructions contained in the genetic material. Written down in the DNA is a vast amount of information—instructions on how to make all the cells and tissues and arrangements needed to assemble a man. Part of the instructions contained in the DNA of a human being direct the construction of a vast network of nerve cells, the brain and its associated sense organs.

Once assembled, this neural network is capable of receiving, through the sense organs, information about the outside world. It is also capable of storing, processing, sorting and acting on the information it receives. Though DNA contains instructions on how to make a human brain, it does not put information into this brain. The brain starts off with a clean slate. Each of us gathers his own information and acts upon it in accordance with what we learn and feel. Neurobiology, the biology of the neural network, is supramolecular biology. Its study is a challenge for the biologists of the future.

But the biology of today is molecular biology—life seen as the ballet of the big molecules, the dance of the DNA. The new biology promises much for human welfare; it has already provided much understanding. Through it we have learned that each living creature is, biologically, a cellular instruction manual written in symbolic genetic language, the language of the DNA. The DNA makes the RNA; the RNA makes the enzymes; the enzymes make the building blocks for making all three. The molecular logic of the animate world rests on this tricycle of life.

THE END

Small Wheel: Will Travel

Of all clichés, trust this the least:
"The squeaking wheel is soonest greased."
I squeaked, all right, but what a waste!
I wasn't greased; I was replaced.

Irene Magee

For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Swanson, Carl P.
The Cell,
Foundations of Modern Biology series
Prentice-Hall
$1.50

Gerard, Ralph W.
Unresting Cells
Harper
$4.50

Hutchings, Edward, Jr., Editor
Frontiers in Science
Basic Books
$6.00

Butler, John A. V.
Inside the Living Cell
Basic Books
$3.50

The Physics and Chemistry of Life
Edited by *Scientific American*
Simon and Schuster
$1.45

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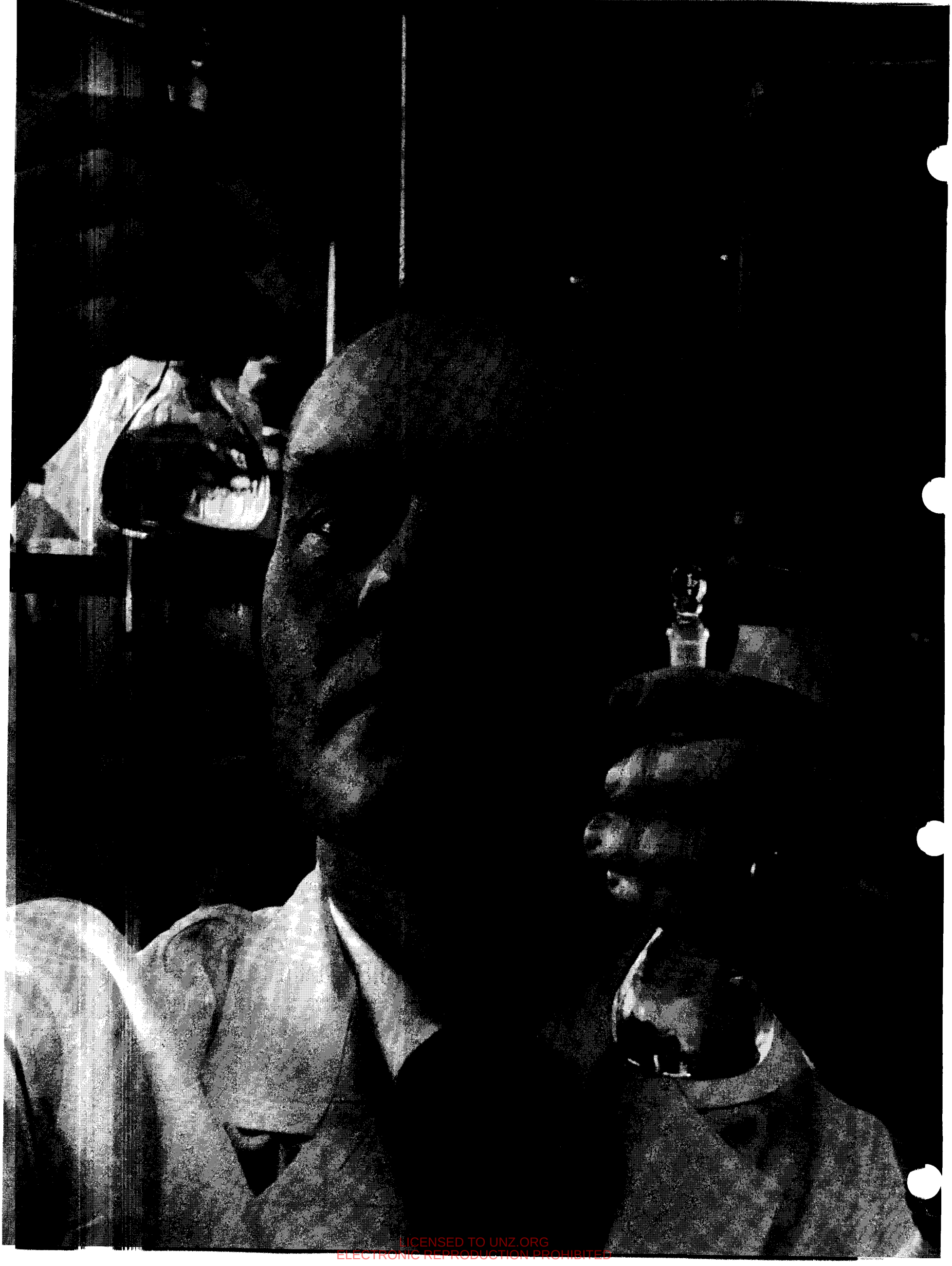

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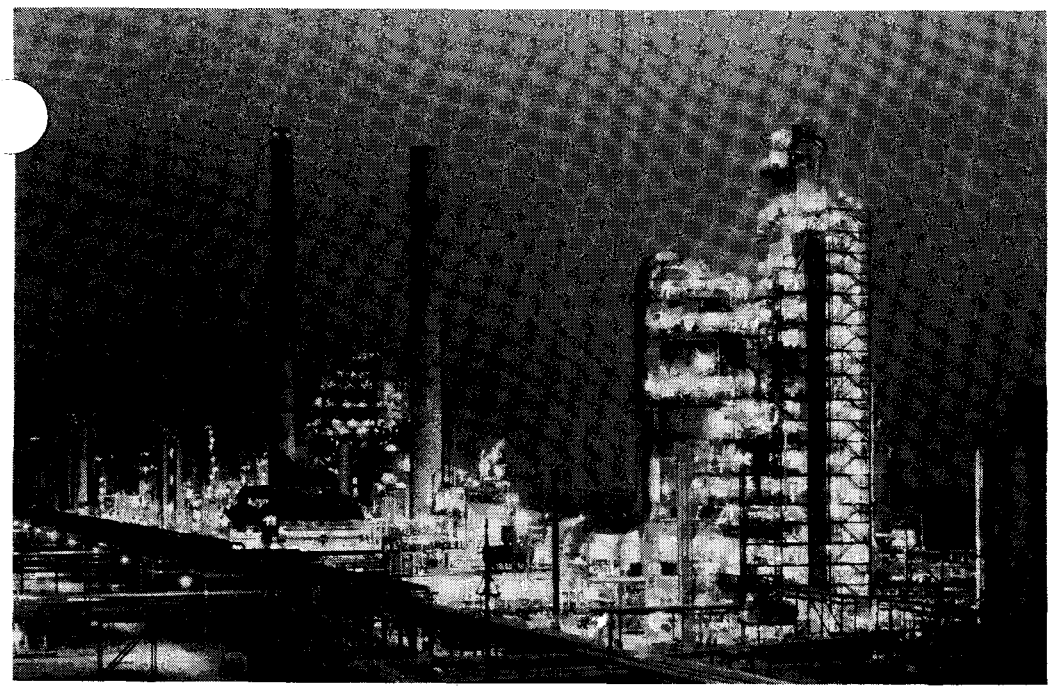

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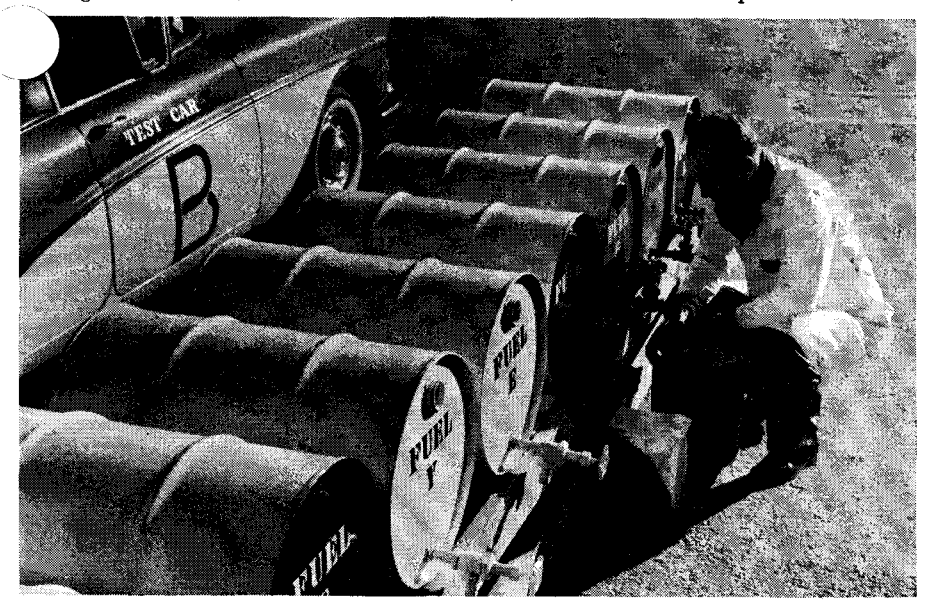

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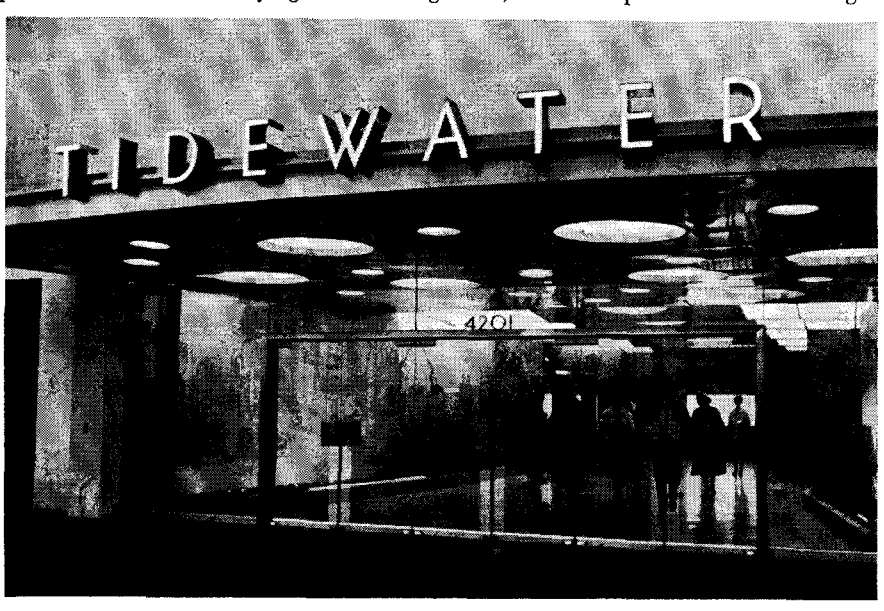

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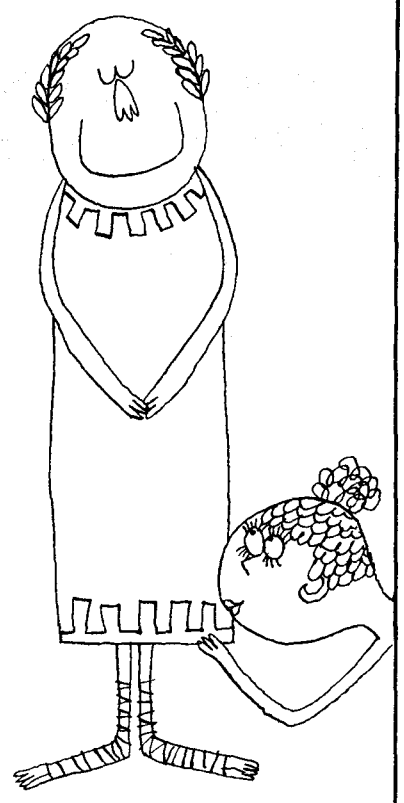

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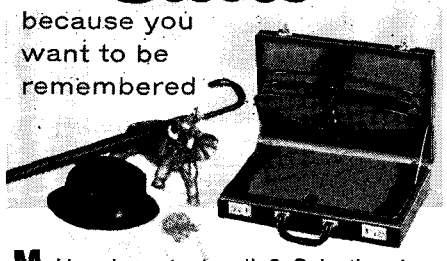

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The Wreckers

(Continued from Page 23)

would, he knew, and soon, and his only surprise was that the house had survived this long. Yellow barricades had been placed in front of the Gilligman house. Les Dunston approached, read the stencil, SANTORE AND COMPANY, then stayed to watch the workmen and remember.

Himself, of course, and Maisie, and their own six children at the end of the street. Then the Gilligmans, with three or four kids of their own, and down past Gilligmans, where now hulked two ten-story apartment houses with liver-colored bricks, had stood four more homes—the Schultzes, the Brenners, the Maguires and the Dumonds. That was a fine family, Les Dunston remembered. Maisie and Mrs. Dumond had been good friends.

He turned and looked across the street. Out of that old, familiar scene only the Peerie house still stood, a new house as the neighborhood went, thirty years old or so, now broken up into four small apartments. To the left of it, stretching down to the far corner, had stood the Wainly house, a small thing of only seven rooms, and on the big corner plot, the Derricksons' place. Seven attached houses, with identical façades, now stood where two homes had been before. And on the other side of the Peerie place was a row of stores—a grocery, a laundry, a dry cleaner, a beauty parlor, a candy store and a shoe-repair shop.

Oh, the vegetables Les Dunston had taken out of that same stretch of land! He closed his eyes in sweet recollection of the yearly harvest: sweet corn, spinach, rutabagas as big as his fist, acorn squash as sweet as candy, turnips and pumpkins and gourds; beets and tomatoes, beans and potatoes and carrots and onion sets. It was work, and all the kids had had to help, but what a plenitude they'd had sixty and fifty and forty years back, with enough to keep Maisie busy canning and pickling the summer through, and always a surplus for their friends along the street.

All gone, he thought, or nearly so. What happened? He knew. The war. Not the first one, when Les had gone to France with the A.E.F. as a captain, returning with a *Croix de guerre* and minus one lung, but otherwise unhurt. No, it was in the 1940's, when the world was forever changed, that it began happening. After the war the builders had fanned out from the city, gobbling up acreage for subdivisions and then, still hungry for land, had doubled back, buying up lots they'd missed the first time through.

He remembered the bad feeling in the neighborhood then. Foster had bought Maguire's place, telling him he wanted it for one of his sons-in-law. Then he'd turned around and sold the two big properties to a syndicate. Not long after that Jim Brenner, deciding the neighborhood was ruined, gave up and put the house on the market, and then Schultz quit too. But not Gilligman. He asked too much, so they just built the second apartment house up to his property line. And there he sat and there I sat until ——

Les Dunston roused himself and turned back to the wreckers when a groaning sound cut through the air. The east wall of Gilligman's parlor was coming loose from the body of the house. Four workmen with long crowbars strained in the sun, levering it off its corner anchors. A short, white-haired man directed their efforts with arm signals.

Dunston took out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously, thinking, Lord, Lord, how easily that came free! I'm glad Gilligman isn't here to see. I'd best go back. He knew it would be only a day or two before they'd be ready to move to the house next door, his house, which he'd started back in 1902. It had taken him, all together, seven years to build. He blew his nose again, wondering as he turned away how long it would take to destroy.

Giovanni Santore dispatched the last truckload of salvage and eyed the foundation, thinking it had gone easily enough. His workmen were gone, and it was time to leave himself, but he lingered.

All I did was stand around and tell them what to do, and I'm tired as death, he thought dispiritedly. I yell, I wave my hands, and they don't see nothing, they think everything's the same, but I know it ain't. All day long I got this weight in my stomach, and all I want to do is sit down. The doctor says, "Rest, Giovanni," but for what? To poke along like that old one who watched us this afternoon, no good for anything? Santa Maria, I wish I knew what I wanted to do. . . .

He shook his head to expel his somber thoughts and started walking toward his two-tone car. But something held him, made him look around once more. The setting sun was just behind the tower of the end house, glowing like a magnificent jewel. Giovanni's face went gentle.

I'd like to meet the man who built that house, he thought. To place it just so, where it catches the sun like that. Whoever he was, he built that house to last. A lot of love went into that carpentry!

He shook his head again, unable to understand the depression he felt. The sun was now obscured by the tower of the house. The air felt chilled. Giovanni strode to his car.

Seven kids, Les Dunston thought, and I outlived four of them and Maisie as well. Martha stillborn; Walter carried off by smallpox when he was two; Margie of the golden smile killed by a runaway team of brewer's horses—1912, March fourth. He remembered the day still, too vividly. And John, the last-born, killed on Okinawa in the first wave of marines. Then Maisie, in 1949, gone to peaceful sleep and never awakening again.

And me? he thought as he walked along. I might as well be all alone for all I see of the others. Jimmy and his wife in California, him making big money as engineer, but too busy to come back I to see his old man. Joanne was near a came to visit once a week for an hour or so, always on her way somewhere else, tense all the time. He suspected it was because she'd never had any children, and that was enough to sour any woman. The fault, he thought uncharitably, was not Joanne's, but that pantywaist husband of hers, Cyril, whose voice was too thin and who was never at ease. So that left Dora, the eldest and the dearest to him, perhaps because she, too, was all alone, a widow outside Boston, teaching elementary school. She came home whenever she could, at Christmas and over the summer, but two visits a year didn't take care of all the empty time. As he approached the junction of Anderson and Locust, he wondered if he ought to write to Dora and tell her about the house. She'd care, he knew.

Giovanni Santore was alone inside the house, wandering restlessly through the empty, hollow-echoing rooms. Tomorrow I got to let the boys in here, and th the beginning of the end, he thought. only a job, so why am I stalling? Wha the matter with me?

He went into the largest of the four bedrooms on the second floor. There was a built-in bench spanning the arc of the bay window. He sat on it, looking out. All he could see from where he sat was a soothing bank of treetops and sky. He brushed dust off the seat and moved his flattened palm along the satiny mahogany, thinking, The years it took to make a finish like that; forty, fifty, maybe, with people sitting here a couple times a day, sitting here to look outside.

He wondered who the occupants had been and what their life was like. The lord and lady of the (*Continued on Page 112*)

"What was his text, I wonder?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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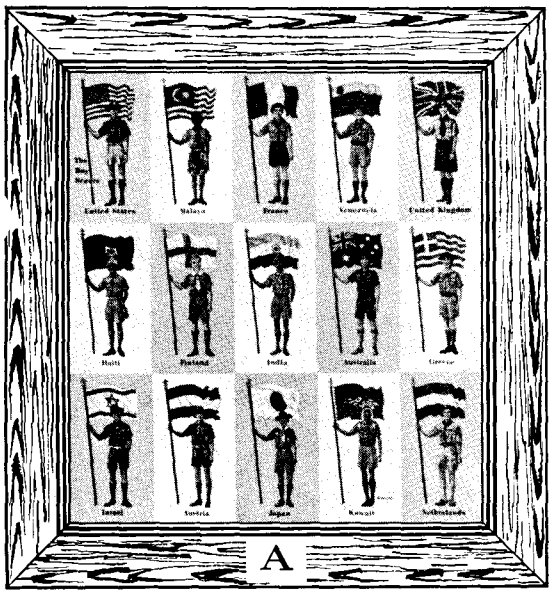
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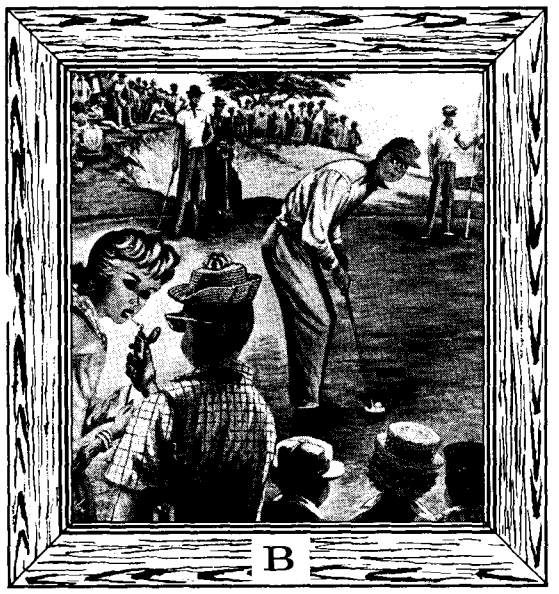
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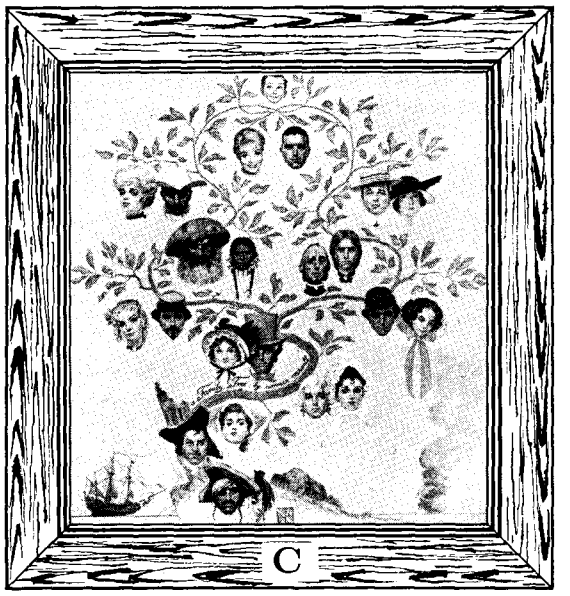
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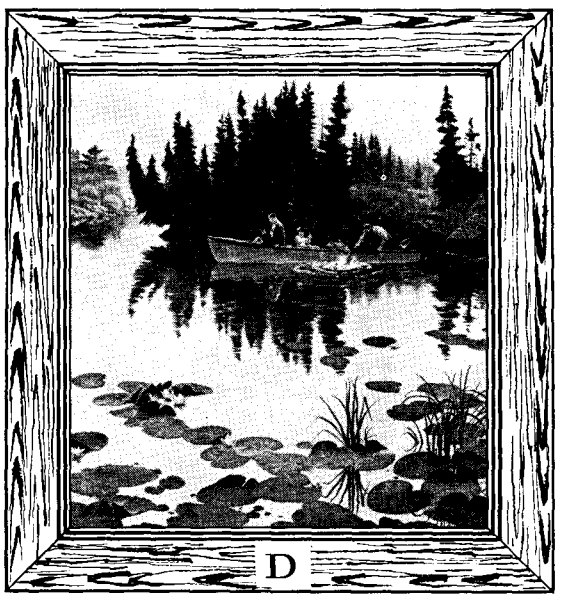
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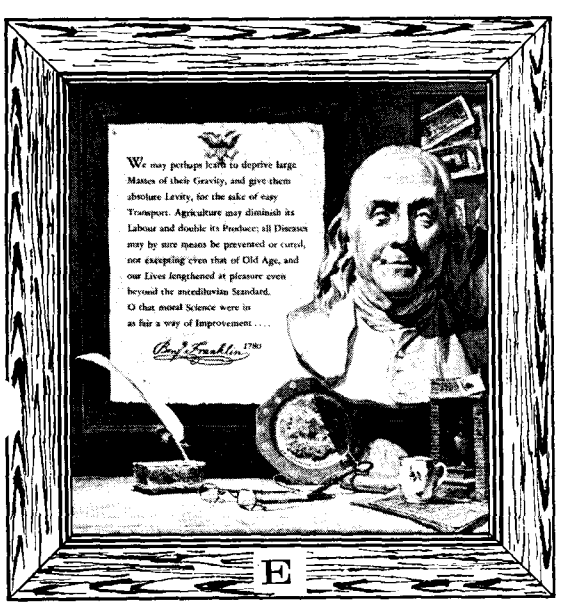
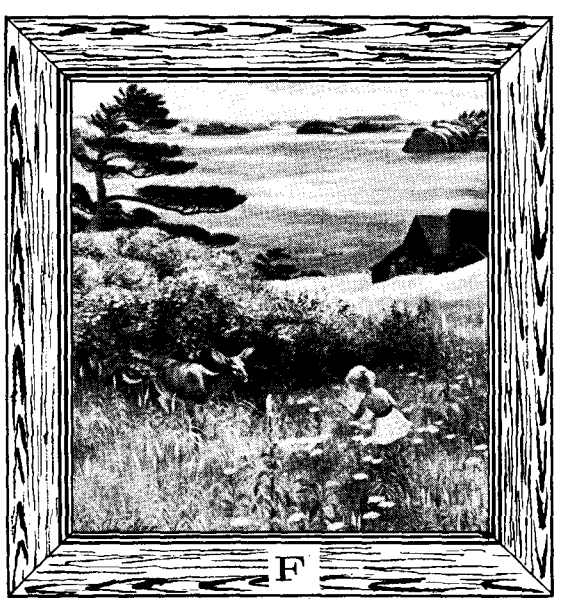

We may perhaps learn to deprive large
Masses of their Gravity, and give them
absolute Levity, for the sake of easy
Transport. Agriculture may diminish its
Labour and double its Produce; all Diseases
may by sure means be prevented or cured,
not excepting even that of Old Age, and
our Lives lengthened at pleasure even
beyond the antediluvian Standard.
O that moral Science were in
as fair a way of Improvement....
Benj.a Franklin 1780
E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(*Continued from Page 110*) place, the grand seignior and dame. This must have been their room. Giovanni got up and circled the place once, opening the doors of the two closets in the hope he'd find some artifact inside that would tell him whether they had been good together, whether they'd been strong and proud as man and woman should be.

A house this big, he mused, there must have been some kids. Some people had kids, some made them. Which applied here? For reasons vague and unexpected, Giovanni felt he had to know. He clumped out of the room, looked broodingly in the three other bedrooms and then made his way up to the attic floor, to study again the three smaller rooms up there under the eaves. In one of the corner rooms he took the tightly turning steps up to the tower, a small and private place, a circular pale-green room with windows all around, high above the tops of trees. Whoever used this room, he knew, must have felt tranquillity here. Whose room had this been, so near to heaven?

Leaning on the yellow barrier set fifty feet before his house, Les Dunston looked at its serene façade, thinking, It's held up well. I'm not the bragging sort, but it looks nearly as plumb and true today as it was fifty-two years ago when I painted the last expanse of raw wood and called Maisie out of the kitchen and said, "It's finished, hon. For you." I remember how the tears blurred up her eyes that day and how, right out there on the lawn, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me square on the lips and, laughing and crying all at once, said, "Thank you, Mister Dunston. It's the finest house in the world and I'll keep it well for you." Ah, Maisie, you were a good one, may the good God rest your soul. A little too given to gospel-quoting for my taste, but otherwise all the woman a man'd want, and better than many in many ways.

She never complained for the pleasure of griping, but only if she'd thought things through and had a plan they both could act upon. Like this house. They'd married in 1894 and found a tiny, two-room flat in a run-down cabbage-smelling slum. She'd made a cheerful home of it and kept on with her job at the overall factory, one of seventy-five girls at sewing machines in a humid cellar workroom, so she could bank her pay and save for the home she was certain we'd have.

Now me, Les Dunston thought, I never could see that dream for all the obstacles in the way. I was a blacksmith's helper at a dollar a day, and glad to have it, though it was six days a week with twelve-hour days, and the money was just enough to let us get by. But Maisie kept on, even when she was pregnant with the first one, and that was the only mistake she made because that was the one that came stillborn. It was then when she said "enough" and badgered me to leave the city. It took an hour on the trolley car and another hour in a rented buggy to get out here, and me insisting all the way it was too far out and we were crazy. Until I looked around and really saw the land, then I was hooked for certain. So we bought it, with Maisie's money for a deposit, and I quit the city job and found a smithing job close by. And for six months we lived apart, she staying on at the factory and living at the flat, me working and sleeping in the blacksmith shop and scratching out an hour here, a half day there, to put in on the start of the house. In six months I got the cellar dug and the foundations in and framed in the first floor and had the subflooring down. Then Maisie said it was time to quit the city, live in the basement until a proper room was ready. I wouldn't have believed it possible, but we were happy and free down underground.

Ah, Lord, it was slow! Many were the times I swore I'd drop before I'd ever sit back and put my feet up in this house. Seven years it took to finish, and I swore it took a dozen years out of my life, but I'm still around and a sure bet to outlast the house now, and I'm not at all sure how I favor that. I guess it's all right. What good's a house when it's stopped being home? Like the tower room.

Les Dunston moved so he could see the tower through a gap in the leaves. It rose so proudly against the sky. He admired its silhouette for a moment, then frowned. Someone was up there. Without thinking, Les Dunston became angry. Now what was a stranger doing there? He had no right. There was such a thing as decency. Impulsively he started for the house, resolved to put the stranger out.

But even as he reached the front steps and started to ascend, he caught himself, remembering that he didn't own the house any more, hadn't owned it for three years since he'd sold it to the bank after the kids, Jimmy and Joanne and even Dora, had pressured him into it, telling him he was too old to live there alone, not able to keep it up; he'd be better off moving in with any of them. Independent from what he kept from the house, he'd gone into the old-folks' home, bound he'd be no burden to any of the kids. Besides, it let him stay close by, so he could walk past on a pleasant day and remember the years of living there, able that way to keep the idea of Maisie current, even though she was dead now twelve years. He'd thought at first the bank would turn around and sell it to some other family, but it had just sat, padlocked and patrolled by a detective agency, and after a while he'd got used to seeing it empty, although it had pained him to see the house getting a scaly, paint-hungry look.

He hesitated on the steps and then turned back to the sidewalk, forgetting why he'd started up there, blinking in the blazing sunlight, thinking, The lawns need cutting; and look how tall the hydrangea's got. Maisie'd be amazed. She always did favor blue.

Still standing at the tower window, Giovanni Santore had seen the old man cross the lawn and disappear under the overhang of the porch roof. When the man hadn't reappeared, he decided he'd better see what he wanted. On the way downstairs he'd stopped, transfixed by a sudden thought: This was a very old man; he might be able to tell him who had lived here and what kind of people they were. He continued down vigorously and went out on the porch. The old man was several hundred yards away.

Giovanni called, "Hey, mister!" But the old man continued without so much as slowing down. Giovanni considered following him, but abandoned the idea almost at once, deciding he was wrong, the old man couldn't possibly know anything; he was just a curious passer-by.

He looked east toward the other house. His crew was policing up, moving lazily in the golden light. Giovanni didn't care. He went back to the front porch and sat down on the bottom step, leaning against the flaking newel post of the rail, feeling its solidity, thinking, I never had a home, never got married, never had any kids at all. Women, yeah. But so what? Flats, furnished rooms. Makin' money, never more than I could use. For what? What's gonna be after I kick off? My name on a construction barrier, that's all. Johnny'll remember once in a while, but not often once he takes over the company.

Ah, my gut! There it goes again, bubbling up like it's gonna explode. Damn those doctors, anyway; charge an arm and a leg and can't cure a miserable thing. Ah, it's nothin'. Why'm I getting so scared?

He rose, hoping the change in position would ease the turmoil in his stomach. He grew furious when it didn't and, walking stiffly, crossed the lawn to the tool-storage trailer, picked out a long wrecking bar and returned. The discomfort in his stomach increased. Grunting in ou' rage, he slid the end of the bar betwee two of the railing posts and swung his tool sideways. Despite their dry, weathered look, the posts held firm, causing the wrecking bar to bounce back; Giovanni felt the shock of the violent rebound go through his body. It jarred him off balance and he sank down on his left knee. Only then did he let go of the bar. He pressed his fists into his stomach, fighting the pain, and stayed that way until his men came running across the lawn.

When Les Dunston got back to the old-people's home he found Joanne's green station wagon parked in the driveway, and Joanne was sitting in it, looking exasperated. He had forgotten she'd be coming, and he knew he should be sorry for having kept her waiting, but he didn't care.

"Hello, Joanne," he said, pecking her cheek and helping her get out of the car. She said something, but he didn't bother watching her lips, so he missed whatever it was. He nodded as if he heard her and moved to a bench set in from the driveway and took his time about settling himself comfortably. Finally, and with a sigh, he looked at his daugther, looked her full in the face and saw with a pang of regret that she looked more tense than usual, that her sweet, brown hair, the same color Maisie's had been, was streaked with gray near her temples.

"They're getting ready to tear down our house," he told her. "They took down the Gilligman place, right to the ground. You'd never know it'd been there. They'll be after ours in a day or so."

Her face softened, and for a second Les Dunston hoped she'd suggest that they get in her car and drive over so she could take a last look at it. But then she glanced surreptitiously at her watch, and he knew he was expecting too much; she didn't really care.

"How's Cyril?" he asked dutifully.

She didn't answer him, didn't try to. She bowed her head and quivered.

"What?" he asked, reaching his hand out tentatively, touching her shoulder. "Is something wrong? Tell me, honey."

She brushed at her eyes with her fist, the way she used to do it when she was a little girl and had hurt herself at play, and then she took his left hand between both of hers and (*Continued on Page 114*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When Abner sauntered down from the Ozark hills and wed Beulah of Bashful Bend, little did he dream that she would fuss at his fishing, hunting and going to turkey shoots with cronies toting guns and corn-liquor jugs. Yet he bowed meekly to Beulah's yoke until she took to calling him and his tribe "hillbillies." That did it. Abner sued for divorce.

"I'll confess that guns and liquor don't mix and that I spent an awful lot of daytime fishing and hunting," Abner testified. "But when that woman deliberately insults me and my folks, it is cruel and inhuman treatment, and I don't have to take it."

"Abner's case boils down to the fact that Beulah called him and his relatives hillbillies," Beulah's lawyer replied. "Actually that's a compliment and not an insult. So Abner has no grounds for divorce."

If you were the judge, would you grant Abner a divorce?

• •

Abner lost. The court agreed that hillbilly is a "complimentary" term. Lyrically it said, "An Ozark hillbilly is an individual who has learned the real luxury of doing without the entangling complications of things which the dependent and overpressured city dweller is required to consider as necessities. The hillbilly forgoes the hard grandeur of high buildings and canyon streets in exchange for wooded hills and verdant valleys. . . . He does not hear the snarl of exhaust, the raucous braying of horns and the sharp, strident babble of many tense voices. . . . He hears the katydid and the lonesome whippoorwill—the falling acorn in the infinite peace of the quiet woods. . . ."

Based upon a 1960 Missouri decision

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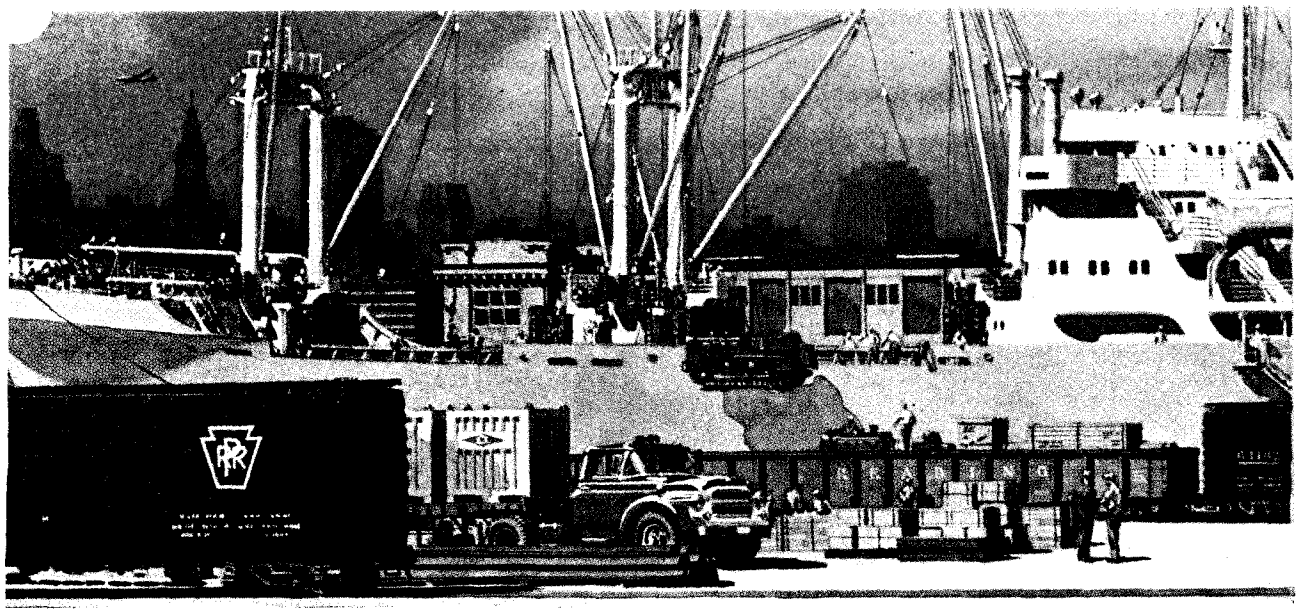

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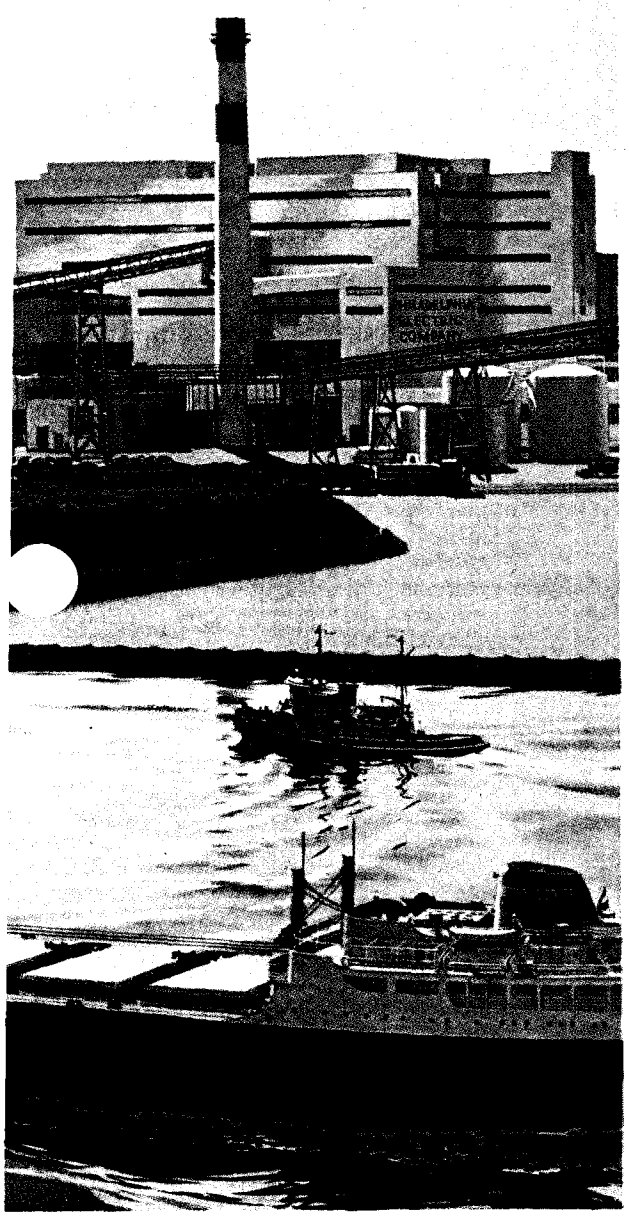

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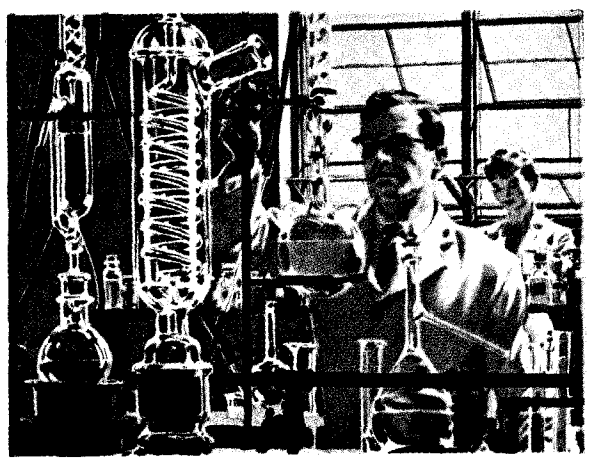

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(*Continued from Page 112*) talked passionately for a long time. He missed a great deal, but he got the gist of it: She was thinking of getting a divorce; Cyril was indifferent to her; he always worked late; sometimes he yelled at her and said cruel things.

"Ah, poor Joanne," he said soothingly. "Baby, baby. I am sorry. I truly am." He put an arm across her shoulders and drew her close, trying to comfort her within the compass of his age and love. "It hurts, it must, Joanne. Now don't cry any more. You'll work it out. You'll do what's right. Just know your heart."

After a while she regained her composure and gave him a smile, a warm and open smile the likes of which he hadn't had from her for a long, long time, and then she said she had to go. He didn't resent her leaving this time. He walked her back to the car and helped her in.

She moved her lips, and he strained to hear and, for once, he caught it all, caught it clearly. Long after he had kissed her good-by, a real kiss this time, and watched her drive away, he repeated to himself the sentence he'd heard: "I love you, dad; I'll see you soon."

Johnny Santore let the doctor out, scowled and returned to the bed. Giovanni was lying there, staring at the ceiling.

"So?" Johnny said.

"He's full of boloney," Giovanni said stubbornly. "What does he mean, it's all mental? My stomach's killing me, I tell you. I couldn't get up. Do you think I'd fake something like that?"

"Listen, uncle," Johnny said pleadingly, "they took X rays at the hospital, they checked you for ulcers, they took blood tests and urine samples. There's nothing wrong with you except you got a bellyache. For Pete's sake, stop carrying on like you're going to die."

"I'm gonna die, you're gonna die, we're all gonna ——"

"All right! But not now. Just take it easy and you'll be O.K. in a day or two. Before you know it you'll be back on the job."

Giovanni sighed and looked anxiously at his nephew. "Sit down," he said. "I got to tell you something. Listen, Johnny, I ain't going back. I can't finish that job at Locust and Anderson."

"Ah, uncle, what's this? Why?"

"Because."

"What's 'because'? You started it, you'll finish it."

"I want you to do it."

"Why can't you?"

Giovanni sighed and patted his stomach gingerly; it was quieter now that the doctor had given him a sedative, but he didn't trust it. "I don't know, Johnny. There's somethin' there that bothers me. I tried, but I just couldn't do it."

Johnny laughed incredulously. "All you need is a wrecking bar."

"No, Johnny. I tried that, but it snapped back at me. The rail. Hell, I can bust a two-by-four with a bar, and these were nothing but stinkin' one-by-ones, but I couldn't even budge 'em. It's like they want to stay."

"A house is a house, uncle."

"Yeah, yeah. And I couldn't knock out a couple of matchsticks. Me, Santore and Company. I don't care what the doctor says, Johnny, I ain't all right. I got too many thoughts going around in my head."

Johnny regarded his uncle silently for a while. "Like what?"

"It's hard. Johnny, don't laugh. Tell me, did you ever find yourself stopped cold one day after you've been doing something over and over for so many years you don't have to think about it? You don't know what it is, but you're askin' yourself, 'What am I doin'?' All of a sudden nothin' makes sense.

"Ah, I can see by your face you don't get what I'm sayin'. Johnny, for forty-one years I been in the demolition business, and I like it. Then without warning I hit a house, and I don't want to take it down. Why? Because all at once I realize if someone came in with paint and a hammer it wouldn't take much to get it back in shape. It's a house, Johnny. A damn good house. Solid. It's forty, fifty year old, and it'd last another fifty, seventy five years if it was taken care of. That's what's behind it, kid. All of a sudden I'm bothered by what I'm doing. I found myself wondering, who am I, Giovanni Santore, to take down a house like this? Who gave me the right? God? The President of the United States? The man who built it? A bank, Johnny. So they could park cars there and women could go to a supermarket.

"Johnny, you're always tellin' me you can use tools to make or break. Why're we the breakers, Johnny? Why ain't we makin' something? How'd I get into this business?"

"Nobody made you," Johnny said.

"Nobody stopped me, you mean."

"Uncle, why're you talking this way? You're not cheating anybody. You do a job. It's a living."

"It's a living," Giovanni repeated, testing it, kneading his stomach. "Maybe. I'm not so sure any more. I'm not so sure of anything."

When Joanne's car came into the drive way, Les Dunston was waiting for h She still looked pinched around the eye the strain and fatigue were still in her

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face. He got in the car and kissed her, and said, "I know you're upset, honey, and I know how busy you are, but I was up half the night thinking about you and Cyril, and I had to see you again."

She answered him, but he wasn't trying to hear. "Just let me talk for a while, Joanne, and when I'm done, you can go 'out your business. Why don't you drive ward the house?

"Now, honey, I'm butting in, but I got a right to 'cause you're my girl, and I don't like this talk of divorce. You've been married for nearly sixteen years as close as I can figure, and people don't just stop being in love after all that time. Maybe Cyril's having trouble at his job, maybe he isn't feeling so hot. Maybe a million things. You have to wait it out. Remember when I had the carpentry shop? You were about ten then. When the depression hit, I hung on, Joanne, but I knew I was going to lose it, and your mother knew it, but she waited for me to bring it up first because she knew it had to be that way.

"Do you understand what I'm telling you, Joanne? I couldn't tell anybody my troubles. Sometimes I got mean, I was that worried. I was nearly out of my head, and finally I was licked, along with everybody else. All right, I'd tried and I lost. I could talk about it then. I wasn't ashamed. I could've lasted if all my cus-'omers had paid their bills. We were all

---

A perfect spring day is one without snow on the ground, but too chilly to dig in the garden. DAN BENNETT

---

trapped, Joanne. At least I had the vegetable patch. Remember? We didn't go hungry, not even during the depression.

"All I'm saying, honey, is give Cyril time. If you show you understand, if you let him know you trust him, one way or the other he'll let you know what it is. He'll confide in you as soon as he can. Don't force him up to the wall, that's all."

He fell silent and remained so until they reached the house. She parked in front of the beauty parlor and they looked across the street.

"It's going down, Joanne," Les Dunston said. "Today, tomorrow, I don't 'ow. It was a good house, honey. We e all together there for a long time. We ..d plenty of troubles, sure, but happy times too. Add it all up and you got a lifetime. Like a marriage. Remember why you and Cyril got married? See if any of those reasons are still good, see if they're still there before you decide anything."

She patted his hand and looked at him solemnly, nodding slightly.

"Let's get out and take a look," Les Dunston said.

They did, crossing the street carefully, going up to the barrier. Two men came out of the front door. One of them was the heavy-set, white-haired man Les Dunston had seen before. The younger man looked annoyed about something; the older man weary.

Suddenly Joanne ducked under the barrier, approached them and began talking. Once all three of them looked at Les as he waited, and then they talked further. The young man looked at his watch and went away. Joanne and the white-haired man came to Les Dunston. They were both smiling, and the stranger shook Les Dunston's hand and then ed the barrier so there was an open- or Les Dunston. Understanding now, he stepped forward.

A week later, when Johnny checked in at the office one night, he found his uncle there, with his feet up on the desk and an unlit cigar in his hand.

"So, uncle?"

"All done, Johnny; finished. Gone without a trace."

"And now?"

"And I'm done, too, kid. I'm going back to Italy."

Johnny regarded him pensively. "For how long?"

Giovanni shrugged. "Maybe for a couple of months, maybe for good."

"It's because of that house?"

"Maybe."

"You never told me what went on that day when you let that old man and his daughter go through the house."

"You never asked."

"O.K. So tell."

"They didn't act up," Giovanni said. "The old man's deaf, so I couldn't ask him anything. The daughter told me what I wanted to know. The old guy built it himself, near the turn of the century. By hand. They had a big family—six or seven kids. That's about all."

Johnny stared. "And that's the house you got all upset about? I don't get it."

"We went all through it," Giovanni continued. "The old man led us up to that tower room. That was the only time he really talked much. I don't remember his words, but the idea was that all but one of his kids was born in that room; a couple of them died there. They used it that way, like a room for getting born in and dying and nothing else. His old lady—his wife—she died in that room too. The old man asked if he could sit there alone for a while, and I said, 'Sure.' After a while he came down and he looked like he'd been cryin', but none of us said anything about that, of course. We looked through all the rooms together. Once he said, 'You may have trouble takin' this house down; I made it strong.' He was right. It was a tough one. But a house is a house, as you say, and we got it down, Johnny.

"There was somethin' he said that caught me. Just before they went away, he looked me in the eye, looked me up and down, and said, 'Do a good job, mister. I loved that house.' That took guts. Oh, yeah, he said one other thing; he said, 'I'm glad it's comin' down. It's outlived itself. Better it should be gone than abused.' Then he looked at his daughter and said to her—an' I don't get this, but she seemed to know what he was talkin' about—'Come on, honey. Let's go back. We have to keep the wreckers away from your house.'"

"And that's it?" Johnny asked. "That's why you're goin' to Italy?"

Giovanni shrugged. "I got to go. Something's pulling me. I don't know what. Times are changing, Johnny. I want to see the old country before it's gone too. I want—I don't know what I want. I remember the house where I grew up—a little stone house with four rooms and walls four feet thick. It's three hundred years old, more or less. I want to see it again, Johnny. The way Italy's moving, maybe somebody'll want to knock it down for a garage, or a *trattoria*, or something."

"I still don't see," Johnny said.

Giovanni gestured irritably. "Don't try! It's not for you to worry about such things. Look, this house I just finished; it took that man seven years to put up. It took me and the crew seven days to take it down. My family home in Italy, it's three hundred years old. Maybe I'll put some money into it, fix it up." He smiled in a melancholy way. "A house like that, it ought to last at least three hundred years more."

THE END

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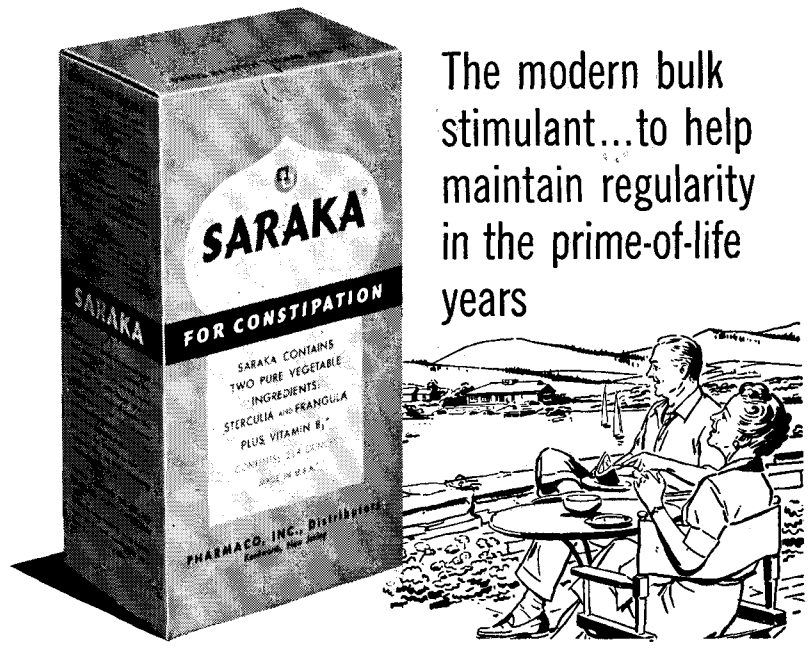
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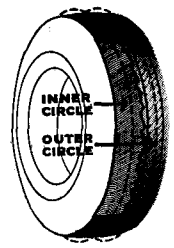

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The Devil and Parson Lucas

(Continued from Page 37)

to indifference to the goods of this world, owned a newer car than his. Mine was only eleven years old.

At one period David drank a great deal, much to his wife's distress and his own. I am glad to think that I helped him overcome this failing. However, I could make no headway against his expensive passion for betting on horses. Almost every day of his life he bet a few dollars and often much more. I did persuade him to let Cynthia handle the family money, except for his allowance. On payday she waited outside the door of the *News* for him to appear with his check. I suppose it was humiliating for both of them, but it was practical. They reduced their indebtedness and were on the way to erasing it, except for the mortgage on the house.

Very unexpectedly David died. On a Wednesday afternoon fire broke out in a lumberyard, and David was sent to the scene with other reporters and photographers. While trying to get a connection to his office from a telephone booth, he collapsed. A fire-department physician was close by, but he could do nothing.

It seemed unlikely that the excitement of the fire could have much affected a seasoned reporter like David, though the condition of his heart had been found doubtful at an examination a few months before. He had seemed in good health earlier that day. In fact, it was remembered at the office that he had been especially lively and affable and he had already turned in his Sunday GRAB BAG column, the deadline for which was not until noon of the next day.

Yet the same edition that carried an account of the fire carried an account of David's death.

Cynthia, of course, was deeply stricken and so was their daughter, Joan, who came on from New Haven the same night. She came alone. The Fenwicks, unfortunately, were not on good terms with Joan's husband, although he attended the funeral. The sense of tragedy was increased by the fact that Joan was pregnant. David had looked forward with particular delight to his first grandchild.

My wife and I did what we could to assuage the sorrow of Cynthia and Joan. At the service I delivered a brief eulogy that pleased them and that, I think, would not have irritated David very much, though he was at times a cynical person.

On Sunday I read his last GRAB BAG. It concerned the Fenwicks' cat, Veronica. I enjoyed it. I regretted that we should have no more of David's whimsey.

After a few days it was necessary, of course, for Cynthia to overcome her grief sufficiently to consider practical aspects of her situation. She discussed it with me, confiding that the mortgage was still $3500 and that funeral expenses would take a good share of David's mode savings and insurance, though she wou be able to keep afloat for a time. She had once been a stenographer and she began to practice her shorthand and typing again, hoping she could recover enough skill to get a job.

When she had told me all this, she said, "You know, Charles, something bothers me. Dave had a hundred dollars in his pocket when he left home in the morning, and only a dollar and some change was found on him after ——" She could not go on.

"A hundred dollars!" I said. "Wasn't that a lot to carry around?"

"Well, he wasn't intending to carry it around. He was going to send it to Joan. We don't have a checking account, and he was to buy a check at the bank."

It is necessary to mention that Joan's husband is brutally stingy, which is the main reason his father-in-law and mother-in-law disliked him. The less he did for his wife, the more her parents felt obliged to do for her; and the more they did, the less, in turn, he did. The hundred dollars was to have been used by Joan for ar special comfort or convenience s needed for herself or the baby during hc pregnancy, her stay in the hospital and her first weeks back home.

"Joan hasn't received the check?" I asked.

"No. And he didn't even buy the check—at least not at the Citizens Trust, where he would have bought it. I got Joe Preston to find out for me."

"You think he lost it?"

"I think somebody stole it. There was a crowd at the fire. Of course, they pressed around. I don't know who noticed David first. It doesn't seem possible that anybody would have robbed him in that—in such circumstances—but I suppose. . . ."

I nodded in sorrow. "It is possible, I'm afraid, Cynthia."

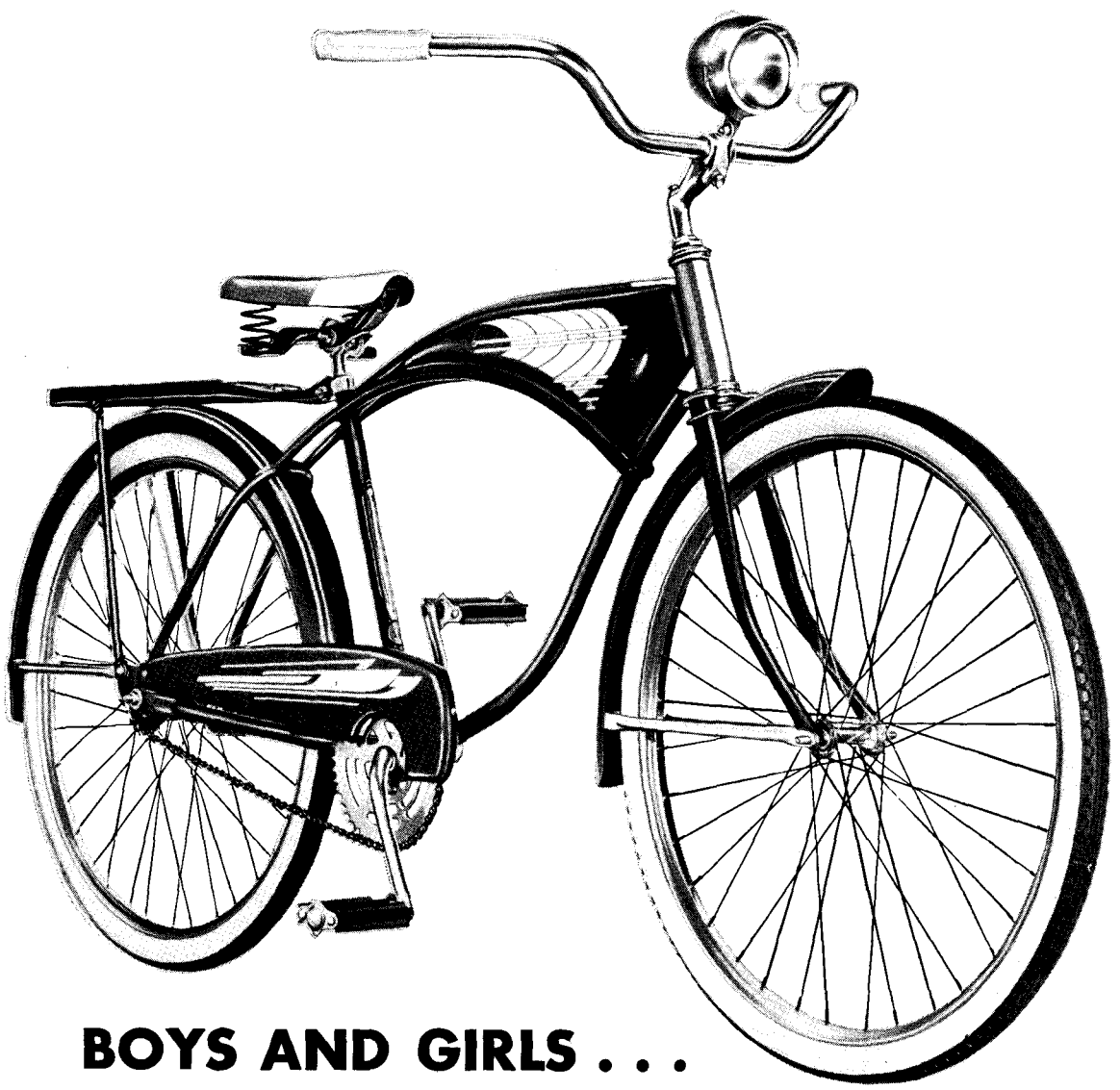
She hesitated. "A year ago," she said, "I would've thought he bet it on a horse. But he wouldn't've done that now—especially money for Joan."

"Of course not," I said. "Well, maybe it'll turn up, Cynthia. Maybe somebody's conscience ——"

"Not likely."

I thought so myself, but did not say

The loss of the one hundred dol had a depressing effect on me, not onl



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because it suggested theft from the dead but because it was one of those unnecessary embellishments that fate not infrequently adds to its terrible handiwork.

For some reason, as I mused on this sad truth in the evening, I thought of David's last column. I took the clipping from my desk and read it again. I shall quote the first paragraph.

Veronica, our family cat, and I have a singular pastime. I drag her about on the kitchen linoleum by her tail. Confident and secure, she allows it and delights in it. The creature will not always let herself be picked up and petted, but she is always ready for a slide on her fur, like a sled on its runners. On some occasions she seems to invite it, rubbing against my leg and reaching her sinuous tail toward my hand. Rarely do I disappoint her. . . .

And so on.

I invite attention to this paragraph for a reason. Since childhood I have been fond of word games, such as anagrams, acrostics and crossword puzzles. As I read the paragraph the first time, I became unconsciously aware, I believe, that it contained an acrostic; and after I had read the column several times, the acrostic suddenly popped into my consciousness. If each sentence of the paragraph were written out on a separate line, it would be seen that the first letters of the lines, read from top to bottom, spell the word 'victor." Thus:

(V)eronica, our family cat. . . .
(I) drag. . . .
(C)onfident and. . . .
(T)he creature will. . . .
(O)n some. . . .
(R)arely do I. . . .

Now, that could have happened by chance. In fact, I was certain that it had. Yet it fascinated me. I repeated the word a number of times.

Why, I asked myself, *do I connect that word with David's last day? The victory of death and the grave? The victory over death and the grave?*

No, it was something else. I paced back and forth in my small study, unable to forget the matter. I felt impelled to read David's obituary notice again. My wife and I had saved copies of the edition containing it. I fetched one. There was nothing in the notice that I could associate with the word "victor." I read the account of the fire, too, without profit.

Still the urge to continue the quest persisted. I began on the first page and went through politics, world crises, murders, accidents and other events with which newspapers lighten our day. It was not until I reached the sports section that I felt an almost exultant satisfaction. A headline stated: VICTOR PAYS $45.40.

The day the paper came out, I recalled, I had noticed the headline in passing, because the story was next to one about the World Series, which I read. I now read about Victor. He was a horse, a long shot that had handsomely rewarded his few faithful supporters—that is the way it was expressed. Every person who had wagered $2 on him to win received back forty-five dollars and forty cents.

But what had this to do with the hundred dollars David had been entrusted with? I discerned a subtle yet strong connection. In one of the many discussions I had had with him relative to giving up gambling, David had explained that there were two main approaches to betting on the races. There was the scientific approach, which depended on weighing of past performances, weather, the caliber of the horses in the contest, and the like; and there was the superstitious approach, according to which, for example, the better who notices the constellation Orion in the sky some night and finds that a horse named Orion is running in the sixth at Suffolk next day bets on Orion. He does not always win, but neither does the fancier of the scientific method, I understand.

"I used to beat my brains out on the record," David said, "but now I just play hunches. It's easier and it works just as well."

What more likely than that David, having written his column and read it over several times to improve it, had noticed the acrostic of the first paragraph just as I had? The likelihood was even greater because David, too, was fond of puzzles and he was certainly familiar with the horse Victor and the odds on it. Would he have been able, with this happy inspiration and with a century note—one of his expressions—in his pocket, to resist temptation? Probably not. He would have considered that he was kicking fortune in the teeth.

I felt that I was not only on the right track but a furlong out front as far as solving the disappearance of David's money was concerned. Meantime, the

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stake in the mystery had increased enormously. If, as was likely, David had bet the one hundred dollars to win, he had won more than two thousand dollars. What had become of it?

I was by now keenly engaged in my work of detection. Referring to the newspaper for the time of the fire and the time of the race, I determined that David would not have had opportunity to collect his winnings, but he might have known the result. Had he telephoned to a bookmaker from the booth, thinking that it would take but a moment to learn the outcome of the race, before dictating his notes on the fire to a rewrite man? What was a fire in a lumberyard, after all, compared to the chance, however slight, that he had made the killing of a lifetime? And, incredibly, Victor had won. Here, indeed, was an excitement that could have contributed to, even caused, the fatal seizure.

Where would he have placed his bet? David had a favorite bookmaker, named Rodney Bates, a friend from boyhood. The rest of the Bates family was eminently respectable, but Rodney, as David had told me, "liked cards and dice and all kinds of gambling even when he was a kid." After two years in college, he entered his father's very prosperous laundry business, which he left within a few months. By a succession of changes, he ended as a bookmaker, an occupation very agreeable to him, David said.

Probably, then, David had bet on Victor with Rodney Bates. For a two-dollar bet Bates would have trusted him, no doubt; but for a hundred-dollar bet David would have had to take the money to him. Nor was it too unfair a charge against human nature to surmise that Bates, learning of David's death, had decided to keep the winnings, at least until he found out whether anybody besides David knew of the bet. I regretted coming to such a conclusion, but felt warranted in doing so—for though David referred to Bates as "an honest bookie," he said the business and its practitioners were subject to many vagaries.

The very next morning I called on Mr. Bates. He lived in a new, ranch-style house. There was nothing to indicate the nature of his business. I presume he had seen to that. A station wagon stood in the driveway. As I was approaching, a pleasant, middle-aged woman with bluish hair, whom I took to be Mrs. Bates, drove off in another substantial car. I felt apologetic at leaving my old heap—as David used to call it—in front of their residence.

The telephones were in the basement, according to David. I rang at the front door. A florid, jovial-seeming man answered. Before I could speak, he said, "Sorry, Jack, I don't want to buy anything. And I'm very busy right now."

"I am not selling anything," I replied with spirit. "I am a clergyman, the Reverend Charles Lucas."

"Could you come another day?" he inquired more politely, perhaps fearing I was a member of some reform group.

"I am David Fenwick's pastor," I said, putting as much meaning into my tone as I could, for I had determined to bluff Mr. Bates to the utmost. I felt fully justified in doing so.

"Oh," he said, his face changing. "Terrible thing, wasn't it? Come in, Mr. Lucas. He told you he knew me?"

"He did indeed." I was purposely vague, yet suggestive, as to just how much David had told me. I had brought proofs of my identity, which I showed him.

"Do you intend to make trouble for me?" he asked.

"I should not like to have to, Mr. Bates."

We sat down facing each other in a well-appointed living room. Below, I thought I could faintly hear voices and bells—Mr. Bates's assistants, no doubt.

"Mr. Bates," I said, "David told me of his long acquaintance with you and of your honesty."

"Very nice of him. A nice guy, David."

"Yes, he was. He had a failing, as you know." Here I determined to be boldly equivocal, to place all my money on one card, if that is a proper expression. "David often talked to me about his betting. On the afternoon of his death"—I paused, looking at Mr. Bates shrewdly but not accusingly—"on the afternoon of his death, he made a bet on a horse named Victor, I believe, and . . ."

Behind Mr. Bates's eyes there was a struggle. It lasted only an instant or two. A weighing and judging seemed to be taking place, of how much I knew, of what action I might take if . . .

"By golly," he said, smiling like a man much relieved, "I'm glad you came. I've been wondering what to do—you know, whether the money should go into his estate or to his widow or what. Kind of a delicate legal problem."

"So it is," I said, willing to let him save face so long as he produced the money.

"I guess I can give it to his pastor. I know you'll do the right thing with it."

"You can rely on me, Mr. Bates."

He excused himself. Probably he had gone to a safe in another part of the house. He returned with two thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills, which he counted out into my hand.

"You understand," he said, "the horse paid more at the track, but we don't pay more than twenty to one."

"I do understand, Mr. Bates." I wrote out a receipt.

He said, "I thought a lot of David. Always read his column—Veronica the cat and all that. Funny, your coming today. I had a dream about Dave last night. He ——"

Mr. Bates stopped, as though he had already said too much. I guessed that he had dreamed of David's demanding the money and that this dream, working on Mr. Bates's conscience and on the superstitious tendencies that gamblers seem to have, and coupled with my unexpected appearance, had caused him to acknowledge the debt.

"Well," he finished, "it was tough he didn't live to enjoy the only big strike he ever made."

"A dreadful irony," I agreed.

"I hope it'll help the widow."

"It will. Thank you."

"I was going to bet Victor myself, because I figured Dave must have some real information to bet that much. But then when I thought how he always lost most of the time, I shied away. I've been kicking myself ever since."

"I can well imagine."

"If you ever feel the urge," he said as we shook hands at the door, "give me a ring." He winked.

I smiled and said, "It's hardly likely."

"You're not going to turn me in, Mr. Lucas?"

"No. I don't approve of your activities, but the circumstances of my learning about them make it awkward for me to denounce you."

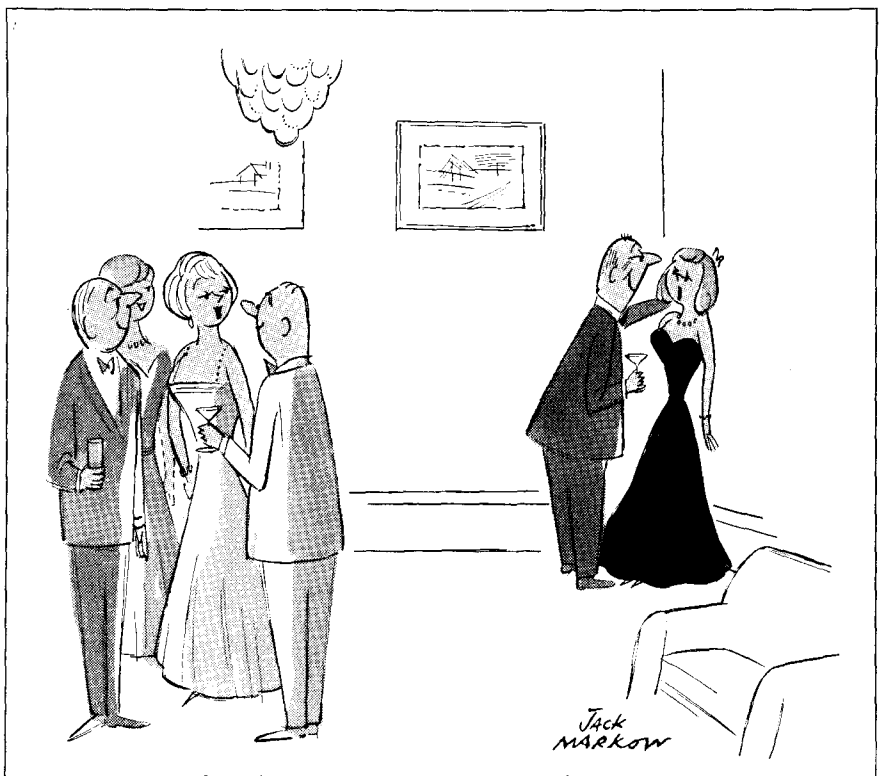
"Swell," he said. And so we parted.

Naturally I was elated. My own hunch had paid off remarkably well. Stopping at home for my wife, I drove to Cynthia's home. The money came as a godsend to her. When I explained my deductions and my whole procedure, the ladies complimented me very liberally, leaving me rather well satisfied with myself, I fear—except for some doubt as to the propriety of handling the proceeds of gambling at all, even for the benefit of a needy widow. However, when I thought of Cynthia's gratitude and of how pleased David would have been, I was able to quiet my doubts.

The matter, I regret to acknowledge, did not end there; it continued in my mind. Clara and I have three children. My salary is small by the standards of other professions and even of my own. So intimate a demonstration of turning one hundred dollars into two thousand dollars merely by wagering could not but affect me in spite of my conviction that gambling is evil. I don't know that I felt a plain urge to gamble, but I was uneasy with knowledge of the possibilities.

Soon afterward, I prepared a sermon on bereavement, pointing out the necessity for accepting the will of God and mentioning His mercies to the bereaved. I intended to fortify the spirits of Cynthia and others in the parish who had been recently afflicted.

As I was laboring over the draft, I observed with a start that I, too, had produced an unintentional acrostic. My first paragraph was this.



"Could we move into the center of the ring?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In this life all must experience sorrow. None can escape. Confront life with courage then. Always there is the strength and loving-kindness of the Master to support us in our troubles.

It will be observed that the first letters of the sentences spell "inca." Inca was the name of a race horse that I had noticed while reading about Victor. I was sure of it. Out of curiosity, I referred to one the papers we had put aside on the day David's death. Yes, Inca was an also-ran in the race that Victor won.

With a smile, I pointed out the coincidence to Clara. "Ever since Victor," I said, "I've been looking for hidden meanings in everything. I can't seem to stop myself. But it is interesting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," she said. "It certainly is."

I applied myself to the sermon and tried to forget Inca, but it was surprisingly difficult. I remembered that David had several times mentioned the subtle way in which the gambling spirit creeps into the blood and takes up its abode there, never to be driven away. Was I myself succumbing? Had my slight exposure to the disease and its giddy illusions infected me? Was all the armor of my faith insufficient? Or was I wearing less armor than I thought?

I preached my sermon that Sunday with good effect, as I had reason to believe. For two or three days I forgot Inca.

Then, one evening, Clara came into my study and said, "Here's something interesting, Charles."

"What?" I asked.

"That horse is racing tomorrow."

She showed me the evening newspaper, in which entries for the following day were listed. Inca was, in truth, among them.

Looking at me with some hesitation, she said, "Charles, do you suppose we should make a little bet with Mr. Bates?"

"Clara!" I cried.

"Oh, Charles, don't be angry. Maybe it's been brought to our attention for that purpose."

"It certainly has not!"

"I have two dollars I've been saving for a long time. Suppose we won forty dollars. We could give twenty to foreign missions and get a second-hand bicycle for the boys and ——"

"Get thee behind me!" I cried. "Clara, what has got into you?" She seemed hurt. I was sorry. "My dear," I said, "if the Lord wants the boys to have a bicycle, He will provide it in some other way than through the race track. Besides, you would never win forty dollars. That almost never happens."

"Well, it did happen."

"Clara, let us drop the subject, if you please."

She sighed and withdrew to the kitchen. However, I found it difficult to resume my work. The suggestion my wife had made not only refused to leave my mind but took root and proliferated. At two o'clock the next morning, while Clara was sleeping, I was still contemplating the evil plant.

Suppose, I thought, *Clara is right and the coming opportunity is indicated to us for a purpose. To use it for our personal benefit or the children's is out of the question, of course. But suppose we used it for the benefit of the church?*

I had often prayed that money might somehow be forthcoming to provide robes for the choir, a new heating plant, and repairs for the organ, all long and badly needed. Was this, or was it not, my answer? Would it be sinful for me to wager in these circumstances or would it be sinful to abstain? Here was a nice question, fraught with both secular and theological implications. At four o'clock, whic' heard struck from the tower of a we neighboring

(*Continued on Page .*

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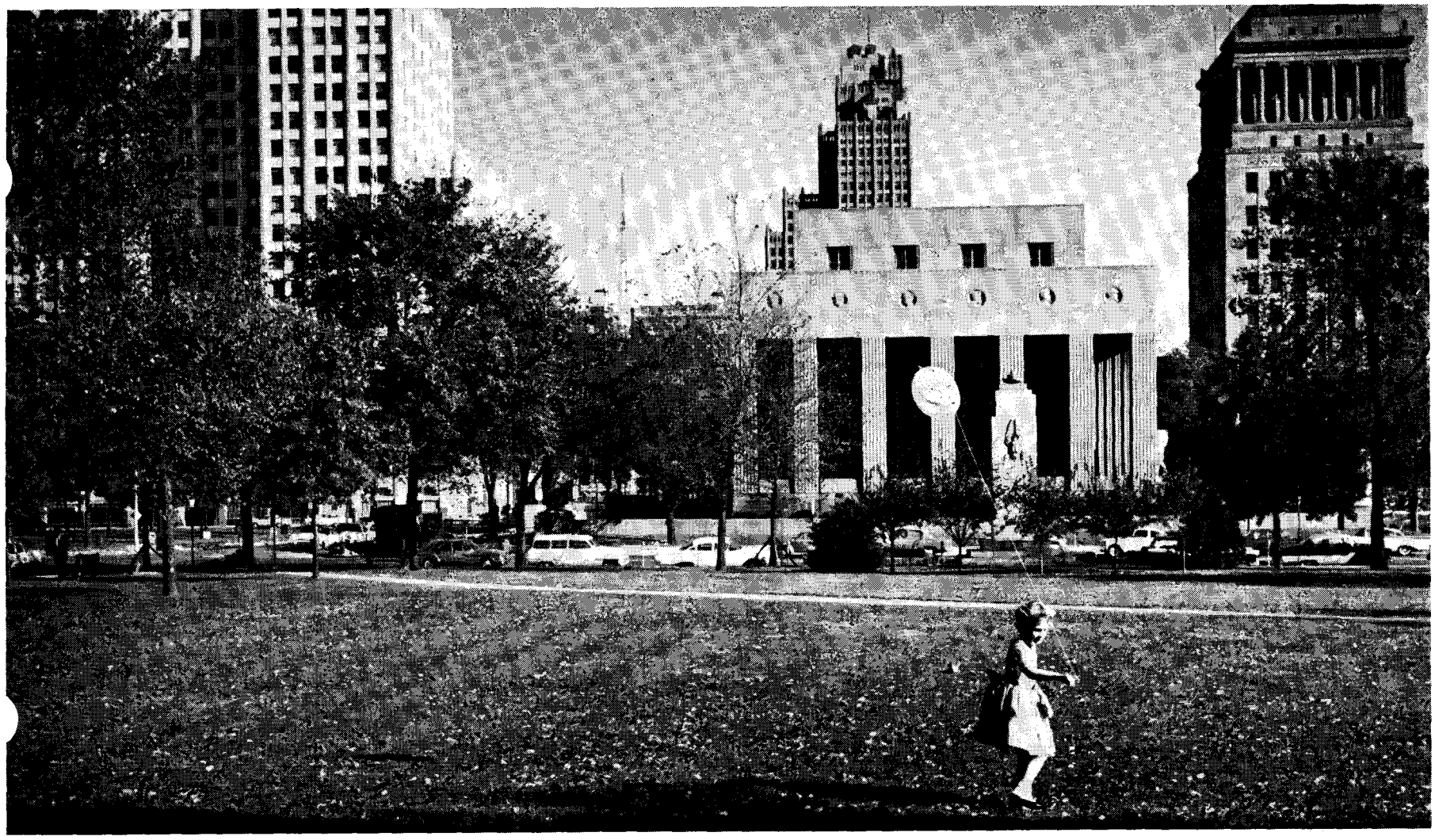

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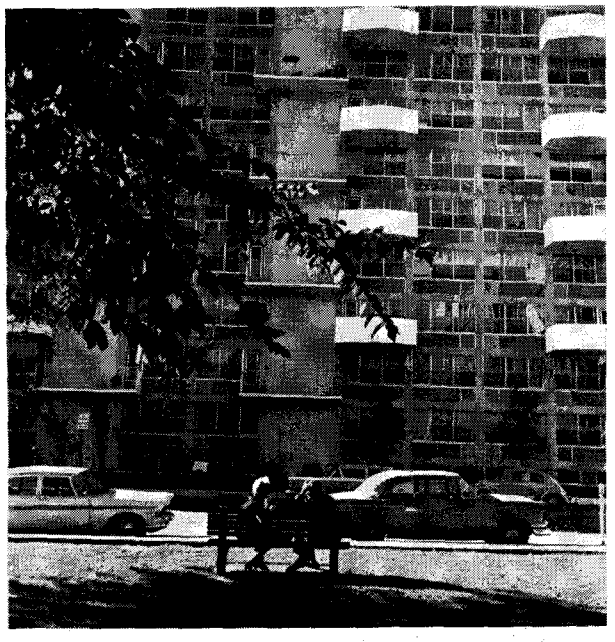

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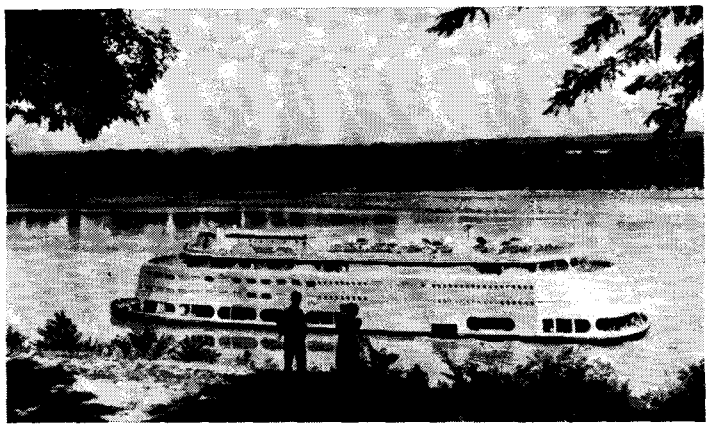

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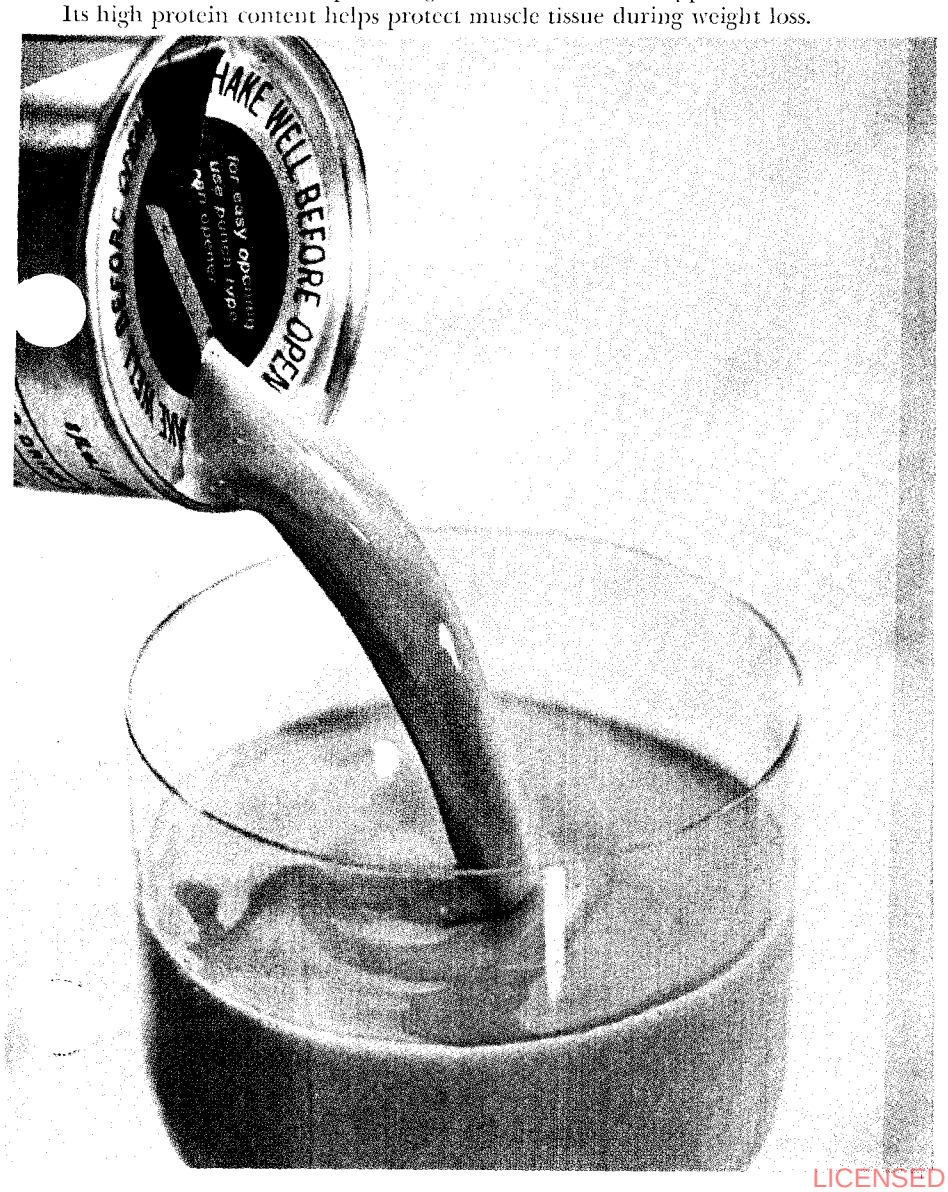

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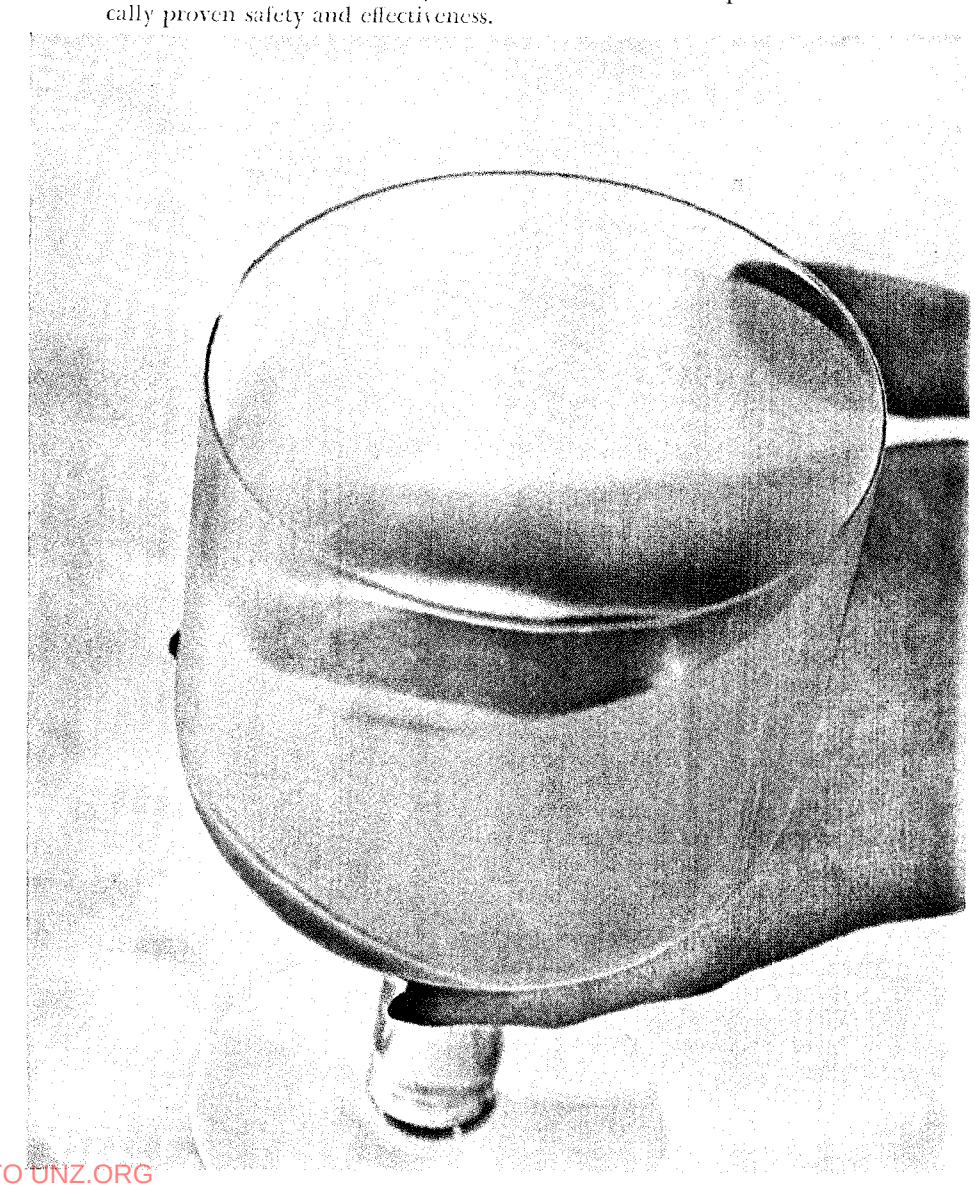

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(*Continued from Page 118*) church, I was still confused. I prayed. I reflected. I tossed about in mind and body to no avail.

It comforted me to think that a two-dollar bet, in any event, would not provide enough, except perhaps for the choir robes.

But then, such are the wiles of the Evil One, I recollected the one hundred six dollars and eight cents of church funds at that moment locked in a cabinet in my study. What a harvest that would yield at twenty to one! Furnace, organ, help for the poor and the sick—everything would be possible then. Was a hidebound stubbornness, a haughty certainty of my own understanding of the ways of the Almighty, to keep my parish from this bounty?

At breakfast Clara said, "You look haggard, Charles. Are you ill?"

"No. No, I'm quite well."

I wished she would open the subject of the wager again so I might have company on the devious—or was it divinely appointed?—path, but she said nothing. Nor did she come into my study all morning long.

At ten o'clock I looked up Mr. Bates's telephone number. I wrote it down.

At ten-ten I tore up the slip I had written it on.

At eleven I counted the money in the cabinet. It was exactly one hundred and six dollars and eight cents. As I looked at it lying on my desk, it alternately swelled to two thousand dollars and diminished to nothing. I returned it to the cabinet. It would be a terrible thing to bet on a horse race, a worse thing to use church funds and worst of all to lose. How could I then replace the funds? How could I explain my action to myself? And, above all, to God?

On the other hand, suppose these were the talents entrusted to the servant by the Lord who was about to go on a journey? When He returned and found that I had buried them in a field and earned no increase for Him, how severe would be my punishment!

I was ashamed to place the bet myself; yet I was even more ashamed to ask someone else to place it for me. Just before noon I telephoned Mr. Bates.

"This is Mr. Lucas," I said. "The Reverend Mr. Lucas."

"Who?"

"David Fenwick's pastor? You remember?"

"Oh. Oh, of course."

"I should like to lay a bet with you. As an experiment."

"Certainly. How much?"

"One hundred dollars."

He hesitated. "You have the money, I suppose?"

"I do."

"On what horse?"

"Inca."

"That's an awful long shot, Mr. Lucas."

"I am aware."

"On the nose?"

"On the nose."

"O.K. Good luck."

"Thank you."

I could scarcely eat lunch. Again I wished that Clara would mention Inca so that I could tell her what I had done and have her guidance, for my own seemed to have failed me. She said nothing.

Returning to my study about one o'clock, I prayed for several minutes without clearing my mind and heart. Much agitated, I immediately telephoned Mr. Bates again.

"Is it too late to rescind my wager?" I asked, my throat so dry I could barely speak.

"Why, no. What's the matter?"

"I wish to rescind it then," I said and hung up.

I don't know that I had ever felt more shaken in my life. The whole enormity of the sin I had almost committed burst upon me like a hidden mine. I trembled. How could I ever have done such a thing? I was perturbed that Rodney Bates should be privy to my shameful secret, but I thanked God for having snatched me from the brink—nay, from halfway down the abyss. I had gained something at least—a more sympathetic understanding of the weaknesses to which mankind is prey.

Yet, as the afternoon proceeded, I found myself unable to attend to my duties. I could hold no thought in my mind but, *Did Inca win or lose?* It was only with the greatest effort that I could prevent myself from leaving my study to listen to the radio.

Soon after four o'clock, Clara knocked on the door. "Come in," I said.

She put her head in. "You know that horse, Charles? Inca?"

"Yes. What about him?"

For two or three moments she looked at me without speaking. Then she said, "He won. He paid fifty dollars." She withdrew her head and closed the door.

I could not say that her tone had been reproachful. But neither had it been happy. Outside my window the boys were tumbling about in the yard. I had deprived them of bicycles. I had deprived foreign missions. I had deprived Clara of new shoes, which she did need. Had God really desired this? I was bewildered.

Clara and I said nothing more to each other on the subject, but I could imagine her sentiments. We ate almost without talking, and the children, too, were subdued, as though they sensed our constraint.

At half past seven the telephone rang. It was Mr. Bates, the bookmaker. "Mr. Lucas," he said, "you'll get a check from me tomorrow for one hundred dollars—for church purposes."

"How very kind of you! May I ask ——"

"You should've kept your money on Inca. Thanks for the tip. Good night now."

I could follow the course of Mr. Bates's reasoning as clearly as though he had explained it to me: I was a clergyman. If I bet on a long shot like Inca, I must have information from a Source of the highest authority. If I could trust it, he could trust it. This simple bookmaker, with his childlike faith, was reaping his reward. And I was reaping mine.

"Clara," I said, "I'm going for a walk. You won't mind getting the children to bed by yourself?"

"Not at all, dear."

I walked up one street and down another, thinking of the heating plant, the roof, foreign missions, the old, the infirm and everything and everybody else that my self-righteousness had robbed of proper attention. I had been vouchsafed a sign and I had distrusted it. For more than an hour I wandered through the neighborhood, hardly noticing anything but my thoughts. Not only the racing fraternity but any casual better who has ever cast aside a true hunch will be able to share my feelings.

Happening to pass an automobile showroom, I saw a woman peering through the window at the new cars. She looked familiar. I approached. It was Cynthia Fenwick.

When I greeted her and she turned about, she seemed frightened. She was still very far from having overcome the shock of David's passing, and her nerves were unsteady.

"I'm sorry to have startled you," I said. "Are you going to get a new car, Cynthia?"

"No. No, I'm not." Tears came to her eyes. She took out a handkerchief.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, Charles. Nothing. I was just . . . walking around."

"Why, that's what I'm doing. Why don't we walk together? Let's go over and have a cup of coffee with Clara." I took her arm and returned toward the parsonage.

The children were in bed. The three of us sat in the study, drinking coffee. Suddenly Cynthia said, "I *was* thinking of buying a new car, Charles."

"First day out of bed?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh? You need one. But aren't they, ah, expensive? Not that it's my affair, Cynthia."

"It is your affair. Oh, Charles, you saved me from something terrible. God must have sent you."

"What do you mean?" I said, alarmed. Clara stared at her.

"Charles . . . Clara," she said, "ever since Victor, I've been looking for racing tips in everything I read, everything I hear, everything I see. It's been a compulsion. I try and try not to, but I can't help myself. The thought of getting money so easily—well, it fascinates you."

"I quite understand," I said, and Clara said, "Yes, so do I."

"You say to yourself," Cynthia went on, "'It couldn't happen again in a thousand years.' But maybe it could. You know?"

I nodded.

"Well, your sermon last Sunday, Charles. It was such a beautiful sermon. It did me so much good. I'd brought a little pad to church, to practice my shorthand, and I took it all down. When I typed it up, what do you think I found at the very beginning of it? An acrostic!"

Clara and I looked at each other.

"It was the name of a horse, Inca," Cynthia said, "that I'd heard Dave mention. He hated Inca. He'd lost money on him several times. And there he was in your sermon, Charles. Wouldn't you think yourself that there must be something fated in it?"

"It's odd, certainly."

"At first I was going to mention it to you. Then I thought you'd say it was just superstition and be annoyed with me. But I couldn't get it out of my mind. I ——"

Clara filled her coffee cup again.

"I had all kinds of wild notions. I thought of betting all my money on that hunch. Then I was afraid to. I thought of betting, say, a thousand or a hundred. But what if I lost? I couldn't afford to lose. Do you know what I did finally?"

"What, Cynthia?"

"I said to myself, 'I'll bet just one hundred dollars. If I lose, I won't complain, and it'll cure me for the rest of my life. And if I win ——'"

"Yes?" Clara said. "What then, Cynthia?"

"I'll give every penny to the church, out of gratitude for the kindness that you and Charles have shown me in my trouble." She leaned forward, speaking in an awed, quiet voice, "And the race was today. And I did win. Inca paid even more than Victor."

She gazed at us in muted triumph. Clara and I did not know what to say. We said nothing.

"It stunned me too," Cynthia said. "I was glued to that radio and when I heard, I just about collapsed. I had to lie down for half an hour."

The coffee cup trembled as she put it to her lips.

"I was on my way over tonight to tell you about it. I couldn't get my car started, so I walked. Then I saw all those new cars in the showroom and I thought, *I'll buy myself a new car with the money instead. They'll never know. Why should I give it to the church?* And, Charles, if you hadn't come along ——" She began to weep.

This winter the church is warm, the choir is vested, and the organ is in tune. The sick and the needy of the parish have never been so amply provided for.

And the boys have bicycles after all. One of our families had to move to Louisiana. They decided they didn't have room to take their boys' bicycles, which were rather old; and the boys themselves would soon be past the age for bicy

But we have given up acrostics fore

THE END

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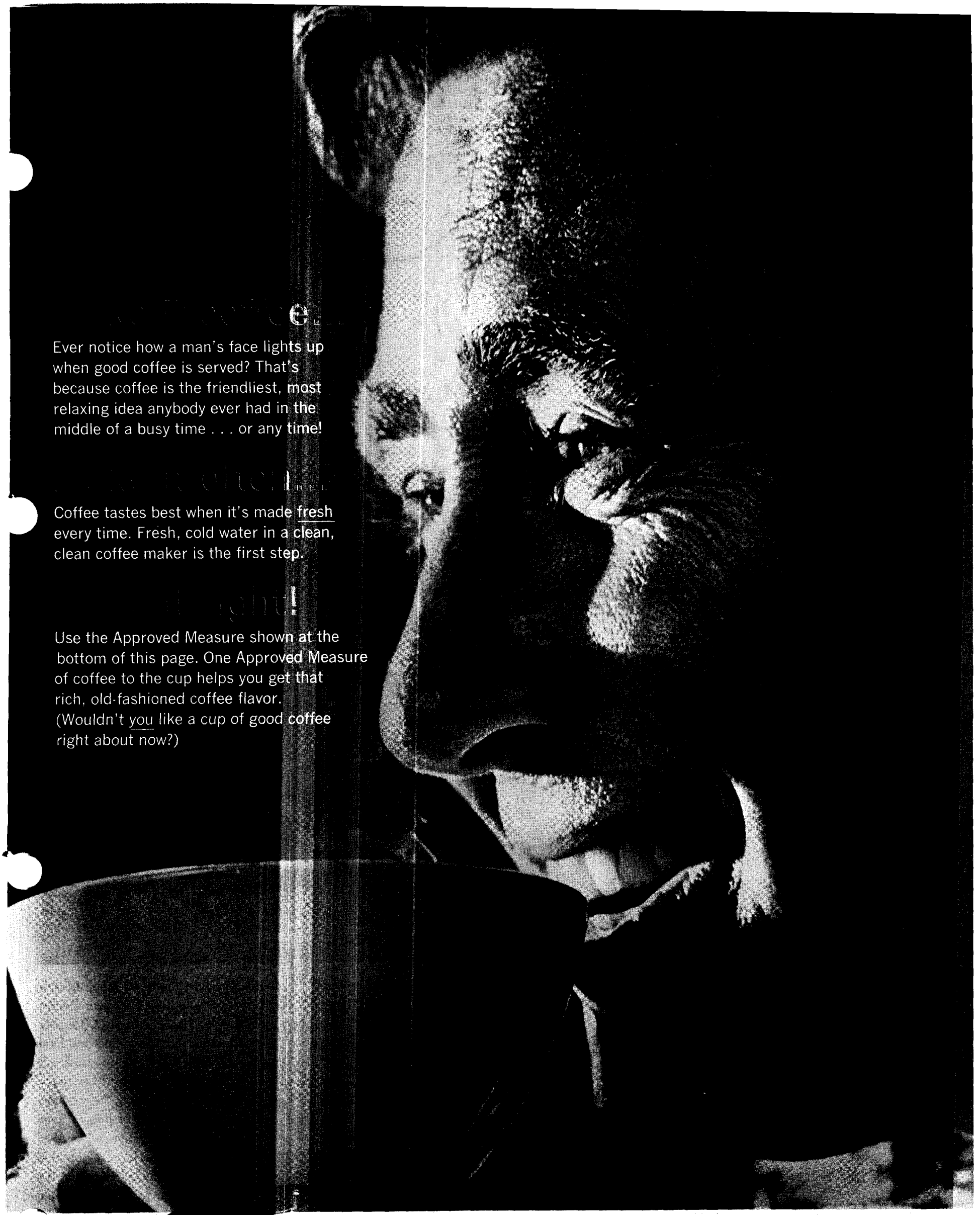

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The Orioles Will Win the Pennant

(Continued from Page 31)

he said, "The Pittsburgh club selects the contract of outfielder Roberto Clemente from Montreal of the International League."

That was the fellow we had set our cap for, so there went our first hope for the future. I'm convinced that our failure to land Clemente that day in November, 1954, was one of the reasons the Orioles fell short in their surprise bid for the American League pennant in 1960.

Naturally there were other reasons, such as Luis Arroyo and Bill Stafford. If the New York Yankees hadn't brought up those two pitchers after midseason, there's a good chance that we, and not they, would have played Pittsburgh in the World Series.

Another man who had a lot to do with our finishing second instead of first was Casey Stengel. The American League has never had a better manager than Casey as long as I've been here. Sure, he generally had players with ability. But I don't care how many good players he had, the Yankees never would have compiled such a spectacular record if Stengel hadn't utilized each man to the very limit of his ability. In that respect, Casey was unsurpassed.

Frankly I think the Yankees pulled a rock by letting him go, no matter what their policy is regarding retirement age. Stengel's impact on the game rivaled that of Babe Ruth. He went far beyond the common stature of a baseball manager.

It was almost impossible to outfox him on the field. I know, because I tried and seldom came out on top during ten years of managing against him. Each time we played the Yankees I used to rack my brains thinking up ways to beat him. For every move I would make, though, he'd invariably come up with another to counteract it.

A perfect example was our game with the Yankees in New York last September sixteenth. This was the opener of a critical four-game series. We went into it only one percentage point behind the first-place Yankees.

Whitey Ford started for them. We hadn't scored a run off him at Yankee Stadium all year, and he held us scoreless again for the first eight innings. We finally got him in trouble in the ninth when we filled the bases with two out. That finished Ford, even though he was ahead, 4–0. Here was where a wrong move could have killed the Yankees. But Stengel made the right one by bringing in left-hander Bobby Shantz from the bull pen.

> The trouble with most Americans is that they are doing all right only before taxes.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

If Stengel were a slave to "the book," he would have brought in a right-handed reliever, inasmuch as our next two scheduled batters, Jim Busby and Marv Breeding, both hit right-handed. That wasn't of prime concern to Stengel. Nor do I think Casey's decision to call in Shantz was influenced too much by the success Ford, another left-hander, had had against us.

Instead, Stengel was looking ahead to a Baltimore player who, as it turned out, never got into the game. This was Jim Gentile, a left-handed hitter who is one of our most dangerous men against right-handed pitching. He had twenty-one homers and drove in ninety-eight runs for us last season. Gentile had been sitting on the bench all during the game, and Stengel knew that I was just waiting for the right spot to use him. When Casey put in Shantz, who is poison against left-handed hitters, I had to stay with Busby and Breeding. Busby singled home two runs to keep our hopes alive, but Breeding struck out to end the game.

That victory was the first of four in a row the Yankees scored against us. It set them off on a fifteen-game winning streak that wasn't snapped until the Pirates beat them in the opening game of the World Series.

People still ask whether I was disappointed in my Baltimore players when they dropped those four straight games to the Yankees and lost any chance they had of winning the pennant. Well, I was proud of my players then and I still am.

Why shouldn't I be? Hardly anybody thought we would come close to a pennant last year. Before the season started, the vast majority of sports writers predicted we'd finish no higher than fourth or fifth. Even my players didn't feel last spring that they were good enough to win, and I guess you couldn't blame them. We were brazenly beginning a 154-game schedule with an infield that had never played together in the big leagues. Two of our starting pitchers, Chuck Estrada and Steve Barber, never had thrown a ball in the majors. A third starter, Jack Fisher, had been up with the Orioles less than a year. The average age of these three pitchers was only twenty-one.

But I had confidence in our kids and I told them so when I gathered them together in Miami, Florida, in the spring. I even suggested they could win the pennant. My optimism was based on the fact that the Chicago White Sox had won in 1959 almost solely on pitching and defense. I felt that our pitching and defense were better.

I tried to get that point across to my players, but I don't think they actually began to believe in themselves until the middle of the season. This time I won't have to sell my players the idea that they can win. They've already sold themselves. And if you think our pitching was good last year, just wait until you see it this season, now that my youngsters have a year of big-league experience under their belts.

Actually, during the early part of 1960 our pitching was the worst I've had since coming to Baltimore. Jerry Walker, one of the youngsters we had counted on as a starter, was hurt in spring training and wasn't able to get in shape. Milt Pappas got off to a poor start before coming on to win fifteen games. And Jack Fisher, a dependable winner at the end, was wild and ineffective during the early going. Luckily for us, veterans Skinny Brown and Hoyt Wilhelm and a pea-green rookie, Steve Barber, picked up the slack at the start.

Barber, a nineteen-year-old left-hander fresh from a Class D league, made a bi impression on me during a spring-training game in which Detroit scored ten runs off him in the first inning. It was one of those raw, miserable spring days, with the wind blowing about thirty miles an hour. Barber hadn't allowed a single earned run in his previous exhibition efforts and, with any kind of luck, he would have blanked the Tigers that day too.

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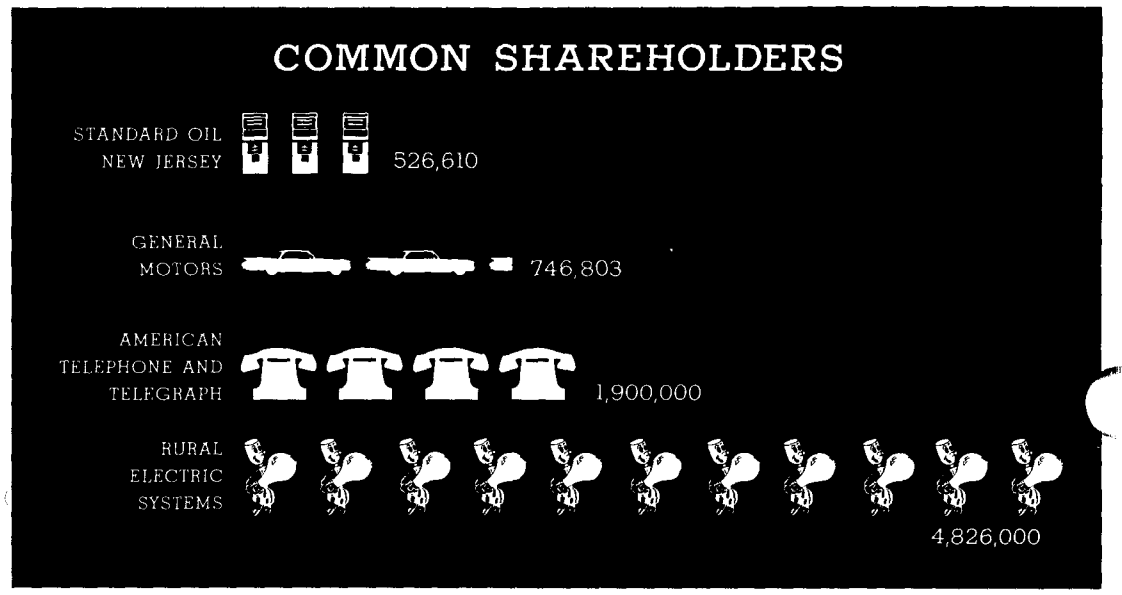

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AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

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The first five batters he faced all should have been retired. Instead we misjudged flies, played the hops badly and did everything completely wrong. The Tigers kept pouring runs across the plate. Normally I would have removed the pitcher. But I was intent on seeing how Barber would react—whether he'd continue throwing in his customary style or begin aiming the ball, as so many pitchers do when they get in a hole.

Barber won me over completely by never getting rattled once. I told him afterward, "Don't worry, we're not counting this game. You still have a good chance to make the club." He did and won ten games for us, as well as compiling one of the lowest earned-run averages on the staff.

Pitching wasn't the whole story of our success last year, however. Rookie shortstop Ron Hansen and our rookie first baseman, Jim Gentile, kept us up in the race the first half of the year. Third baseman Brooks Robinson carried us the second half.

To me, the twenty-three-year-old Robinson was the club's most valuable player. He finished third in the American League's M.V.P. voting, behind Maris and Mantle of the Yankees. He'll win the batting title within a year or two unless my eyes are playing tricks on me. His phenomenal fielding plus his hitting meant the difference of from one to three runs a game.

If he has a fault, it's that he tries to catch every fly ball whether he has a right to it or not. Hansen at shortstop also battles for every ball and keeps complaining that Robby is drifting over into his territory too much.

That was the case in our last series in New York when the two of them ran together and dropped a ball. This had no bearing on the outcome of the game, and I couldn't criticize either one for trying so hard. What exasperates a manager far more is for two of his players to give up on a ball.

Hansen, who won the league's Rookie of the Year award last season, is nowhere near his peak at twenty-two, although some people feel he's already the No. 1 shortstop in the American League. They used to call Marty Marion "Mister Shortstop," but he couldn't field any better than Hansen. Nor was he ever as much of a long-ball threat as Hansen is now. Ron hit twenty-two homers in his first full season in the majors last year. Marion never hit that many in any of the thirteen seasons he played.

Unfortunately the development of players like Hansen and Robinson did not happen overnight. I say "unfortunately" because the delay didn't sit well with the baseball fans of Baltimore. When I took over the club in September, 1954, I was assured there was no particular hurry in producing a winner. I later learned this meant that everyone was perfectly willing to wait as long as six months.

What a disillusionment that was—not only for the fans but also for me. I guess the people of Baltimore were carried away by enthusiasm, the same as fans in other cities which suddenly had been granted major-league franchises.

We had to start from scratch in Baltimore. While we were trying to build some semblance of a farm system, we also had to scramble like the very devil to keep the Orioles from dropping out of the bottom of the American League in the current standing.

Some of the games we lost were due to kind of mistakes that are unpardonable. We'd let a rival runner work his way out of a run-down play, or throw the ball to the wrong base—or one of our hitters would forget to touch first on a double. After one comedy of errors that cost us a game against Washington, I locked the clubhouse door and made a brief speech to my players. "I wonder who named you fellows the Baltimore Orioles," I said. "You look more like the Baltimore Clowns to me."

Believe me, those first few seasons were brutal. In self-defense, we kept telling the fans that the Orioles were only two years away from being a pennant contender. We said this so often that it became obnoxious even to us. That was a period when we could have used some help, but we got little or none from the Baltimore newspapers. They were critical of everything we did.

The papers were convinced I had ruined the club beyond repair as early as November of 1954, when I traded away Bob Turley and Don Larsen in an eighteen-player deal with the Yankees. Later on the gentlemen of the press charged me with "overmanaging" if I brought in a relief pitcher sooner than they felt was absolutely necessary. Even though we showed consistent improvement in the standings—seventh place in 1955, sixth in 1956 and fifth in 1957—the criticism by the newspapers built up to its peak during the 1957 season.

At this point the Orioles were being loudly accused of "throwing money down the drain" in bonus payments to young, untried ball players. The newspapers carried on as if we were spending *their* money. They claimed we were the biggest spenders in baseball when, in fact, we never came close to this.

Some players who received relatively modest bonuses of $10,000 to $12,000 from us were publicized as $50,000- and $75,000-bonus boys. In the case of pitcher Jerry Walker, we gave him $5000, and I think it was the best bonus deal we ever made. The papers said we paid him $50,000.

Sure, we had our share of bonus flops. What major-league club hasn't? That's to be expected when you go after the raw kids. Some of those who never panned out for us were Bob Nelson, Jim Pyburn and Bruce Swango.

The press really went to town in the case of Swango. Here was a young pitcher who looked so good to us that we felt he was worth the $36,000 bonus we paid him. There was one hitch, however. He could buzz that ball with only a few people watching, but pitching in front of big crowds unnerved him so much that he simply couldn't locate home plate.

He's in the Yankees' chain now, and I understand he is overcoming his handicap. But we just couldn't afford to wait. We admitted we had made a mistake and released him. To hear the outraged Baltimore press carry on, you would have thought we had committed a criminal act.

Our bonus-spending policy was aimed at the future, of course. Meanwhile, in an effort to improve Baltimore's current team, we kept making trades. Each deal was a matter of sheer expediency with us. We weren't looking to outslick anyone. We were merely hoping to survive. For that very reason, the Orioles never made what you could call a great deal. At the same time, it's debatable whether there still would be a major-league club in Baltimore today if we hadn't swung the trades we did.

Remember little Willy Miranda? He was about the size of a minute and couldn't hit much harder than your maternal grandmother, but he, more than any other man, was responsible for keeping the franchise in Baltimore those first few years. We got him from the Yankees in the Turley-Larsen deal. He's kicking around somewhere in the minors now,

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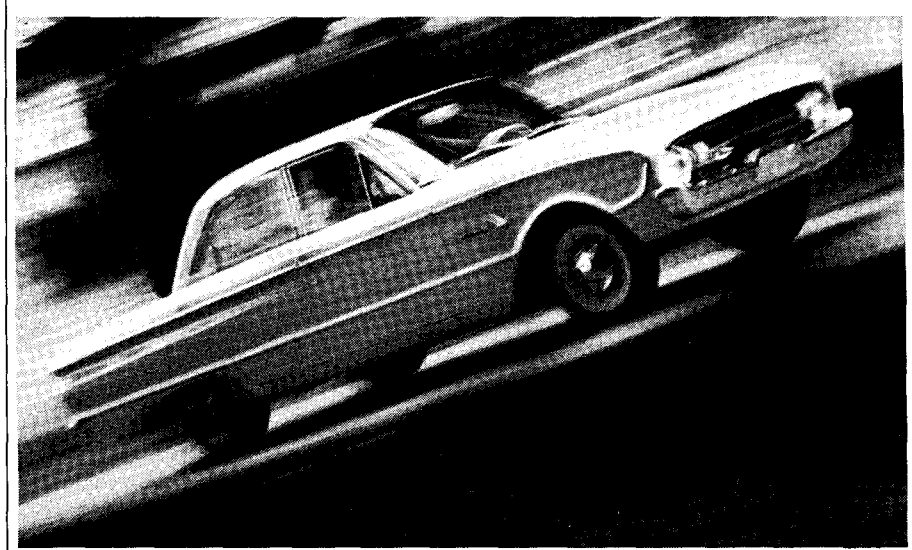

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but he sure was a lifesaver when he was playing shortstop for us.

Willy was really gifted with the glove. Hardly a day went by that he didn't keep the opposing club from scoring two or three runs. Without him we would have been stampeded. What's more, the Baltimore fans loved him because of the way he bounced around and went deep into the hole.

Yes, the deal that brought us Miranda cost us Turley and Larsen, but it furnished the Orioles with immediate help. It was the same with many of our other trades, such as the one in which we gave up Mike Fornieles.

In June of 1957 we sent Fornieles to Boston, where he has become one of the best relievers in the league. We exchanged him for Billy Goodman because we needed an infielder desperately at the time. Later, when we reached the point where we could spare Goodman, we traded him, Tito Francona and Ray Moore to the White Sox. In return we got Larry Doby, Jack Harshman, Jim Marshall and Russ Heman. Not one of them is with us now.

We've caught it from all sides for allowing Francona, in particular, to get away. He's a fine hitter. But our critics lose sight of the fact that we never would have been able to obtain Gene Woodling from Cleveland if it hadn't been for our Francona deal with Chicago. Woodling, whom the new Washington club took away from us this year, was one of the key men in the rise of the Orioles. To get him from the Indians, we had to give them Doby. And to land Doby, we had to turn over Francona to the White Sox.

One deal that kept us going a long time was the acquisition of third baseman George Kell and pitcher Connie Johnson from the White Sox in 1956. Kell was nearly thirty-four when we got him, but he still swung a good bat and bailed us out in many games. Johnson did a superb job for two years. He had never been considered a winning pitcher before coming to the Orioles, but he won fourteen games for our mediocre club in 1957. For my money, he was the best pitcher in the league that year.

Some people guessed Johnson was over forty when he came to us. I wouldn't know. I do know he ingratiated himself with me the first time I laid eyes on him, while I was still managing the White Sox. Johnson told me that years before he used to sit on top of a boxcar on the railroad tracks outside the right-field fence in Atlanta and watch me hit home runs for the Crackers. I always had a soft spot in my heart for him after that.

Another deal that worked out well for us from an immediate standpoint was getting Billy Loes from the Dodgers in 1956. Like Johnson, Loes did some excellent pitching for the Orioles, even though he was supposed to have been all through because of a sore arm when he reported to Baltimore.

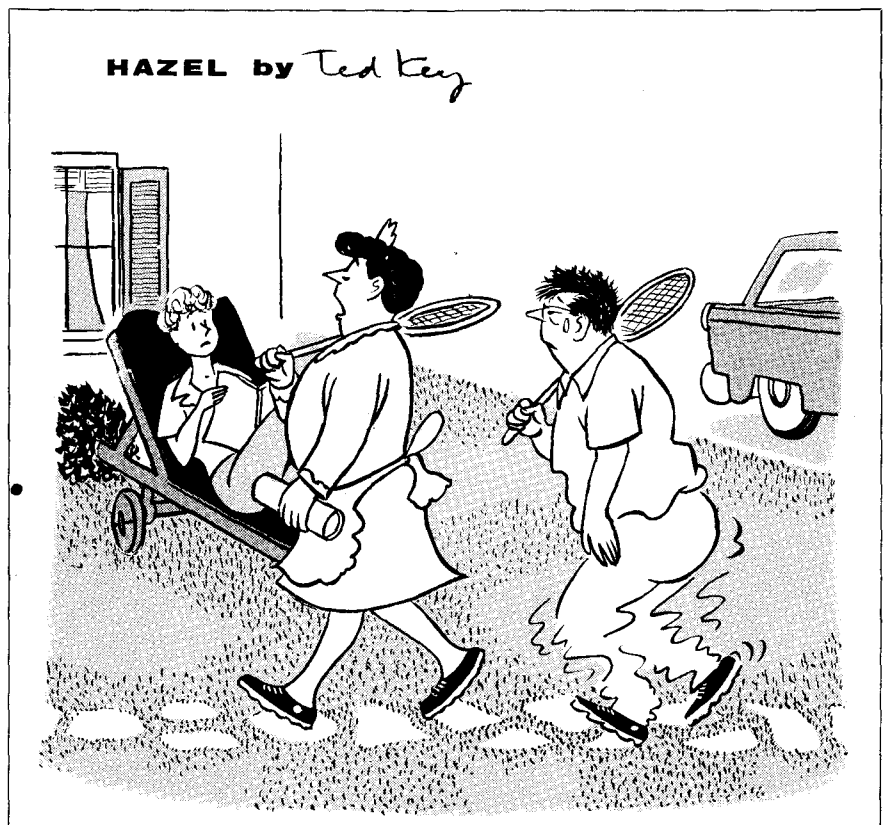
Loes wasn't as difficult to handle as most people think. He and I did have one run-in, after a game with Washington. Ken Aspromonte of the Senators tried to score from third after Loes had fielded a ball hit between the pitcher's box and the third-base line. Aspromonte was hung up and would have been an easy out had Loes elected to throw the ball to catcher Gus Triandos at the plate. Instead he tried to tag the runner at the plate himself.

Loes and Triandos both insisted the tag was made in time. Larry Napp, the plate umpire, saw it differently and called Aspromonte safe. The decision incensed Loes. He flung the ball away, allowing another Washington runner to advance, and then jumped up and down in rage. Napp threw him out of the game.

Later Loes and I had words in the clubhouse about his blow-up. Finally I told him to go home. I did it for his own good. I felt that suspending him for three days would take some of the outside pressure off and help to keep the American League from throwing the book at him.

I don't guess Loes appreciated what I did. "Who does Richards think he is—God?" he said angrily to one of our newspapermen.

That's the kind of incident all managers would just as soon forget. There were others I'd rather look back on. An episode I'm sure I'll always remember occurred in the winter of 1956. I was sitting at home in Waxahachie, Texas, one night when I received a phone call from Jimmie Adair, who scouts and coaches for us. Adair was in Mexico and wanted me to come down there immediately. When I asked him why, he wouldn't tell me.



"Six-one, six-love."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't ask any questions; just come down here," he said.

Well, he called twice more like that and finally told me he simply could not believe what he was seeing. A young infielder we owned, whose name was Ron Hansen, looked so outstanding with Puebla of the Mexican Winter League that Adair wanted me to see for myself.

I waited until Hansen reported to our training camp the following spring in Scottsdale, Arizona. The boy was truly amazing. I watched him make what I considered to be one impossible play after another at shortstop and became convinced that he owned the greatest glove in America. Then Hansen's back suddenly began acting up, and he was forced to undergo a disc operation during the 1957 season. He was out of baseball all year, and we thought that was the end of him for sure.

But he came back almost as good as ever with Knoxville in 1958. At this stage a marked improvement was being shown by a number of other young prospects in our minor-league organization. Although we wound up sixth in the American League in 1958 and again in 1959, we felt we were over the hump after the 1958 season. Our farm system was now going full blast.

All this meant that the general manager's job in Baltimore had become a full-time proposition. It was no longer leaving me enough time to fulfill my responsibilities as field manager. So at the end of the 1958 season I decided to give up my general-managing duties.

The Orioles had the good fortune to get Lee MacPhail to take over. MacPhail, who worked under George Weiss with the Yankees, is now both president and general manager of the Orioles. He seems to be on the job twenty-four hours a day. He certainly must have been on October 15, 1959, or else we never would have got Jim Gentile.

MacPhail bought Gentile conditionally from St. Paul of the American Association that day for approximately $35,000. Lee got in right under the deadline. All minor-league reserve lists are "frozen" after midnight, October fifteenth, and had MacPhail waited one more day, Gentile would have gone to the first club to claim in the winter draft. There's a good chance we would have lost him, the same way we lost Clemente five years before.

The purchase agreement provided that if we weren't happy with Gentile, we could return him by May 15, 1960, and get our money back. The thought never entered our minds. He would have been a "steal" at more than three times the price.

Gentile begins his second season with us now. So do fellows like Hansen, Breeding, Estrada, Barber and Wes Stock. Already there are those who are worrying whether we'll be victims of the sophomore jinx. I'm not, though. I have faith in my players.

They first made a believer out of me early last June, right after losing four straight to the Detroit Tigers in Baltimore. If the Orioles were going to fold, I figured this would be the time. They went on the road, however, and bounced back stronger than ever.

They could have very easily become discouraged in a night game at Kansas City on June twenty-fourth. Jerry Lumpe hit a grand-slam homer in the second inning, and Norm Siebern connected with nobody on in the third to give the A's a commanding 5–0 lead. We scored our first run in the fourth, and before the fifth inning started, outfielder Jackie Brandt said to some of the other players on our bench, "We'll win this one yet. All we gotta do is score a run an inning for the rest of the game."

Darned if they didn't! That night the scoreboard presented one of the most unusual sights I've ever seen in my thirty-five years in baseball.

BALTIMORE	000 111 111	— 6
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Our high point came in early September when we swept three games from the Yankees in Baltimore to take a two-game lead in the pennant race. Pappas shut out the Yanks in the first game of that series and Fisher blanked them in the second one. Estrada had a no-hitter until the seventh inning of the third one, and even though the Yankees got to him for two runs in the next frame, we won the game, 6–2.

Unfortunately the Yankees took a couple of lucky games from Boston the next day while we split a double-header with Washington. Then we went into a batting slump. That brought us into New York on the downgrade for our final all-important four-game series with the Yankees.

Even before the first ball was thrown in that series I felt the winner would be the team that played its most natural game and got one or two breaks. Looking back, I think that is exactly what happened. If anything, we were a bit overeager, and that probably hampered us. The Yanks also got the majority of the breaks.

Those four losses to the Yankees in that series could prove a blessing in disguise. I think the Orioles will come back this year as a much stronger team. Remember how the Milwaukee Braves did the same thing when they just missed in 1956 and then took their first National League pennant in 1957? And how about the Pirates, whose near miss in 1958 provided them with the necessary experience to win in 1960?

I'm sure of one thing. We won't be losing games because of inexperience, the way we sometimes did last year. Once it was because our infield botched up a run-down play. Another time it was because one of our outfielders played in too shallow with the winning run on base in the ninth inning. On still another occasion an infielder forgot how many outs there were and held the ball instead of throwing to first to complete a double play that would have ended the inning.

And nobody will be "reading" Jerry Walker's pitches this year either. When Kansas City started doing this last season, our pitching coach, Harry Brecheen put a quick stop to it. He discovered that when Walker wound up, he was bringing his hands up behind his head for a curve ball, but bringing them only as far as his head for a fast ball.

To my way of thinking, we're going into the current season with not only the best pitching staff in the American League but also the finest infield. Robinson, Hansen, Breeding and Gentile give us the tightest defense in baseball. And three of those four—Robby, Hansen and Gentile—are home-run threats every time up. When was the last time you saw an infield like that?

We have some other fellows who can reach the seats too—guys like Triandos, Brandt and Walt Dropo. We hope to make it easier for them by moving in the fence a little at Memorial Stadium. The distance will be shortened about ten feet in both left center and right center.

We would like to come up with one more good outfielder. Every time we talk to other clubs about this, though, they always ask us to give up one of our young pitchers in return. We can't do that. We want those kids on our side in the World Series.

THE END

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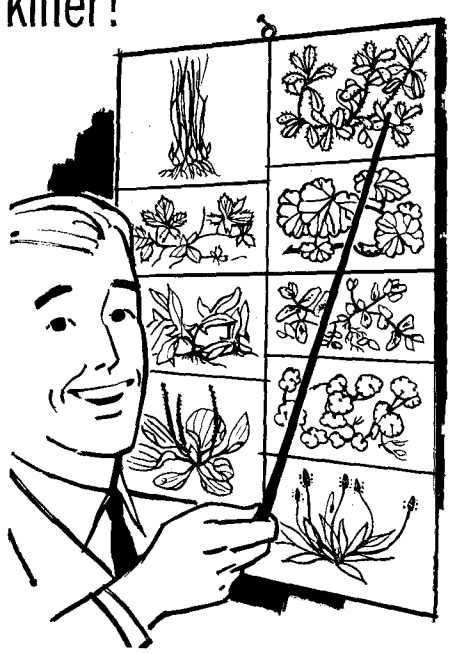

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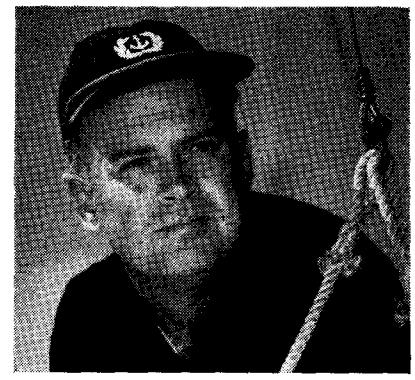
Keeping Posted

Some Stories of Our Storytellers



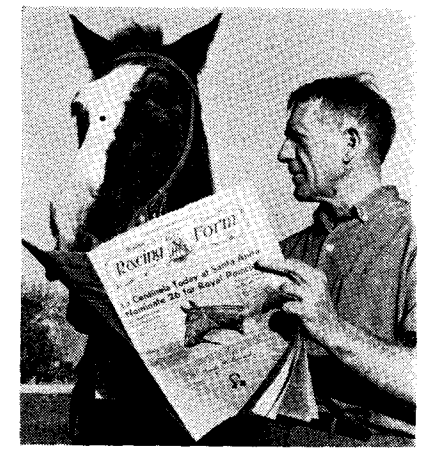
John Sowden at home.

John Sowden was graduated with honors as a plant-science major from the University of California, but he went broke as a vegetable farmer. His next job: vegetable specialist at an agricultural-experiment station. He built a thirty-six-foot yawl in his spare time and, when his boss tried to transfer him inland, he quit his job, moved his family—wife and two children—aboard the yawl. Mailing address: San Diego.

DON'T LEAVE ME, DARLING (page 30), his first published story, is set in a naval hospital. Sowden served as an Air Corps general's aide during World War II and never was hospitalized. He says his most serious wound was a cut finger, suffered in France while opening a C-ration can for the general's cocker spaniel.

London novelist **Storm Jameson,** author of THE LION AND THE DAGGER (page 40), is the wife of Guy Chapman, a retired professor of economic history (University of Leeds) who is writing a monumental history of France's Third Republic. The Chapmans travel a great deal. "My notion of perfect happiness," she says, "is to be walking for the first time through the streets of a foreign town or city, looking for a café in which to sit and stare." The setting for THE LION AND THE DAGGER is an imaginary one, the product of considerable café sitting.

This novel, to be published by Harper's next month under the title, *Last Score*, is author Jameson's first *Post* appearance since her 1954 serial, HOUSE OF HATE. In the intervening years she has written *A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill* and *One Ulysses Too Many*, the former a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.



George Loveridge at play.

Above we find author **George Loveridge** consulting with Trooper, an Oak View, California, neighbor. Actually, Loveridge has hardly ever been on a horse, either physically or financially. His insight into the temptations of playing the ponies (see THE DEVIL AND PARSON LUCAS page 37) was gained during hi years as a newspaperman in Providence, Rhode Island, which is near Narragansett Park. "I heard a good deal about horses, about jockeys and particularly about bets that almost made a fortune for somebody."

A Keane Sense of Humor

Since 1959 a puns-drunk cartoonist named **Bil** (no, not Bill) **Keane** has been contributing illustrated malapropisms to our POST SCRIPTS page under the title, *Pun-Abridged Dictionary*. His latest is on page 42. Keane, who now lives in Scottsdale, Arizona, was born in Philadelphia in 1922. "Until I was ten," he says, "I drew nothing but criticism." He married his wartime sweetheart, an Australian damsel named Thelma, in 1948. Today Thelma passes on all Bil's work, including two nationally syndicated cartoon features, *Channel Chuckles* and *The Family Circus*. "She is the most kissable editor I have ever met," says Keane.

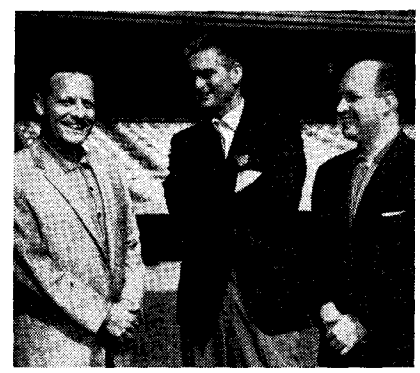
Pun-Abridged Dictionary came about because of Keane's delight in the variety of pronunciations of ordinary words in America: "An old gentleman from Poland told me he liked to eat SOLIDS—potato solids, cucumber solids, LATTICE, SALARY. . . . My Australian bride told everyone she was married to an ODDEST. . . . I helped a German neighbor carry out his CHUNK for the trashman.

"To me, puns are the numbe one form of humor," says Keane. "There is nothing lower than number one."

Blarney and Baseball

Corey Ford believes his WHY I LOVE IRELAND (page 19) to be the first article on Ireland that doesn't refer to (a) St. Patrick, (b) the Blarney stone, (c) harps, (d) shillelaghs, or (e) the Auld Sod. It does refer to fishing, however, and we have timed it to appear at the height of Ireland's fishing season.

Ford is a citizen not of the Auld Sod but of Hanover, New Hampshire. "While in Connemara," he reports, "I looked up my name in Gaelic. Ford, in old Irish, is MacGiollarnath, which is pronounced MacGillernaw; and the Ford family motto is Unimpeachable Virtue and the Naked Truth. Obviously the Irish members of the Ford clan were not fishermen."



Richman (Milt), Richards and Richman (Art).

THE ORIOLES WILL WIN THE PENNANT, insists Oriole manager **Paul Richards,** in his page 31 article prepared by New York sportswriters **Arthur** and **Milton Richman.** Last year Arthur (of the New York *Mirror*) was perhaps the only sportswriter in the country who picked the Orioles for the pennant; hence his wide grin (see photo) of last September, when the Birds were neck and neck with the Yankees and about to commence their final and fatal series in New York. Since the brothers' last *Post* appearance, in 1957, Milton (of United Press International) counts as his greatest achievement his getting past the guards of deposed Cuban dictator Batista on the island of Madeira merely by showing his baseball writer's card. Milton questioned Batista about this slipshod securit The ex-strongman shrugged a said, "Baseball writers never hu anyone."

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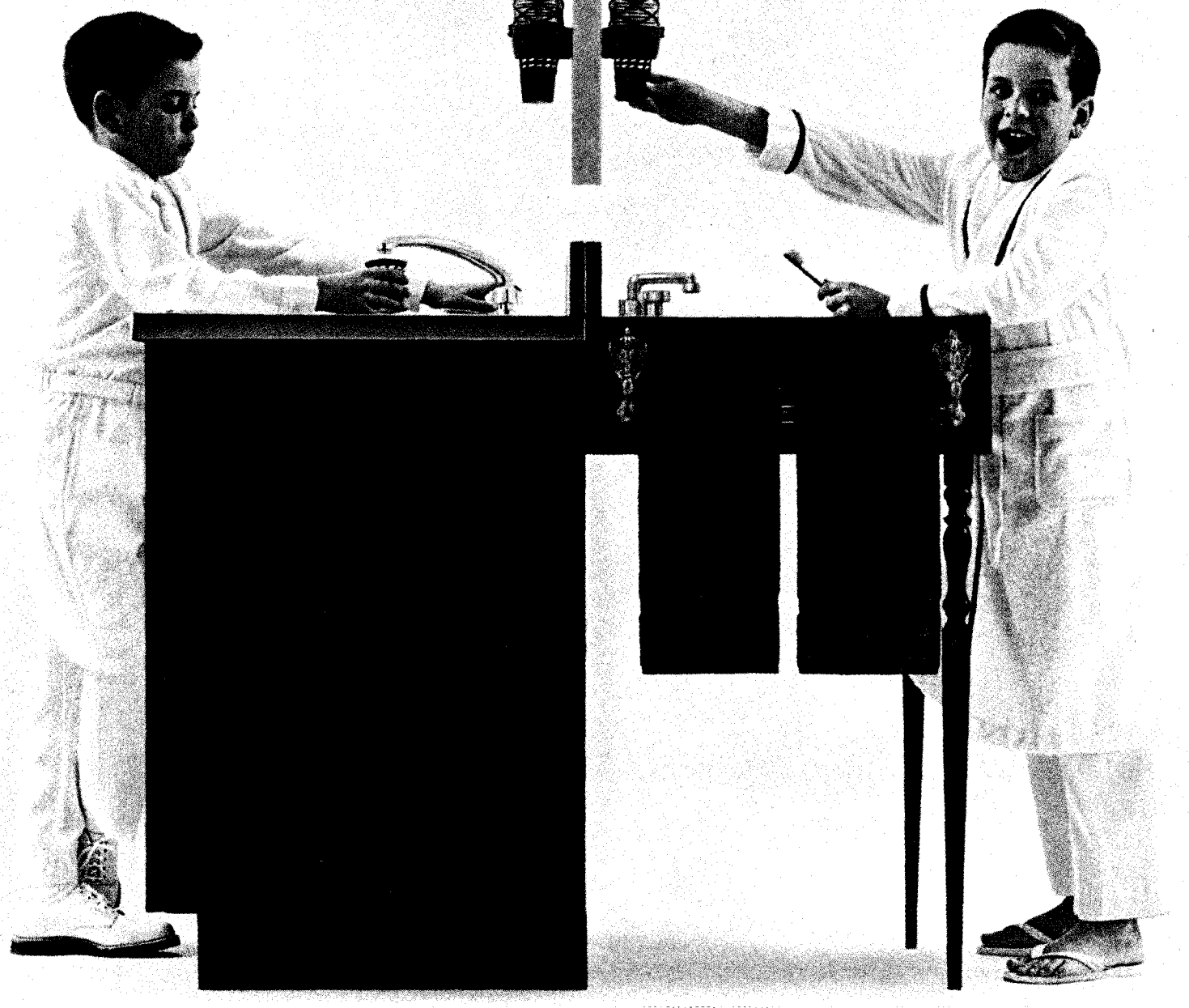

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